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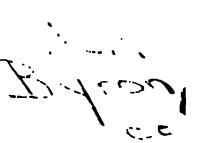
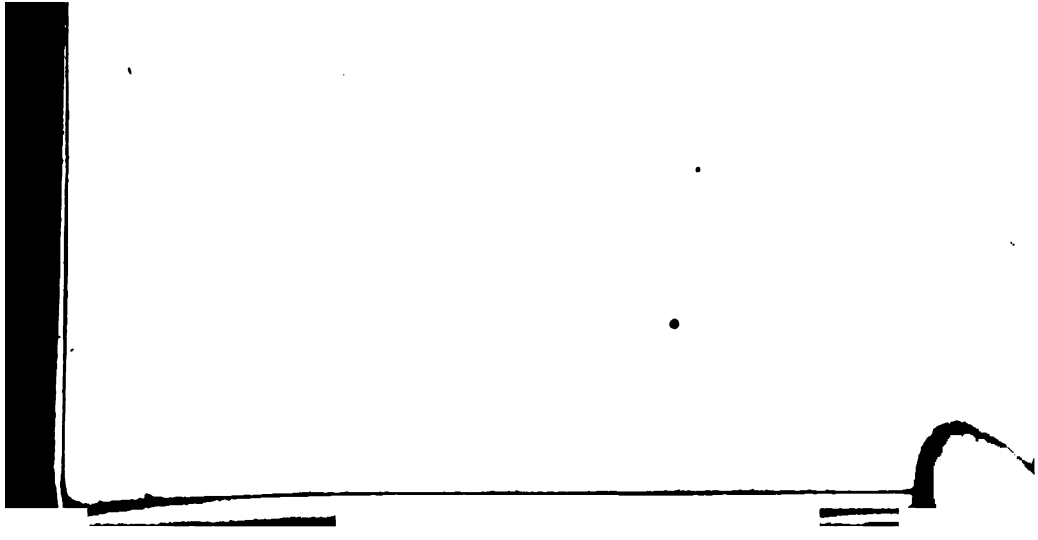


MISCELLANIES.



MISCELLANIES.

BY

LORD BYRON.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

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CONTENTS

OF

THE FIRST VOLUME.

Page

S OF IDLENESS; A SERIES OF POEMS,
INAL AND TRANSLATED - - 1
LATION - - - 3
CE - - - 5
ie Death of a young Lady, Cousin to the Author, very dear to him - - - 9
——— - - - 11
——— - - - - *ib.*
ph on a Friend - - - 12
gment - - - 14
aving Newstead Abbey - - - 15
written in "Letters of an Italian Nun and an English Gentleman; by J. J. Rousseau: founded on Facts" 18
er to the foregoing, addressed to Miss ——— - *ib.*
n's Address to his Soul when dying - - 19
slation from Catullus. Ad Lesbiam - - *ib.*
slation of the Epitaph on Virgil and Tibullus, by mitius Marsus - - - 20
tion of Tibullus. "Sulpicia ad Cerinthum" - 21
slation from Catullus. "Lugete Veneres, Cupidique," &c. - - - *ib.*
ted from Catullus. To Ellen - - -

Page
Translation from Horace. "Justum et tenacem," &c. - ib.
From Anacreon. [Θελω λεγειν Ατρειδας.] - 23
From Anacreon. [Μισονυκτιοις πολ' ὑφαις.] - - 24
From the Prometheus Vinctus of Æschylus. [Μηδαμ' ὁ πάντα νέμων, κ. τ. λ. - - - 25
To Emma - - - - 27
To M. S. G. - - - - - 28
To Caroline - - - - - 30
To the Same - - - - - 31
To the Same - - - - - 32
Stanzas to a Lady, with the Poems of Camoëns - 33
The First Kiss of Love - - - 34
On a Change of Masters at a great Public School - 36
To the Duke of Dorset - - - - 37
Fragment, written shortly after the Marriage of Miss Chaworth - - - 42
Granta. A Medley - - - - 43
On a distant View of the Village and School of Harrow on the Hill - - - - - 47
To M—— - - - - - 49
To Woman - - - - -
To M. S. G. - - - -
To Mary, on receiving her Picture - - -
To Lesbia - - - - - -
Lines addressed to a young Lady, who was alarmed at t Sound of a Bullet hissing near her - -
Love's last Adieu - - -
Damætas - - - -
To Marion - - - -
To a Lady who presented to the Author a Lock c braided with his own - - -
Oscar of Alva. A Tale - -
The Episode of Nisus and Euryalus -
Translation from the Medea of Euripides. [E μεν αγαν, κ. τ. λ.] -
Thoughts suggested by a College Examinatic
To a beautiful Quaker - -

Page

The Cornelian - - - - - 95
An Occasional Prologue to "The Wheel of Fortune" - 97
On the Death of Mr. Fox - - - 98
The Tear - - - - - 100
Reply to some verses of J. M. B. Pigot, Esq. on the Cruelty of his Mistress - - - - 102
To the sighing Strephon - - - - 103
To Eliza - - - - - 105
Lachin y Gair - - - - - 106
To Romance - - - - - 108
Answer to some elegant Verses sent by a Friend to the Author, complaining that one of his Descriptions was rather too warmly drawn - - - 111
Elegy on Newstead Abbey - - - - 113
Childish Recollections - - - - 120
Answer to a beautiful Poem, entitled "The Common Lot" - - - - - 141
To a Lady who presented the Author with the Velvet Band which bound her Tresses - - - 143
Remembrance - - - - - 144
Lines addressed to the Rev. J. T. Becher, on his advising the Author to mix more with Society - - *ib.*
The Death of Calmar and Orla. An Imitation of Macpherson's Ossian - - - - - 146
L'Amitié est l'Amour sans Ailes - - - 151
The Prayer of Nature - - - - - 154
To Edward Noel Long, Esq. - - - 157
Oh! had my fate been join'd with thine! - - 161
I would I were a careless Child - - - 163
When I roved a young Highlander - - - 166
To George, Earl Delawarr - - - 169
To the Earl of Clare - - - - 171
Lines written beneath an Elm in the Churchyard of Harrow - - - - - 175

ARTICLE ON THE "HOURS OF IDLENESS," FROM THE EDINBURGH REVIEW . - - - 178

Page

ENGLISH BARDS AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS;
A SATIRE - - - - - 183

PREFACE - - - - - - 187

HINTS FROM HORACE; BEING AN ALLUSION IN ENGLISH VERSE TO THE EPISTLE "AD PISONES, DE ARTE POETICA" - - - - - - 255

HOURS OF IDLENESS:

A

SERIES OF POEMS

ORIGINAL AND TRANSLATED.[1]

Virginibus puerisque canto.
HORACE, lib. 3. Ode 1.

Μήτ' ἄρ μι μάλ' αἶψα μήτι τι νίκεσ.
HOMER, *Iliad*, x. 249.

He whistled as he went, for want of thought.
DRYDEN.

---

[1] [First published in 1807.]

[redacted]

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

ŁEDERICK, EARL OF CARLISLE,'

KNIGHT OF THE GARTER, ETC. ETC.

THE

SECOND EDITION OF THESE POEMS

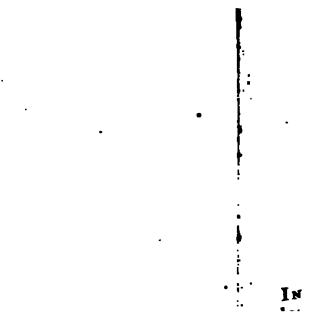
IS INSCRIBED,

BY HIS OBLIGED WARD

AND AFFECTIONATE KINSMAN[1]

THE AUTHOR.

[1] Isabella, daughter of William, fourth Lord Byron (great-uncle of the Poet), became, in 1742, the wife of Henry, h Earl of Carlisle, and was the mother of the fifth Earl, to n this dedication was addressed. This lady was a poetess in ray. The Fairy's Answer to Mrs. Greville's "Prayer for In-ence," in Pearch's Collection, is usually ascribed to her.]



PREFACE

TO THE FIRST EDITION.[1]

In submitting to the public eye the follow lection, I have not only to combat the difficul writers of verse generally encounter, but m the charge of presumption for obtruding my the world, when, without doubt, I might be, age, more usefully employed.

These productions are the fruits of the lighter of a young man who has lately completed his teenth year. As they bear the internal evidence boyish mind, this is, perhaps, unnecessary inform Some few were written during the disadvantag illness and depression of spirits: under the forme fluence, "Childish Recollections," in partic were composed. This consideration, though it ca excite the voice of praise, may at least arrest the of censure. A considerable portion of these po has been privately printed, at the request and the perusal of my friends. I am sensible that partial and frequently injudicious admiration o social circle is not the criterion by which poet genius is to be estimated, yet, "to do greatly," must "dare greatly;" and I have hazarded my putation and feelings in publishing this volume. ave "passed the Rubicon," and must stand or fall

1 [This preface was omitted in the second edition.]

the " cast of the die." In the latte
submit without a murmur ; for, thou
solicitude for the fate of these effusi
ations are by no means sanguine. It
I may have dared much and done li
words of Cowper, " it is one thing to
please our friends, who, because the
apt to be a little biassed in our favo
to write what may please every body
who have no connection, or even kn
author, will be sure to find fault if
the truth of this, however, I do not wi
on the contrary, I feel convinced th
will not be treated with injustice.
they possess any, will be liberally
numerous faults, on the other hand,
that favour which has been denied tc
turer years, decided character, and far

I have not aimed at exclusive orig
have I studied any particular mode
some translations are given, of whic
phrastic. In the original pieces th
casual coincidence with authors wh
been accustomed to read ; but I hav
of intentional plagiarism. To prod
tirely new, in an age so fertile in
Herculean task, as every subject
treated to its utmost extent. F
not my primary vocation ; to dive
of indisposition, or the monotony
urged me " to this sin : " little ca
so unpromising a muse. My
must be, is all I shall derive fro
and I shall never attempt to repl
or pluck a single additional sp

I am, at best, an intruder. Though accustomed, in my younger days, to rove a careless mountaineer on the Highlands of Scotland, I have not, of late years, had the benefit of such pure air, or so elevated a residence, as might enable me to enter the lists with genuine bards, who have enjoyed both these advantages. But they derive considerable fame, and a few not less profit, from their productions; while I shall expiate my rashness as an interloper, certainly without the latter, and in all probability with a very slight share of the former. I leave to others "virûm volitare per ora." I look to the few who will hear with patience, "dulce est desipere in loco." To the former worthies I resign, without repining, the hope of immortality, and content myself with the not very magnificent prospect of ranking amongst "the mob of gentlemen who write;"—my readers must determine whether I dare say "with ease," or the honour of a posthumous page in "The Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors,"—a work to which the Peerage is under infinite obligations, inasmuch as many names of considerable length, sound, and antiquity, are thereby rescued from the obscurity which unluckily overshadows several voluminous productions of their illustrious bearers.

With slight hopes, and some fears, I publish this first and last attempt. To the dictates of young ambition may be ascribed many actions more criminal and equally absurd. To a few of my own age the contents may afford amusement: I trust they will at least be found harmless. It is highly improbable, from my situation and pursuits hereafter, that I should ever obtrude myself a second time on the public; nor even, in the very doubtful event of present indulgence, shall I be tempted to commit a

ture trespass of the same nature. The opinion of r. Johnson on the poems of a noble relation of ine[1], "That when a man of rank appeared in the aracter of an author, he deserved to have his merit ndsomely allowed[2]," can have little weight with rbal, and still less with periodical censors; but ere it otherwise, I should be loth to avail myself of e privilege, and would rather incur the bitterest cen- re of anonymous criticism, than triumph in honours anted solely to a title.

The Earl of Carlisle, whose works have long received the ed of public applause, to which, by their intrinsic worth, they re well entitled.

[The passage referred to by Lord Byron occurs in Boswell's e of Johnson, vol. viii. p. 91. edit. 1835. Dr. Johnson's letter Mrs. Chapone, criticising, on the whole favourably, the Earl's gedy of "The Father's Revenge," is inserted in the same ume, p. 242.]

HOURS OF IDLENESS.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY,

COUSIN TO THE AUTHOR, AND VERY DEAR TO HIM.[1]

Hush'd are the winds, and still the evening gloom,
Not e'en a zephyr wanders through the grove,
Whilst I return to view my Margaret's tomb,
And scatter flowers on the dust I love.

Within this narrow cell reclines her clay,
That clay, where once such animation beam'd;
The King of Terrors seized her as his prey,
Not worth, nor beauty, have her life redeem'd.

Oh! could that King of Terrors pity feel,
Or Heaven reverse the dread decrees of fate!
Not here the mourner would his grief reveal,
Not here the muse her virtues would relate.

[1] The author claims the indulgence of the reader more for this piece than, perhaps, any other in the collection; but as it was written at an earlier period than the rest (being composed at the age of fourteen), and his first essay, he preferred submiting it to the indulgence of his friends in its present state, to making either addition or alteration.

But wherefore weep? Her matchles spirit soars
  Beyond where splendid shines the orb of day;
And weeping angels lead her to those bowers,
  Where endless pleasures virtue's deeds repay.

And shall presumptuous mortals Heaven arraign,
  And, madly, godlike Providence accuse?
Ah! no, far fly from me attempts so vain; —
  I'll ne'er submission to my God refuse.

Yet is remembrance of those virtues dear,
  Yet fresh the memory of that beauteous face;
Still they call forth my warm affection's tear,
  Still in my heart retain their wonted place.

1802. [1]

[1] ["My first dash into poetry was as early as 1800. It was the ebullition of a passion for my first cousin, Margaret Parker (daughter and grand-daughter of the two Admirals Parker), one of the most beautiful of evanescent beings. I have long forgotten the verse; but it would be difficult for me to forget her — her dark eyes — her long eye-lashes — her completely Greek cast of face and figure! I was then about twelve — she rather older, perhaps a year. She died about a year or two afterwards, in consequence of a fall, which injured her spine, and induced consumption. Her sister Augusta (by some thought still more beautiful), died of the same malady; and it was, indeed, in attending her, that Margaret met with the accident which occasioned her death. My sister told me, that when she went to see her, shortly before her death, upon accidentally mentioning my name, Margaret coloured, throughout the paleness of mortality, to the eyes, to the great astonishment of my sister, who knew nothing of our attachment, nor could conceive why my name should affect her at such a time. I knew nothing of her illness — being at Harrow and in the country — till she was gone. Some years after, I made an attempt at an elegy — a very dull one. I do not recollect scarcely any thing equal to the transparent beauty of my cousin, or to the sweetness of her temper, during the short period of our intimacy. She looked as if she had been made out of a rainbow — all beauty and peace." — *Byron Diary*, 1821.]

TO E——.[1]

LET Folly smile, to view the names
Of thee and me in friendship twined;
Yet Virtue will have greater claims
To love, than rank with vice combined.

And though unequal is thy fate,
Since title deck'd my higher birth!
Yet envy not this gaudy state;
Thine is the pride of modest worth.

Our souls at least congenial meet,
Nor can thy lot my rank disgrace;
Our intercourse is not less sweet,
Since worth of rank supplies the place.

November, 1802.

TO D——.[2]

IN thee, I fondly hop'd to clasp
A friend, whom death alone could sever;
Till envy, with malignant grasp,
Detach'd thee from my breast for ever.

[1] [This little poem, and some others in the collection, refer to a boy of Lord Byron's own age, son of one of his tenants at Newstead, for whom he had formed a romantic attachment, of earlier date than any of his school friendships.]

[2] [The idea of printing a collection of his Poems first occurred to Lord Byron in the parlour of that cottage, which, during his visit to Southwell, had become his adopted home. Miss Pigot, who was not before aware of his turn for versifying, had been reading aloud the Poems of Burns, when young Byron said, that "he, too, was a poet sometimes, and would write down for her some verses of his own which he remembered." He then, with a pencil, wrote these lines, "To D——."]

And, when the grave restores he
When life again to dust is giv
On thy dear breast I 'll lay my h
Without thee, where would be

EPITAPH ON A FRIE[1]

" Ἀστὴρ πρὶν μὲν ἔλαμπες ἐνὶ ζωοῖσιν ἑῷος."

Oh, Friend! for ever loved, for ever de
What fruitless tears have bathed thy hor

[1] [This poem appears to have been, in its o
tended to commemorate the death of the same lo
o whom the affectionate verses given in the prec
ddressed: —

" Though low thy lot, since in a cottage bor
ut, in the altered form of the Epitaph, not only
very other containing an allusi
mpanion

What sighs re-echo'd to thy pe
Whilst thou wast struggling in
Could tears retard the tyrant i
Could sighs avert his dart's rel
Could youth and virtue claim
Or beauty charm the spectre fi
Thou still hadst lived to bless
Thy comrade's honour and thy
If yet thy gentle spirit hover n
The spot where now thy moul
Here wilt thou read, recorded
A grief too deep to trust the sc
No marble marks thy couch of
But living statues there are see

" Oh, Boy ! for ever lov'd, for ev
What fruitless tears have bathe
What sighs re-echoed to thy pa
While thou wast struggling in
Could tears retard the tyrant in
Could sighs avert his dart's rel
Could youth and virtue claim a
Or beauty charm the spectre fr
Thou still hadst liv'd to bless n
Thy comrade's honour, and thy
Though low thy lot, since in a c
No titles did thy humble name a
To me, far dearer was thy artle
Than all the joys wealth, fame,
For thee alone I lived, or wish'
Oh God ! if impious, this rash
Heart-broken now, I wait an ec
Content to join thee in thy turf
Where, this frail form compose
I 'll make my last cold pillow o
That breast where oft in life I '
Will yet receive me mouldering
This life resign'd, without one
Together in one bed of earth w
Together share the fate to mor
Together mix our dust, and ho

emblance bends not o'er thy tomb,
elf deplores thy youthful doom.
h thy sire lament his failing line,
rrows cannot equal mine!
e, like thee, his dying hour will cheer,
spring soothe his anguish here:
th me shall hold thy former place?
, what new friendship can efface?
– a father's tears will cease to flow,
suage an infant brother's woe;
one, is consolation known,
ry friendship sighs alone.

1803.

A FRAGMENT.

their airy hall, my fathers' voice
spirit, joyful in their choice;
l upon the gale, my form shall ride,
mist, descend the mountain's side;
my shade behold no sculptur'd urns,
he spot where earth to earth returns!
'd scroll, no praise-encumber'd ston
shall be my name alone: [1]

erity of this youthful aspiration, the Pc
. By his will, drawn up in 1811, he dir
, save his name and age, should be writ
1819, he wrote thus to Mr. Murray: –
t the Certosa cemetery, at Ferrara,
more splendid monuments at Bolo

"Martini Luigi
Implora pace."

he more full of pathos? I hope wl

If *that* with honour fail to crown my clay,
Oh! may no other fame my deeds repay!
That, only *that*, shall single out the spot;
By that remember'd, or with that forgot.

1803.

ON LEAVING NEWSTEAD ABBEY.[1]

"Why dost thou build the hall, son of the winged days? Thou lookest from thy tower to-day: yet a few years, and the blast of the desert comes, it howls in thy empty court."— OSSIAN.

THROUGH thy battlements, Newstead, the hollow winds whistle;
Thou, the hall of my fathers, art gone to decay;
In thy once smiling garden, the hemlock and thistle
Have chok'd up the rose which late bloom'd in the way.

Of the mail-cover'd Barons, who proudly to battle
Led their vassals from Europe to Palestine's plain,[2]
The escutcheon and shield, which with every blast rattle,
Are the only sad vestiges now that remain.

[The priory of Newstead, or de Novo Loco, in Sherwood, was founded about the year 1170, by Henry II., and dedicated to God and the Virgin. It was in the reign of Henry VIII., on the dissolution of the monasteries, that, by a royal grant, it was added, with the lands adjoining, to the other possessions of the Byron family. The favourite upon whom they were conferred, was the grand-nephew of the gallant soldier who fought by the side of Richmond at Bosworth, and is distinguished from the other knights of the same Christian name, in the family, by the title of "Sir John Byron the Little, with the great beard." A portrait of this personage was one of the few family pictures with which the walls of the Abbey, while in the possession of the Poet, were decorated.]

[2] [There being no record of any of Lord Byron's ancestors having been engaged in the Holy Wars, Mr. Moore suggests,

No more doth old Robert, with harp—string
bers,
Raise a flame in the breast for the war—lau
wreath;
Near Askalon's towers, John of Horistan slu
Unnerved is the hand of his minstrel by de
Paul and Hubert, too, sleep in the valley of Cre
For the safety of Edward and England they fel
My fathers! the tears of your country redress ye
How you fought, how you died, still her annal
tell.

On Marston,[3] with Rupert,[4] 'gainst traitors con
tending,
Four brothers enrich'd with their blood the bleak
field;

that the Poet may have had no other authority for this notion than the tradition which he found connected with certain strange groups of heads, which are represented on the old panel-work in some of the chambers at Newstead. In one of these groups, consisting of three heads, strongly carved and projecting from the panel, the centre figure evidently represents a Saracen or Moor, with an European female on one side of him, and a Christian soldier on the other. In a second group, the female occupies the centre, while on either side is the head of a Saracen, with the eyes fixed earnestly upon her. Of the exact meaning of these figures there is nothing known; but the tradition is that they refer to a love adventure of the age of the Crusades.]

[1] ["In the park of Horseley," says Thoroton, "there was a castle, some of the ruins of which are yet visible, called Horistan Castle, which was the chief mansion of Ralph de Burun's successors."]

[2] [Two of the family of Byron are enumerated as serving with distinction in the siege of Calais, under Edward III., and as among the knights who fell on the glorious field of Cressy.]

[3] The battle of Marston Moor, where the adherents of Charles I. were defeated.

[4] Son of the Elector Palatine, and nephew to Charles I. He afterwards commanded the fleet in the reign of Charles II.

For the rights of a monarch their country defending,
Till death their attachment to royalty seal'd.[1]

Shades of heroes, farewell! your descendant departing
From the seat of his ancestors, bids you adieu!
Abroad, or at home, your remembrance imparting
New courage, he'll think upon glory and you.

[1] [Sir Nicholas Byron served with distinction in the Low Countries; and, in the Great Rebellion, he was one of the first to take up arms in the royal cause. After the battle of Edgehill, he was made colonel-general of Cheshire and Shropshire, and governor of Chester. "He was," says Clarendon, "a person of great affability and dexterity, as well as martial knowledge, which gave great life to the designs of the well affected; and, with the encouragement of some gentlemen of North Wales, he raised such a power of horse and foot, as made frequent skirmishes with the enemy, sometimes with notable advantage, never with signal loss."

In 1643, Sir John Byron was created Baron Byron of Rochdale in the county of Lancaster; and seldom has a title been bestowed for such high and honourable services as those by which he deserved the gratitude of his royal master. Through almost every page of the History of the Civil Wars, we trace his name in connection with the varying fortunes of the king, and find him faithful, persevering, and disinterested to the last. "Sir John Biron," says Mrs. Hutchinson, "afterwards Lord Biron, and all his brothers, bred up in arms, and valiant men in their own persons, were all passionately the king's." We find also, in the reply of Colonel Hutchinson, when governor of Nottingham, to his cousin-german Sir Richard Byron, a noble tribute to the chivalrous fidelity of the race. Sir Richard, having sent to prevail on his relative to surrender the castle, received for answer, that "except he found his own heart prone to such treachery, he might consider there was, if nothing else, so much of a Byron's blood in him, that he should very much scorn to betray or quit a trust he had undertaken."

On the monument of Richard, the second Lord Byron, who lies buried in the chancel of Hucknal-Tokard church, there is the following inscription:—"Beneath, in a vault, is interred the body of Richard Lord Byron, who, with the rest of his family, being seven brothers, faithfully served King Charles the First in the civil wars, who suffered much for their loyalty, and lost all their present fortunes: yet it pleased God so to bless the humble endeavours of the said Richard Lord Byron, that he re-purchased part of their ancient inheritance, which he left to his posterity, with a laudable memory for his great piety and charity."]

Though a tear dim his eye at this sad separation,
'T is nature, not fear, that excites his regret;
Far distant he goes, with the same emulation,
The fame of his fathers he ne'er can forget.

That fame, and that memory, still will he cherish;
He vows that he ne'er will disgrace your renown:
Like you will he live, or like you will he perish
When decay'd, may he mingle his dust with your own!

1808.

LINES

WRITTEN IN "LETTERS OF AN ITALIAN NUN AND AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN: BY J. J. ROUSSEAU: FOUNDED ON FACTS."

"Away, away, your flattering arts
May now betray some simpler hearts;
And you will smile at their believing,
And they shall weep at your deceiving."

ANSWER TO THE FOREGOING, ADDRESSED TO MISS ——.

Dear, simple girl, those flattering arts,
From which thou 'dst guard frail female hearts
Exist but in imagination, —
Mere phantoms of thine own creation;
For he who views that witching grace,
That perfect form, that lovely face,
With eyes admiring, oh! believe me,
He never wishes to deceive thee:

Once in thy polish'd mirror glance,
Thou 'lt there descry that elegance
Which from our sex demands such praises,
But envy in the other raises:
Then he who tells thee of thy beauty,
Believe me, only does his duty:
Ah! fly not from the candid youth;
It is not flattery, — 't is truth.

July, 1804.

ADRIAN'S ADDRESS TO HIS SOUL WHEN DYING.[1]

[ANIMULA! vagula, blandula,
Hospes, comesque, corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca —
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
Nec, ut soles, dabis jocos?]

AH! gentle, fleeting, wav'ring sprite,
Friend and associate of this clay!
To what unknown region borne,
Wilt thou now wing thy distant flight?
No more with wonted humour gay,
But pallid, cheerless, and forlorn.

TRANSLATION FROM CATULLUS.

AD LESBIAM.

EQUAL to Jove that youth must be —
Greater than Jove he seems to me —

[1] [This and several little pieces that follow appear to be fragments of school exercises done at Harrow.]

Who, free from Jealousy's alarms,
Securely views thy matchless charms.
That cheek, which ever dimpling glows,
That mouth, from whence such music flows,
To him, alike, are always known,
Reserved for him, and him alone.
Ah! Lesbia! though 't is death to me,
I cannot choose but look on thee;
But, at the sight, my senses fly;
I needs must gaze, but, gazing, die;
Whilst trembling with a thousand fears,
Parch'd to the throat my tongue adheres,
My pulse beats quick, my breath heaves short,
My limbs deny their slight support,
Cold dews my pallid face o'erspread,
With deadly languor droops my head,
My ears with tingling echoes ring,
And life itself is on the wing;
My eyes refuse the cheering light,
Their orbs are veiled in starless night:
Such pangs my nature sinks beneath,
And feels a temporary death.

TRANSLATION OF THE EPITAPH ON VIRGIL AND TIBULLUS.

BY DOMITIUS MARSUS.

He who sublime in epic numbers roll'd,
And he who struck the softer lyre of love,
By Death's [1] unequal hand alike controll'd,
Fit comrades in Elysian regions move!

1 [The hand of Death is said to be unjust or unequal, as Virgil was considerably older than Tibullus at his decease.]

IMITATION OF TIBULLUS.

"Sulpicia ad Cerinthum."—*Lib.* 4.

CRUEL Cerinthus! does the fell disease
Which racks my breast your fickle bosom please?
Alas! I wish'd but to o'ercome the pain,
That I might live for love and you again:
But now I scarcely shall bewail my fate:
By death alone I can avoid your hate.

TRANSLATION FROM CATULLUS.

[Lugete, Veneres, Cupidinesque, &c.]

YE Cupids, droop each little head,
Nor let your wings with joy be spread,
My Lesbia's favourite bird is dead,
  Whom dearer than her eyes she loved:
For he was gentle, and so true,
Obedient to her call he flew,
No fear, no wild alarm he knew,
  But lightly o'er her bosom moved:

And softly fluttering here and there,
He never sought to cleave the air,
But chirrup'd oft, and, free from care,
  Tuned to her ear his grateful strain.
Now having pass'd the gloomy bourn
From whence he never can return,
His death and Lesbia's grief I mourn,
  Who sighs, alas! but sighs in vain.

Oh! curst be thou, devouring grave!
Whose jaws eternal victims crave,
From whom no earthly power can save,
For thou hast ta'en the bird away:
From thee my Lesbia's eyes o'erflow,
Her swollen cheeks with weeping glow;
Thou art the cause of all her woe,
Receptacle of life's decay.

IMITATED FROM CATULLUS

TO ELLEN.

Oh! might I kiss those eyes of fire,
A million scarce would quench desire:
Still would I steep my lips in bliss,
And dwell an age on every kiss:
Nor then my soul should sated be;
Still would I kiss and cling to thee:
Nought should my kiss from thine dissev
Still would we kiss, and kiss for ever;
E'en though the numbers did exceed
The yellow harvest's countless seed.
To part would be a vain endeavour:
Could I desist?— ah! never — never.

TRANSLATION FROM HORAC

[Justum et tenacem propositi virum, &c.]

The man of firm and noble soul
No factious clamours can control,

No threat'ning tyrant's darkling brow
Can swerve him from his just intent:
Gales the warring waves which plough,
By Auster on the billows spent,
To curb the Adriatic main,
Would awe his fix'd determined mind in vain.

Ay, and the red right arm of Jove,
Hurtling his lightnings from above,
With all his terrors there unfurl'd,
He would, unmoved, unawed behold,
The flames of an expiring world,
Again in crashing chaos roll'd,
In vast promiscuous ruin hurl'd,
Might light his glorious funeral pile:
Still dauntless 'midst the wreck of earth he'd smile.

FROM ANACREON.

[Θελω λεγειν Ατρειδας, κ. τ. λ.]:

I WISH to tune my quivering lyre
To deeds of fame and notes of fire;
To echo, from its rising swell,
How heroes fought and nations fell,
When Atreus' sons advanced to war,
Or Tyrian Cadmus roved afar;
But still, to martial strains unknown,
My lyre recurs to love alone.
Fired with the hope of future fame,
I seek some nobler hero's name;
The dying chords are strung anew,
To war, to war, my harp is due:

With glowing strings, the epic strain
To Jove's great son I raise again;
Alcides and his glorious deeds,
Beneath whose arm the Hydra bleeds.
All, all in vain; my wayward lyre
Wakes silver notes of soft desire.
Adieu, ye chiefs renown'd in arms!
Adieu the clang of war's alarms!
To other deeds my soul is strung,
And sweeter notes shall now be sung;
My harp shall all its powers reveal,
To tell the tale my heart must feel;
Love, Love alone, my lyre shall claim,
In songs of bliss and sighs of flame.

FROM ANACREON.

[Μεσονυκτιαις περι ὡραις, κ. τ. λ.]

'T WAS now the hour when Night had d
Her car half round yon sable heaven;
Boötes, only, seem'd to roll
His arctic charge around the pole;
While mortals, lost in gentle sleep,
Forgot to smile, or ceased to weep:
At this lone hour, the Paphian boy,
Descending from the realms of joy,
Quick to my gate directs his course,
And knocks with all his little force.
My visions fled, alarm'd I rose, —
"What stranger breaks my blest rep
"Alas!" replies the wily child
In faltering accents sweetly mild,

" A hapless infant here I roam,
Far from my dear maternal home.
Oh ! shield me from the wintry blast !
The nightly storm is pouring fast.
No prowling robber lingers here.
A wandering baby who can fear ?"
I heard his seeming artless tale,
I heard his sighs upon the gale :
My breast was never pity's foe,
But felt for all the baby's woe.
I drew the bar, and by the light
Young Love, the infant, met my sight ;
His bow across his shoulders flung,
And thence his fatal quiver hung
(Ah ! little did I think the dart
Would rankle soon within my heart).
With care I tend my weary guest,
His little fingers chill my breast ;
His glossy curls, his azure wing,
Which droop with nightly showers, I wring ;
His shivering limbs the embers warm ;
And now reviving from the storm,
Scarce had he felt his wonted glow,
Than swift he seized his slender bow :—
" I fain would know, my gentle host,"
He cried, " if this its strength has lost ;
I fear, relax'd with midnight dews,
The strings their former aid refuse."
With poison tipt, his arrow flies,
Deep in my tortured heart it lies ;
Then loud the joyous urchin laugh'd :—
" My bow can still impel the shaft :
'T is firmly fix'd, thy sighs reveal it ;
Say, courteous host, canst thou not feel it ?"

FROM THE PROMETHEUS VINCT ÆSCHYLUS.

[Μηδαμὰ ὁ πάντα νέμων, κ. τ. λ.]

GREAT Jove, to whose almighty throne
Both gods and mortals homage pay,
Ne'er may my soul thy power disown,
Thy dread behests ne'er disobey.
Oft shall the sacred victim fall
In sea-girt Ocean's mossy hall;
My voice shall raise no impious strain
Gainst him who rules the sky and azure main.

How different now thy joyless fate,
Since first Hesione thy bride,
When placed aloft in godlike state,
The blushing beauty by thy side,
Thou sat'st, while reverend Ocean smiled,
And mirthful strains the hours beguiled,
The Nymphs and Tritons danced around,
Nor yet thy doom was fix'd, nor Jove re
frown'd. [1]

Harrow, Dec.

[1] ["My first Harrow verses (that is, English, a translation of a chorus from the Prometheus of received by Dr. Drury, my grand patron (our he coolly. No one had, at that time, the least noti subside into poesy."—*Byron Diary*.]

TO EMMA.

SINCE now the hour is come at last,
When you must quit your anxious lover;
Since now our dream of bliss is past,
One pang, my girl, and all is over.

Alas! that pang will be severe,
Which bids us part to meet no more;
Which tears me far from one so dear,
Departing for a distant shore.

Well! we have pass'd some happy hours,
And joy will mingle with our tears;
When thinking on these ancient towers,
The shelter of our infant years;

Where from this Gothic casement's height,
We view'd the lake, the park, the dell,
And still, though tears obstruct our sight,
We lingering look a last farewell;

O'er fields through which we used to run
And spend the hours in childish play;
O'er shades where, when our race was done,
Reposing on my breast you lay;

Whilst I, admiring, too remiss,
Forgot to scare the hovering flies,
Yet envied every fly the kiss
It dared to give your slumbering eyes:

See still the little painted bark,
In which I row'd you o'er the lake;
See there, high waving o'er the park,
The elm I clamber'd for your sake.

These times are past — our joys are gone,
You leave me, leave this happy vale;
These scenes I must retrace alone:
Without thee what will they avail?

Who can conceive, who has not proved,
The anguish of a last embrace?
When, torn from all you fondly loved,
You bid a long adieu to peace.

This is the deepest of our woes,
For this these tears our cheeks bedew;
This is of love the final close,
Oh, God! the fondest, last adieu!

TO M. S. G.

Whene'er I view those lips of thine,
Their hue invites my fervent kiss;
Yet I forego that bliss divine,
Alas! it were unhallow'd bliss.

Whene'er I dream of that pure breast,
How could I dwell upon its snows!
Yet is the daring wish represt,
For that, — would banish its repose.

A glance from thy soul-searching eye
Can raise with hope, depress with fear;
Yet I conceal my love, — and why?
I would not force a painful tear.

I ne'er have told my love, yet thou
Hast seen my ardent flame too well;
And shall I plead my passion now,
To make thy bosom's heaven a hell?

No! for thou never canst be mine,
United by the priest's decree:
By any ties but those divine,
Mine, my beloved, thou ne'er shalt be.

Then let the secret fire consume,
Let it consume, thou shalt not know:
With joy I court a certain doom,
Rather than spread its guilty glow.

I will not ease my tortured heart,
By driving dove-eyed peace from thine;
Rather than such a sting impart,
Each thought presumptuous I resign.

Yes! yield those lips, for which I'd brave
More than I here shall dare to tell;
Thy innocence and mine to save, —
I bid thee now a last farewell.

Yes! yield that breast, to seek despair,
And hope no more thy soft embrace;
Which to obtain my soul would dare,
All, all reproach, but thy disgrace.

At least from guilt shalt thou be free,
No matron shall thy shame reprove;
Though cureless pangs may prey on me,
No martyr shalt thou be to love.

TO CAROLINE.

THINK'ST thou I saw thy beauteous eyes,
Suffused in tears, implore to stay;
And heard unmoved thy plenteous sighs,
Which said far more than words can say?

Though keen the grief thy tears exprest,
When love and hope lay both o'erthrown;
Yet still, my girl, this bleeding breast
Throbb'd with deep sorrow as thine own.

But when our cheeks with anguish glow'd,
When thy sweet lips were join'd to mine,
The tears that from my eyelids flow'd
Were lost in those which fell from thine.

Thou could'st not feel my burning cheek,
Thy gushing tears had quench'd its flame,
And as thy tongue essay'd to speak,
In signs alone it breath'd my name.

And yet, my girl, we weep in vain,
In vain our fate in sighs deplore;
Remembrance only can remain, —
But that will make us weep the more.

Again, thou best beloved, adieu!
Ah! if thou canst, o'ercome regret,
Nor let thy mind past joys review, —
Our only hope is to forget!

TO CAROLINE.

When I hear you express an affection so warm,
Ne'er think, my beloved, that I do not believe;
For your lip would the soul of suspicion disarm,
And your eye beams a ray which can never deceive.

Yet, still, this fond bosom regrets, while adoring,
That love, like the leaf, must fall into the sear;
That age will come on, when remembrance, deploring,
Contemplates the scenes of her youth with a tear;

That the time must arrive, when, no longer retaining
Their auburn, those locks must wave thin to the breeze,
When a few silver hairs of those tresses remaining,
Prove nature a prey to decay and disease.

'Tis this, my beloved, which spreads gloom o'er my features,
Though I ne'er shall presume to arraign the decree,
Which God has proclaim'd as the fate of his creatures,
In the death which one day will deprive you of me.

Mistake not, sweet sceptic, the cause of emotion,
No doubt can the mind of your lover invade;
He worships each look with such faithful devotion,
A smile can enchant, or a tear can dissuade.

But as death, my beloved, soon or late shall o'ertake us,
And our breasts, which alive with such sympathy glow,
Will sleep in the grave till the blast shall awake us,
When calling the dead, in earth's bosom laid low, —

Oh! then let us drain, while we may, draughts of pleasure,
Which from passion like ours may unceasingly flow;
Let us pass round the cup of love's bliss in full measure,
And quaff the contents as our nectar below.

1805.

TO CAROLINE.

Oh! when shall the grave hide for ever my sorrow?
Oh! when shall my soul wing her flight from this clay?
The present is hell, and the coming to-morrow
But brings, with new torture, the curse of to-day.

From my eye flows no tear, from my lips flow no curses,
I blast not the fiends who have hurl'd me from bliss;
For poor is the soul which bewailing rehearses
Its querulous grief, when in anguish like this.

Was my eye, 'stead of tears, with red fury flakes bright'ning,
Would my lips breathe a flame which no stream could assuage,
On our foes should my glance lanch in vengeance its lightning,
With transport my tongue give a loose to its rage.

But now tears and curses, alike unavailing,
Would add to the souls of our tyrants delight;
Could they view us our sad separation bewailing,
Their merciless heart would rejoice at the sight.

Yet still, though we bend with a feign'd resignation,
Life beams not for us with one ray that can cheer;
Love and hope upon earth bring no more consolation,
In the grave is our hope, for in life is our fear.

Oh! when, my adored, in the tomb will they place me,
Since, in life, love and friendship for ever are fled?
If again in the mansion of death I embrace thee,
Perhaps they will leave unmolested the dead.

1805.

STANZAS TO A LADY,

WITH THE POEMS OF CAMOËNS.[1]

THIS votive pledge of fond esteem,
Perhaps, dear girl! for me thou'lt prize;
It sings of Love's enchanting dream,
A theme we never can despise.

Who blames it but the envious fool,
The old and disappointed maid;
Or pupil of the prudish school,
In single sorrow doom'd to fade?

[1] [Lord Strangford's translations of Camoëns' Amatory Verses, and Little's Poems, are mentioned by Mr. Moore as having been at this period a favourite study of Lord Byron.]

Then read, dear girl! with feeling read,
For thou wilt ne'er be one of those;
To thee in vain I shall not plead
In pity for the poet's woes.

He was in sooth a genuine bard;
His was no faint, fictitious flame:
Like his, may love be thy reward,
But not thy hapless fate the same.[1]

THE FIRST KISS OF LOVE.

Ἀ Βεβίτος δι χαδαῖς
Ἔρωτα μισιν ἤχι. ANACREON.

Away with your fictions of flimsy romance;
Those tissues of falsehood which folly has wove!
Give me the mild beam of the soul-breathing glance,
Or the rapture which dwells on the first kiss of love.

[1] ["The latter years of Camoëns present a mournful picture, not merely of individual calamity, but of national ingratitude. He whose best years had been devoted to the service of his country, he who had taught her literary fame to rival the proudest efforts of Italy itself, and who seemed born to revive the remembrance of ancient gentility and Lusian heroism, was compelled to wander through the streets, a wretched dependant on casual contribution. One friend alone remained to smooth his downward path, and guide his steps to the grave with gentleness and consolation. It was Antonio, his slave, a native of Java, who had accompanied Camoëns to Europe, after having rescued him from the waves, when shipwrecked at the mouth of the Mecon. This faithful attendant was wont to seek alms throughout Lisbon, and at night shared the produce of the day with his poor and broken-hearted master. But his friendship was employed in vain. Camoëns sank beneath the pressure of penury and disease, and died in an alms-house early in the year 1579."—STRANGFORD.]

Ye rhymers, whose bosoms with phantasy glow,
Whose pastoral passions are made for the grove;
From what blest inspiration your sonnets would flow,
Could you ever have tasted the first kiss of love.

If Apollo should e'er his assistance refuse,
Or the Nine be disposed from your service to rove,
Invoke them no more, bid adieu to the muse,
And try the effect of the first kiss of love.

I hate you, ye cold compositions of art:
Though prudes may condemn me, and bigots reprove,
I court the effusions that spring from the heart,
Which throbs with delight to the first kiss of love.

Your shepherds, your flocks, those fantastical themes,
Perhaps may amuse, yet they never can move:
Arcadia displays but a region of dreams;
What are visions like these to the first kiss of love?

Oh! cease to affirm that man, since his birth,
From Adam till now, has with wretchedness strove;
Some portion of paradise still is on earth,
And Eden revives in the first kiss of love.

When age chills the blood, when our pleasures are past —
For years fleet away with the wings of the dove —
The dearest remembrance will still be the last,
Our sweetest memorial the first kiss of love.

ON A CHANGE OF MASTERS AT A GREAT PUBLIC SCHOOL.[1]

WHERE are those honours, Ida! once your own,
When Probus[2] fill'd your magisterial throne?
As ancient Rome, fast falling to disgrace,
Hail'd a barbarian in her Cæsar's place,
So you, degenerate, share as hard a fate,
And seat Pomposus where your Probus sate.
Of narrow brain, yet of a narrower soul,
Pomposus[3] holds you in his harsh control;
Pomposus, by no social virtue sway'd,
With florid jargon, and with vain parade;
With noisy nonsense, and new-fangled rules,
Such as were ne'er before enforced in schools.
Mistaking pedantry for learning's laws,
He governs, sanction'd but by self-applause,

[1] [In March, 1805, Dr. Drury retired from his situation of head-master at Harrow, and was succeeded by Dr. Butler.]

[2] ["Dr. Drury, whom I plagued sufficiently, was the best, the kindest (and yet strict, too) friend I ever had; and I look upon him still as a father."—*Byron Diary.*]

[3] ["At Harrow I was a most unpopular boy, but *led* latterly, and have retained many of my school friendships, and all my dislikes—except to Dr. Butler, whom I treated rebelliously, and have been sorry ever since."—*Byron Diary.*—The reconciliation which took place between him and Dr. Butler, before his departure for Greece, in 1809, is, says Mr. Moore, "one of those instances of placability and pliableness with which his life abounded. Not content with this private atonement to the Doctor, it was his intention, had he published another edition of the Hours of Idleness, to substitute, for the offensive verses against that gentleman, a frank avowal of the wrong he had been guilty of in giving vent to them."]

With him the same dire fate attending Rome,
Ill-fated Ida! soon must stamp your doom:
Like her o'erthrown, for ever lost to fame,
No trace of science left you, but the name.

July, 1805.

TO THE DUKE OF DORSET.[1]

Dorset! whose early steps with mine have stray'd,
Exploring every path of Ida's glade;
Whom still affection taught me to defend,
And made me less a tyrant than a friend,
Though the harsh custom of our youthful ban
Bade *thee* obey, and gave *me* to command;[2]
Thee, on whose head a few short years will shower
The gift of riches and the pride of power;

[1] In looking over my papers to select a few additional poems for this second edition, I found the above lines, which I had totally forgotten, composed in the summer of 1805, a short time previous to my departure from Harrow. They were addressed to a young schoolfellow of high rank, who had been my frequent companion in some rambles through the neighbouring country: however, he never saw the lines, and most probably never will. As, on a re-perusal, I found them not worse than some other pieces in the collection, I have now published them, for the first time, after a slight revision.—[George-John-Frederick, fourth Duke of Dorset, born November 15. 1793. This amiable nobleman was killed by a fall from his horse, while hunting near Dublin, February 22. 1815, being on a visit at the time to his mother, the duchess-dowager, and her second husband, Charles Earl of Whitworth, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.]

[2] At every public school the junior boys are completely subservient to the upper forms till they attain a seat in the higher classes. From this state of probation, very properly, no rank is exempt; but after a certain period, they command in turn those who succeed.

E'en now a name illustrious is thine own,
Renown'd in rank, not far beneath the throne.
Yet, Dorset, let not this seduce thy soul
To shun fair science, or evade control,
Though passive tutors, [1] fearful to dispraise
The titled child, whose future breath may raise,
View ducal errors with indulgent eyes,
And wink at faults they tremble to chastise.
When youthful parasites, who bend the knee
To wealth, their golden idol, not to thee, —
And even in simple boyhood's opening dawn
Some slaves are found to flatter and to fawn, —
When these declare, " that pomp alone should wait
On one by birth predestined to be great ;
That books were only meant for drudging fools,
That gallant spirits scorn the common rules ;"
Believe them not ; — they point the path to shame,
And seek to blast the honours of thy name.
Turn to the few in Ida's early throng,
Whose souls disdain not to condemn the wrong ;
Or if, amidst the comrades of thy youth,
None dare to raise the sterner voice of truth,
Ask thine own heart ; 't will bid thee, boy, forbear
For *well* I know that virtue lingers there.
Yes ! I have mark'd thee many a passing day,
But now new scenes invite me far away ;
Yes ! I have mark'd within that generous mind
A soul, if well matured, to bless mankind.
Ah ! though myself, by nature haughty, wild,
Whom Indiscretion hail'd her favourite child ;

[1] Allow me to disclaim any personal allusions, even the most distant. I merely mention generally what is too often the weakness of preceptors.

Though every error stamps me for her own,
And dooms my fall, I fain would fall alone;
Though my proud heart no precept now can tame,
I love the virtues which I cannot claim.
'T is not enough, with other sons of power,
To gleam the lambent meteor of an hour;
To swell some peerage page in feeble pride,
With long-drawn names that grace no page beside;
Then share with titled crowds the common lot —
In life just gazed at, in the grave forgot;
While nought divides thee from the vulgar dead,
Except the dull cold stone that hides thy head,
The mouldering 'scutcheon, or the herald's roll,
That well-emblazon'd but neglected scroll,
Where lords, unhonour'd, in the tomb may find
One spot, to leave a worthless name behind.
There sleep, unnoticed as the gloomy vaults
That veil their dust, their follies, and their faults,
A race, with old armorial lists o'erspread,
In records destined never to be read.
Fain would I view thee, with prophetic eyes,
Exalted more among the good and wise,
A glorious and a long career pursue,
As first in rank, the first in talent too:
Spurn every vice, each little meanness shun;
Not Fortune's minion, but her noblest son.
Turn to the annals of a former day;
Bright are the deeds thine earlier sires display.
One, though a courtier, lived a man of worth,
And call'd, proud boast! the British drama forth.[1]

[1] ["Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, was born in 1527. While a student of the Inner Temple, he wrote his tragedy of Gorbuduc, which was played before Queen Elizabeth at Whitehall, in 1561. This tragedy, and his contribution of the Induc-

Another view, not less renown'd for wit;
Alike for courts, and camps, or senates fit;
Bold in the field, and favour'd by the Nine;
In every splendid part ordain'd to shine;
Far, far distinguish'd from the glittering throng,
The pride of princes, and the boast of song.[1]
Such were thy fathers; thus preserve their name;
Not heir to titles only, but to fame.
The hour draws nigh, a few brief days will close,
To me, this little scene of joys and woes;
Each knell of Time now warns me to resign [mine:
Shades where Hope, Peace, and Friendship all were
Hope, that could vary like the rainbow's hue,
And gild their pinions as the moments flew;
Peace, that reflection never frown'd away,
By dreams of ill to cloud some future day;
Friendship, whose truth let childhood only tell;
Alas! they love not long, who love so well.
To these adieu! nor let me linger o'er
Scenes hail'd, as exiles hail their native shore,
Receding slowly through the dark-blue deep,
Beheld by eyes that mourn, yet cannot weep.

---

tion and legend of the Duke of Buckingham to the 'Mirror for Magistrates,' compose the poetical history of Sackville. The rest of it was political. In 1604, he was created Earl of Dorset by James I. He died suddenly at the council table, in consequence of a dropsy on the brain." — CAMPBELL.]

[1] [Charles Sackville, Earl of Dorset, was born in 1637, and died in 1706. He was esteemed the most accomplished man of his day, and alike distinguished in the voluptuous court of Charles II. and the gloomy one of William III. He behaved with considerable gallantry in the sea-fight with the Dutch in 1665; on the day previous to which he is said to have composed his celebrated song, '*To all you Ladies now at Land.*' His character has been drawn in the highest colours by Dryden, Pope, Prior, and Congreve.]

Dorset, farewell! I will not ask one part
Of sad remembrance in so young a heart;
The coming morrow from thy youthful mind
Will sweep my name, nor leave a trace behind.
And yet, perhaps, in some maturer year,
Since chance has thrown us in the self-same sphere,
Since the same senate, nay, the same debate,
May one day claim our suffrage for the state,
We hence may meet, and pass each other by
With faint regard, or cold and distant eye.
For me, in future, neither friend nor foe,
A stranger to thyself, thy weal or woe,
With thee no more again I hope to trace
The recollection of our early race;
No more, as once, in social hours rejoice,
Or hear, unless in crowds, thy well-known voice.
Still, if the wishes of a heart untaught
To veil those feelings which perchance it ought,
If these, — but let me cease the lengthen'd strain, —
Oh! if these wishes are not breathed in vain,
The guardian seraph who directs thy fate
Will leave thee glorious, as he found thee great.[1]

1805.

[1] ["I have just been, or rather ought to be, very much shocked by the death of the Duke of Dorset. We were at school together, and there I was passionately attached to him. Since, we have never met, but once, I think, since 1805 — and it would be a paltry affectation to pretend that I had any feeling for him worth the name. But there was a time in my life when this event would have broken my heart; and all I can say for it now is, that — it is not worth breaking. The recollection of what I once felt, and ought to have felt now, but could not, set me pondering, and finally into the train of thought which you have in your hands. — *Byron Letters*, 1815. — (The verses referred to were those melancholy ones, beginning,

"There 's not a joy the world can give, like those it takes away.")

FRAGMENT.

WRITTEN SHORTLY AFTER THE MARRIAGE OF MISS CHAWORTH.

Hills of Annesley, bleak and barren,
Where my thoughtless childhood stray'd,
How the northern tempests, warring,
Howl above thy tufted shade!

Now no more, the hours beguiling,
Former favourite haunts I see;
Now no more my Mary smiling
Makes ye seem a heaven to me.[1]

1805.

[1] [The circumstances which lent so peculiar an interest to Lord Byron's introduction to the family of Chaworth are explained in the "Notices of his Life," vol. i. p. 84. "The young lady herself combined," says Mr. Moore, "with the many worldly advantages that encircled her, much personal beauty, and a disposition the most amiable and attaching. Though already fully alive to her charms, it was as this period (1804) that the young poet seems to have drunk deepest of that fascination whose effects were to be so lasting; six short weeks which he passed in her company being sufficient to lay the foundation of a feeling for all life. With the summer holidays ended this dream of his youth. He saw Miss Chaworth once more in the succeeding year, and took his last farewell of her on that hill near Annesley, which, in his poem of 'The Dream,' he describes so happily as 'crowned with a peculiar diadem.'" In August, 1805, she was married to John Musters, Esq.; and died at Wiverton Hall, in February, 1832, in consequence, it is believed, of the alarm and danger to which she had been exposed during the sack of Colwick Hall by a party of rioters from Nottingham. The unfortunate lady had been in a feeble state of health for several years, and she and her daughter were obliged to take shelter from the violence of the mob in a shrubbery, where, partly from cold, partly from terror, her constitution sustained a shock which it wanted vigour to resist.]

GRANTA. A MEDLEY.

"Ἀργυρέαις λόγχαισι μάχω καὶ πάντα Κρατήσας;"

OH! could Le Sage's [1] demon's gift
Be realised at my desire,
This night my trembling form he 'd lift
To place it on St. Mary's spire

Then would, unroof'd, old Granta's halls
Pedantic inmates full display;
Fellows who dream on lawn or stalls,
The price of venal votes to pay.

Then would I view each rival wight,
Petty and Palmerston survey;
Who canvass there with all their might,
Against the next elective day.[2]

Lo! candidates and voters lie [3]
All lull'd in sleep, a goodly number:
A race renown'd for piety,
Whose conscience won't disturb their slumber.

[1] The Diable Boiteux of Le Sage, where Asmodeus, the demon, places Don Cleofas on an elevated situation, and unroofs the houses for inspection.

[2] [On the death of Mr. Pitt, in January, 1806, Lord Henry Petty and Lord Palmerston were candidates to represent the University of Cambridge in parliament.]

[3] [In the private volume the fourth and fifth stanzas ran thus:—

"One on his power and place depends,
The other on — the Lord knows what!
Each to some eloquence pretends,
Though neither will convince by that.

"The first, indeed, may not demur;
Fellows are sage reflecting men," &c.]

Lord H——,[1] indeed, may not demur;
Fellows are sage reflecting men:
They know preferment can occur
But very seldom,— now and then.

They know the Chancellor has got
Some pretty livings in disposal:
Each hopes that one may be his lot,
And therefore smiles on his proposal.

Now from the soporific scene
I 'll turn mine eye, as night grows late,
To view, unheeded and unseen,
The studious sons of Alma Mater.

There, in apartments small and damp,
The candidate for college prizes
Sits poring by the midnight lamp;
Goes late to bed, yet early rises.

He surely well deserves to gain them,
With all the honours of his college,
Who, striving hardly to obtain them,
Thus seeks unprofitable knowledge:

Who sacrifices hours of rest
To scan precisely metres Attic;
Or agitates his anxious breast
In solving problems mathematic:

[1] [Edward-Harvey Hawke, third Lord Hawke.' H died in 1824.]

Who reads false quantities in Seale,[1]
Or puzzles o'er the deep triangle;
Deprived of many a wholesome meal;
In barbarous Latin [2] doom'd to wrangle:

Renouncing every pleasing page
From authors of historic use;
Preferring to the letter'd sage,
The square of the hypothenuse.[3]

Still, harmless are these occupations,
That hurt none but the hapless student,
Compared with other recreations,
Which bring together the imprudent;

Whose daring revels shock the sight,
When vice and infamy combine,
When drunkenness and dice invite,
As every sense is steep'd in wine.

Not so the methodistic crew,
Who plans of reformation lay:
In humble attitude they sue,
And for the sins of others pray:

Forgetting that their pride of spirit,
Their exultation in their trial,
Detracts most largely from the merit
Of all their boasted self-denial.

[1] Seale's publication on Greek Metres displays considerable
lent and ingenuity, but, as might be expected in so difficult a
ork, is not remarkable for accuracy.
[2] The Latin of the schools is of the *canine species*, and not very
telligible.
[3] The discovery of Pythagoras, that the square of the hypothe-
use is equal to the squares of the other two sides of a right-angled
iangle.

'T is morn :—from these I turn my sight.
What scene is this which meets the eye?
A numerous crowd, array'd in white,
Across the green in numbers fly.

Loud rings in air the chapel bell;
'T is hush'd :—what sounds are these I hear?
The organ's soft celestial swell
Rolls deeply on the list'ning ear.

To this is join'd the sacred song,
The royal minstrel's hallow'd strain;
Though he who hears the music long
Will never wish to hear again.

Our choir would scarcely be excused,
Even as a band of raw beginners;
All mercy now must be refused
To such a set of croaking sinners.

If David, when his toils were ended,
Had heard these blockheads sing before him,
To us his psalms had ne'er descended, —
In furious mood he would have tore 'em.

The luckless Israelites, when taken
By some inhuman tyrant's order,
Were ask'd to sing, by joy forsaken,
On Babylonian river's border.

Oh! had they sung in notes like these,
Inspired by stratagem or fear,
They might have set their hearts at ease,
The devil a soul had stay'd to hear.

[1] On a saint's day, the students wear surplices in chapel.

But if I scribble longer now,
The deuce a soul will stay to read;
My pen is blunt, my ink is low;
'T is almost time to stop, indeed.

Therefore, farewell, old Granta's spires!
No more, like Cleofas, I fly;
No more thy theme my muse inspires:
The reader 's tired, and so am I.

1806.

ON A DISTANT VIEW OF THE VILLAGE AND SCHOOL OF HARROW ON THE HILL.

Oh! mihi præteritos referat si Jupiter annos. — VIRGIL.

Ye scenes of my childhood, whose loved recollection
Embitters the present, compared with the past;
Where science first dawn'd on the powers of reflection,
And friendships were formed, too romantic to last; [1]

Where fancy yet joys to retrace the resemblance
Of comrades, in friendship and mischief allied;
How welcome to me your ne'er fading remembrance,
Which rests in the bosom, though hope is denied!

Again I revisit the hills where we sported,
The streams where we swam, and the fields where we fought; [2]

[1] ["My school-friendships were with me *passions* (for I was always violent), but I do not know that there is one which has endured (to be sure some have been cut short by death) till now." — *Byron Diary*, 1821.]

[2] ["At Harrow I fought my way very fairly. I think I lost but one battle out of seven." — *Ibid.*]

The school where, loud warn'd by the bell we resorted,
To pore o'er the precepts by pedagogues taught.

Again I behold where for hours I have ponder'd,
As reclining, at eve, on yon tombstone [1] I lay;
Or round the steep brow of the churchyard I wander'd,
To catch the last gleam of the sun's setting ray.

I once more view the room, with spectators surrounded,
Where, as Zanga, [2] I trod on Alonzo o'erthrown;
While, to swell my young pride, such applauses resounded,
I fancied that Mossop [3] himself was outshone:

Or, as Lear, I pour'd forth the deep imprecation,
By my daughters, of kingdom and reason deprived;
Till, fired by loud plaudits [4] and self-adulation,
I regarded myself as a Garrick revived.

Ye dreams of my boyhood, how much I regret you!
Unfaded your memory dwells in my breast;
Though sad and deserted, I ne'er can forget you:
Your pleasures may still be in fancy possest.

[1] [They show a tomb in the churchyard at Harrow, commanding a view over Windsor, which was so well known to be his favourite resting-place, that the boys called it "Byron's Tomb;" and here, they say, he used to sit for hours, wrapt up in thought.]

[2] [For the display of his declamatory powers, on the speech-days, he selected always the most vehement passages; such as the speech of Zanga over the body of Alonzo, and Lear's address to the storm.]

[3] Mossop, a cotemporary of Garrick, famous for his performance of Zanga.

[4] ["My grand patron, Dr. Drury, had a great notion that I should turn out an orator, from my fluency, my turbulence, my voice, my copiousness of declamation, and my action." — *Diary.*]

To Ida full oft may remembrance restore me, [1]
While fate shall the shades of the future unroll!
Since darkness o'ershadows the prospect before me,
More dear is the beam of the past to my soul!

But, if through the course of the years which await me,
Some new scene of pleasure should open to view,
I will say, while with rapture the thought shall elate me,
"Oh! such were the days which my infancy knew."

1806.

TO M——.

Oh! did those eyes, instead of fire,
With bright but mild affection shine,
Though they might kindle less desire,
Love, more than mortal, would be thine.

For thou art form'd so heavenly fair,
Howe'er those orbs may wildly beam,
We must admire, but still despair;
That fatal glance forbids esteem.

When Nature stamp'd thy beauteous birth,
So much perfection in thee shone,
She fear'd that, too divine for earth,
The skies might claim thee for their own:

[1] [In the private volume the two last stanzas ran—

"I thought this poor brain, fever'd even to madness,
Of tears, as of reason, for ever was drain'd;
But the drops which now flow down this bosom of sadness,
Convince me the springs have some moisture retain'd.

"Sweet scenes of my childhood! your blest recollection
Has wrung from these eyelids, to weeping long dead,
In torrents the tears of my warmest affection,
The last and the fondest I ever shall shed."

Therefore, to guard her dearest work,
Lest angels might dispute the prize,
She bade a secret lightning lurk
Within those once celestial eyes.

These might the boldest sylph appal,
When gleaming with meridian blaze;
Thy beauty must enrapture all;
But who can dare thine ardent gaze?

'T is said that Berenice's hair
In stars adorns the vault of heaven;
But they would ne'er permit thee there,
Thou wouldst so far outshine the seven.

For did those eyes as planets roll,
Thy sister-lights would scarce appear:
E'en suns, which systems now control,
Would twinkle dimly through their sphere

TO WOMAN.

Woman! experience might have told me
That all must love thee who behold thee:
Surely experience might have taught
Thy firmest promises are naught;
But, placed in all thy charms before me,
All I forget, but to adore thee.
Oh memory! thou choicest blessing
When join'd with hope, when still possessi

1 "Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do intreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return

But how much cursed by every lover
When hope is fled and passion 's over.
Woman, that fair and fond deceiver,
How prompt are striplings to believe her!
How throbs the pulse when first we view
The eye that rolls in glossy blue,
Or sparkles black, or mildly throws
A beam from under hazel brows!
How quick we credit every oath,
And hear her plight the willing troth!
Fondly we hope 't will last for aye,
When, lo! she changes in a day.
This record will for ever stand,
"Woman, thy vows are traced in sand." [1]

TO M. S. G.

When I dream that you love me, you 'll surely forgive;
Extend not your anger to sleep;
For in visions alone your affection can live, —
I rise, and it leaves me to weep.

Then, Morpheus! envelope my faculties fast,
Shed o'er me your languor benign;
Should the dream of to-night but resemble the last,
What rapture celestial is mine!

They tell us that slumber, the sister of death,
Mortality's emblem is given;
To fate how I long to resign my frail breath,
If this be a foretaste of heaven!

[1] The last line is almost a literal translation from a Spanish proverb.

Ah! frown not, sweet lady, unbend your soft brow,
Nor deem me too happy in this;
If I sin in my dream, I atone for it now,
Thus doom'd but to gaze upon bliss.

Though in visions, sweet lady, perhaps you may smile,
Oh! think not my penance deficient!
When dreams of your presence my slumbers beguile,
To awake will be torture sufficient.

TO MARY,

ON RECEIVING HER PICTURE.[1]

This faint resemblance of thy charms,
Though strong as mortal art could give,
My constant heart of fear disarms,
Revives my hopes, and bids me live.

Here I can trace the locks of gold
Which round thy snowy forehead wave,
The cheeks which sprung from beauty's mould,
The lips which made me beauty's slave.

Here I can trace — ah, no! that eye,
Whose azure floats in liquid fire,
Must all the painter's art defy,
And bid him from the task retire.

[1] [Of this "Mary," who is not to be confounded with the heiress of Annesley, or "Mary" of Aberdeen, all that has been ascertained is, that she was of an humble, if not equivocal, station in life, — and that she had long light golden hair, "of which," says Mr. Moore, "he used to show a lock, as well as her picture, among his friends."]

Here I behold its beauteous hue;
  But where 's the beam so sweetly straying,[1]
Which gave a lustre to its blue,
  Like Luna o'er the ocean playing?

Sweet copy! far more dear to me,
  Lifeless, unfeeling as thou art,
Than all the living forms could be,
  Save her who placed thee next my heart.

She placed it, sad, with needless fear,
  Lest time might shake my wavering soul,
Unconscious that her image there
  Held every sense in fast control.

Through hours, through years, through time, 't will cheer;
  My hope, in gloomy moments, raise;
In life's last conflict 't will appear,
  And meet my fond expiring gaze.

TO LESBIA.

Lesbia! since far from you I've ranged,
  Our souls with fond affection glow not;
You say 't is I, not you, have changed,
  I 'd tell you why, — but yet I know not.

Your polish'd brow no cares have crost;
  And, Lesbia! we are not much older
Since, trembling, first my heart I lost,
  Or told my love, with hope grown bolder.

[1] [But where 's the beam of soft desire?
Which gave a lustre to its blue,
Love, only love, could e'er inspire.—First edit.]

Sixteen was then our utmost age,
Two years have lingering past away, love!
And now new thoughts our minds engage,
At least I feel disposed to stray, love!

'T is I that am alone to blame,
I, that am guilty of love's treason;
Since your sweet breast is still the same,
Caprice must be my only reason.

I do not, love! suspect your truth,
With jealous doubt my bosom heaves not;
Warm was the passion of my youth,
One trace of dark deceit it leaves not.

No, no, my flame was not pretended;
For, oh! I loved you most sincerely;
And — though our dream at last is ended —
My bosom still esteems you dearly.

No more we meet in yonder bowers;
Absence has made me prone to roving;
But older, firmer hearts than ours
Have found monotony in loving.

Your cheek's soft bloom is unimpair'd,
New beauties still are daily bright'ning,
Your eye for conquest beams prepared,
The forge of love's resistless lightning.

Arm'd thus, to make their bosoms bleed,
Many will throng to sigh like me, love!
More constant they may prove, indeed;
Fonder, alas! they ne'er can be, love!

LINES ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG L

[As the author was discharging his pistols in a gard ladies passing near the spot were alarmed by the sound of hissing near them; to one of whom the following stanz addressed the next morning.][1]

Doubtless, sweet girl! the hissing lead,
Wafting destruction o'er thy charms,
And hurtling[2] o'er thy lovely head,
Has fill'd that breast with fond alarms.

Surely some envious demon's force,
Vex'd to behold such beauty here,
Impell'd the bullet's viewless course,
Diverted from its first career.

Yes! in that nearly fatal hour
The ball obey'd some hell-born guide;
But Heaven, with interposing power,
In pity turn'd the death aside.

Yet, as perchance one trembling tear
Upon that thrilling bosom fell;
Which I, th' unconscious cause of fear,
Extracted from its glistening cell:

Say, what dire penance can atone
For such an outrage done to thee?
Arraign'd before thy beauty's throne,
What punishment wilt thou decree?

[1] [The occurrence took place at Southwell, and the be lady to whom the lines were addressed was Miss Houson.]

[2] This word is used by Gray, in his poem to the Fatal Sist

"Iron sleet of arrowy shower
Hurtles through the darken'd air."

But thou, perhaps, may'st now reject
Such expiation of my guilt;
Come then, some other mode elect;
Let it be death, or what thou wilt.

Choose then, relentless! and I swear
Nought shall thy dread decree prevent;
Yet hold — one little word forbear!
Let it be aught but banishment.

LOVE'S LAST ADIEU.

Αει, δ' αει με φευγει. — ANACREON.

THE roses of love glad the garden of life,
Though nurtured 'mid weeds dropping pestilent dew,
Till time crops the leaves with unmerciful knife,
Or prunes them for ever, in love's last adieu!

In vain with endearments we soothe the sad hea
In vain do we vow for an age to be true;
The chance of an hour may command us to p
Or death disunite us in love's last adieu!

or taste we the poison of love's last adieu :

mark you yon pair : in the sunshine of yout
ove twined round their childhood his flow'rs as
grew ;
y flourish awhile in the season of truth,
ill chill'd by the winter of love's last adieu !

eet lady ! why thus doth a tear steal its way
)own a cheek which outrivals thy bosom in hi
; why do I ask ? — to distraction a prey,
Thy reason has perish'd with love's last adieu !

! who is yon misanthrope, shunning mankinc
From cities to caves of the forest he flew :
ere, raving, he howls his complaint to the win
The mountains reverberate love's last adieu !

)w hate rules a heart which in love's easy chai
Once passion's tumultuous blandishments kne
espair now inflames the dark tide of his veins
He ponders in frenzy on love's last adieu !

In this life of probation for rapture divine,
Astrea declares that some penance is due;
From him who has worshipp'd at love's gentle shrine,
The atonement is ample in love's last adieu!

Who kneels to the god, on his altar of light
Must myrtle and cypress alternately strew:
His myrtle, an emblem of purest delight;
His cypress, the garland of love's last adieu!

DAMÆTAS.

In law an infant,[1] and in years a boy,
In mind a slave to every vicious joy;
From every sense of shame and virtue wean'd;
In lies an adept, in deceit a fiend;
Versed in hypocrisy, while yet a child;
Fickle as wind, of inclinations wild:
Woman his dupe, his heedless friend a tool;
Old in the world, though scarcely broke from school;
Damætas ran through all the maze of sin,
And found the goal when others just begin:
Even still conflicting passions shake his soul,
And bid him drain the dregs of pleasure's bowl;
But, pall'd with vice, he breaks his former chain,
And what was once his bliss appears his bane.[2]

[1] In law every person is an infant who has not attained the age of twenty-one.

[2] ["When I went up to Trinity, in 1805, at the age of seventeen and a half, I was miserable and untoward to a degree. I was wretched at leaving Harrow — wretched at going to Cambridge instead of Oxford — wretched from some private domestic circumstances of different kinds; and, consequently, about as unsocial as a wolf taken from the troop."— *Diary*. — Mr. Moore adds, "The *sort of life which* young Byron led at this period, between the *dissipations of London* and of Cambridge, without a home to wel-

TO MARION.

MARION! why that pensive brow?
What disgust to life hast thou?
Change that discontented air;
Frowns become not one so fair.
'T is not love disturbs thy rest,
Love's a stranger to thy breast;
He in dimpling smiles appears,
Or mourns in sweetly timid tears,
Or bends the languid eyelid down,
But shuns the cold forbidding frown.
Then resume thy former fire,
Some will love, and all admire;
While that icy aspect chills us,
Nought but cool indifference thrills us.
Wouldst thou wandering hearts beguil
Smile at least, or seem to smile.
Eyes like thine were never meant
To hide their orbs in dark restraint;
Spite of all thou fain wouldst say,
Still in truant beams they play.
Thy lips — but here my modest Muse
Her impulse chaste must needs refuse:
She blushes, curt'sies, frowns, — in sho
Dreads lest the subject should transpor
And flying off in search of reason,
Brings prudence back in proper season

---

me, or even the roof of a single relative to receive
tle calculated to render him satisfied either with h
orld. Unrestricted as he was by deference to ar
rn, even the pleasures to which he was naturally
mature*ly* palled upon him, for want of those be
ornament — rarity and restraint."]

All I shall therefore say (whate'er
I think, is neither here nor there)
Is, that such lips, of looks endearing,
Were form'd for better things than sneering:
Of soothing compliments divested,
Advice at least 's disinterested;
Such is my artless song to thee,
From all the flow of flattery free;
Counsel like mine is as a brother's,
My heart is given to some others;
That is to say, unskill'd to cozen,
It shares itself among a dozen.

Marion, adieu! oh, pr'ythee slight not
This warning, though it may delight not;
And, lest my precepts be displeasing
To those who think remonstrance teazing,
At once I 'll tell thee our opinion
Concerning woman's soft dominion:
Howe'er we gaze with admiration
On eyes of blue or lips carnation,
Howe'er the flowing locks attract us,
Howe'er those beauties may distract us,
Still fickle, we are prone to rove,
These cannot fix our souls to love:
It is not too severe a stricture
To say they form a pretty picture;
But wouldst thou see the secret chain
Which binds us in your humble train,
To hail you queens of all creation,
Know, in a word, 't is ANIMATION.

TO A LADY

WHO PRESENTED TO THE AUTHOR A LOCK OF HAIR BRAIDED WITH HIS OWN, AND APPOINTED A NIGHT IN DECEMBER TO MEET HIM IN THE GARDEN.[1]

THESE locks, which fondly thus entwine,
In firmer chains our hearts confine,
Than all th' unmeaning protestations
Which swell with nonsense love orations.
Our love is fix'd, I think we 've proved it,
Nor time, nor place, nor art have moved it;
Then wherefore should we sigh and whine,
With groundless jealousy repine,
With silly whims and fancies frantic,
Merely to make our love romantic?
Why should you weep like Lydia Languish,
And fret with self-created anguish?
Or doom the lover you have chosen,
On winter nights to sigh half frozen;
In leafless shades to sue for pardon,
Only because the scene 's a garden?
For gardens seem, by one consent,
Since Shakspeare set the precedent,
Since Juliet first declared her passion,
To form the place of assignation.[2]

[1] [See *antè*, p. 51. note.]

[2] In the above little piece the author has been accused by some *candid readers* of introducing the name of a lady from whom he was some hundred miles distant at the time this was written; and poor Juliet, who has slept so long in "the tomb of all the Capulets," has been converted, with a trifling alteration of her name, into an English damsel, walking in a garden of their own creation, during the month of *December*, in a village where the author never passed a winter. Such has been the candour of some ingenious critics. We would advise these *liberal* commentators on taste and arbiters of decorum to read *Shakspeare*.

d some modern muse inspire,
ıer by a sea-coal fire;
ıe bard at Christmas written,
the scene of love in Britain,
y, in commiseration,
.nged the place of declaration.
I 've no objection;
.ights are proper for reflection;
re our climate is so rigid,
ɔve itself is rather frigid:
on our chilly situation,
urb this rage for imitation;
let us meet, as oft we 've done,
th the influence of the sun;
at midnight I must meet you,
n your mansion let me greet you:
we can love for hours together,
better, in such snowy weather,
placed in all th' Arcadian groves
ɔver witness'd rural loves;
if my passion fail to please,
night I 'll be content to freeze;
ɔre I 'll give a loose to laughter,
urse my fate for ever after.[1]

g heard that a very severe and indelicate censure he
d on the above poem, I beg leave to reply in a quotati
lmired work, "Carr's Stranger in France."—"As
emplating a painting on a large scale, in which, ar
'es, is the uncovered whole length of a warrior, a prr
ly, who seemed to have touched the age of despe
ıg attentively surveyed it through her glass, o
'ty, that there was a great deal of indecorum
Madame S. shrewdly whispered in my ear,
ı was in the remark.'"

OSCAR OF ALVA.[1]

A TALE.

How sweetly shines through azure skies,
The lamp of heaven on Lora's shore;
Where Alva's hoary turrets rise,
And hear the din of arms no more.

But often has yon rolling moon
On Alva's casques of silver play'd;
And view'd, at midnight's silent noon,
Her chiefs in gleaming mail array'd:

And on the crimson'd rocks beneath,
Which scowl o'er ocean's sullen flow,
Pale in the scatter'd ranks of death,
She saw the gasping warrior low;

While many an eye which ne'er again
Could mark the rising orb of day,
Turn'd feebly from the gory plain,
Beheld in death her fading ray.

Once to those eyes the lamp of Love,
They blest her dear propitious light;
But now she glimmer'd from above,
A sad, funereal torch of night.

[1] The catastrophe of this tale was suggested by the story of "Jeronyme and Lorenzo," in the first volume of Schiller's "Armenian, or the Ghost-Seer." It also bears some resemblance to a scene in the third act of "Macbeth."

And when that gale is fierce and high,
A sound is heard in yonder hall;
It rises hoarsely through the sky,
And vibrates o'er the mouldering wall.

Yes, when the eddying tempest sighs,
It shakes the shield of Oscar brave;
But there no more his banners rise,
No more his plumes of sable wave.

Fair shone the sun on Oscar's birth,
When Angus hail'd his eldest born;
The vassals round their chieftain's hearth
Crowd to applaud the happy morn.

They feast upon the mountain deer,
The pibroch raised its piercing note; [1]
To gladden more their highland cheer,
The strains in martial numbers float:

[1] [Lord Byron falls into a very common error, that of *pibroch*, which means a particular sort of tune, for the on which it is played, the bagpipe. Almost every for Nodier, for example, does the same. The read little slip noticed in the article from the Edinb pended to these pages.]

And they who heard the war-notes wild
  Hoped that one day the pibroch's strain
Should play before the hero's child
  While he should lead the tartan train.

Another year is quickly past,
  And Angus hails another son;
His natal day is like the last,
  Nor soon the jocund feast was done.

Taught by their sire to bend the bow,
  On Alva's dusky hills of wind,
The boys in childhood chased the roe,
  And left their hounds in speed behind.

But ere their years of youth are o'er,
  They mingle in the ranks of war;
They lightly wheel the bright claymore,
  And send the whistling arrow far.

Dark was the flow of Oscar's hair,
  Wildly it stream'd along the gale;
But Allan's locks were bright and fair,
  And pensive seem'd his cheek, and pale.

But Oscar own'd a hero's soul,
  His dark eye shone through beams of truth;
Allan had early learn'd control,
  And smooth his words had been from youth.

Both, both were brave; the Saxon spear
  Was shiver'd oft beneath their steel;
And Oscar's bosom scorn'd to fear,
  But Oscar's bosom knew to feel;

From high Southannon's distant tower
Arrived a young and noble dame;
With Kenneth's lands to form her dower,
Glenalvon's blue-eyed daughter came;

And Oscar claim'd the beauteous bride,
And Angus on his Oscar smiled:
It soothed the father's feudal pride
Thus to obtain Glenalvon's child.

Hark to the pibroch's pleasing note!
Hark to the swelling nuptial song!
In joyous strains the voices float,
And still the choral peal prolong.

See how the heroes' blood-red plumes
Assembled wave in Alva's hall;
Each youth his varied plaid assumes,
Attending on their chieftain's call.

It is not war their aid demands,
The pibroch plays the song of peace;
To Oscar's nuptials throng the bands,
Nor yet the sounds of pleasure cease

But where is Oscar? sure 't is late:
Is this a bridegroom's ardent flame?
While thronging guests and ladies wait,
Nor Oscar nor his brother came.

At length young Allan join'd the bride;
" Why comes not Oscar," Angus said:
" Is he not here?" the youth replied;
" With me he roved not o'er the glade:

" Perchance, forgetful of the day,
'T is his to chase the bounding roe;
Or ocean's waves prolong his stay;
Yet Oscar's bark is seldom slow."

" Oh, no!" the anguish'd sire rejoin'd,
" Nor chase, nor wave, my boy delay;
Would he to Mora seem unkind?
Would aught to her impede his way?

" Oh, search, ye chiefs! oh, search around
Allan, with these through Alva fly;
Till Oscar, till my son is found,
Haste, haste, nor dare attempt reply."

All is confusion — through the vale
The name of Oscar hoarsely rings,
It rises on the murmuring gale,
Till night expands her dusky wings;

It breaks the stillness of the night,
But echoes through her shades in vain,
It sounds through morning's misty light,
But Oscar comes not o'er the plain.

Three days, three sleepless nights, the Chief
For Oscar search'd each mountain cave;
Then hope is lost; in boundless grief,
His locks in gray-torn ringlets wave.

'T' arraign my [illegible]
O God! my impious [illegible]

" What, if he live for me no more,
I sink forgotten in the dust,
The hope of Alva's age is o'er:
Alas! can pangs like these be just ?"

Thus did the hapless parent mourn,
Till Time, who soothes severest woe,
Had bade serenity return,
And made the tear-drop cease to flow.

For still some latent hope survived
That Oscar might once more appear;
His hope now droop'd and now revived,
Till Time had told a tedious year.

Days roll'd along, the orb of light
Again had run his destined race;
No Oscar bless'd his father's sight,
And sorrow left a fainter trace.

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Dark is the robe which wraps his form,
And tall his plume of gory red;
His voice is like the rising storm,
But light and trackless is his tread.

'T is noon of night, the pledge goes round,
The bridegroom's health is deeply quaff'd;
With shouts the vaulted roofs resound,
And all combine to hail the draught.

Sudden the stranger-chief arose,
And all the clamorous crowd are hush'd;
And Angus' cheek with wonder glows,
And Mora's tender bosom blush'd.

" Old man!" he cried, " this pledge is done:
Thou saw'st 't was duly drank by me;
It hail'd the nuptials of thy son:
Now will I claim a pledge from thee.

" While all around is mirth and joy,
To bless thy Allan's happy lot,
Say, hadst thou ne'er another boy?
Say, why should Oscar be forgot?"

" Alas!" the hapless sire replied,
The big tear starting as he spoke,
" When Oscar left my hall, or died,
This aged heart was almost broke.

"Thrice has the earth revolved her course
Since Oscar's form has bless'd my sight;
And Allan is my last resource,
Since martial Oscar's death or flight."

" 'Tis he! I hear my murderer's voice!"
Loud shrieks a darkly gleaming form.
" A murderer's voice!" the roof replies,
And deeply swells the bursting storm.

The tapers wink, the chieftains shrink,
The stranger 's gone, — amidst the crew,
A form was seen in tartan green,
And tall the shade terrific grew.

His waist was bound with a broad belt round,
His plume of sable stream'd on high;
But his breast was bare, with the red wounds
And fix'd was the glare of his glassy eye.

And thrice he smiled, with his eye so wild
On Angus bending low the knee;
And thrice he frown'd on a chief on the
Whom shivering crowds with horr

The bolts loud roll from pole to pole,
And thunders through the welkin ring, [storm,
And the gleaming form, through the mist of the
Was borne on high by the whirlwind's wing.

Cold was the feast, the revel ceased.
Who lies upon the stony floor?
Oblivion press'd old Angus' breast,
At length his life-pulse throbs once more.

"Away, away! let the leech essay
To pour the light on Allan's eyes:"
His sand is done, — his race is run:
Oh! never more shall Allan rise!

But Oscar's breast is cold as clay,
His locks are lifted by the gale;
And Allan's barbed arrow lay
With him in dark Glentanar's vale.

And whence the dreadful stranger came,
Or who, no mortal wight can tell;
But no one doubts the form of flame,
For Alva's sons knew Oscar well.

Ambition nerved young Allan's hand,
Exulting demons wing'd his dart;
While Envy waved her burning brand,
And pour'd her venom round his heart.

Swift is the shaft from Allan's bow;
Whose streaming life-blood stains his side?
Dark Oscar's sable crest is low,
The dart has drunk his vital tide.

And Mora's eye could Allan move,
She bade his wounded pride rebel:
Alas! that eyes which beam'd with love
Should urge the soul to deeds of hell.

Lo! seest thou not a lonely tomb
Which rises o'er a warrior dead?
It glimmers through the twilight gloom;
Oh! that is Allan's nuptial bed.

Far, distant far, the noble grave
Which held his clan's great ashes stood;
And o'er his corse no banners wave,
For they were stain'd with kindred blood.

What minstrel gray, what hoary bard,
Shall Allan's deeds on harp-strings raise?
The song is glory's chief reward,
But who can strike a murderer's praise?

Unstrung, untouch'd, the harp must stand,
No minstrel dare the theme awake;
Guilt would benumb his palsied hand,
His harp in shuddering chords would break.

No lyre of fame, no hallow'd verse,
Shall sound his glories high in air:
A dying father's bitter curse,
A brother's death-groan echoes there.

THE EPISODE OF NISUS AND EURYALUS.

A PARAPHRASE FROM THE ÆNEID, LIB. IX.

Nisus, the guardian of the portal, stood,
Eager to gild his arms with hostile blood;
Well skill'd in fight the quivering lance to wield,
Or pour his arrows through th' embattled field:
From Ida torn, he left his sylvan cave,
And sought a foreign home, a distant grave.
To watch the movements of the Daunian host,
With him Euryalus sustains the post;
No lovelier mien adorn'd the ranks of Troy,
And beardless bloom yet graced the gallant boy,
Though few the seasons of his youthful life,
As yet a novice in the martial strife,
'T was his, with beauty, valour's gifts to share —
A soul heroic, as his form was fair:
These burn with one pure flame of generous love;
In peace, in war, united still they move;
Friendship and glory form their joint reward;
And now combined they hold their nightly guard.

"What god," exclaim'd the first, "instils this fire?
Or, in itself a god, what great desire?
My labouring soul, with anxious thought oppress'd,
Abhors this station of inglorious rest;
The love of fame with this can ill accord,
Be 't mine to seek for glory with my sword.
Seest thou yon camp, with torches twinkling dim,
Where drunken slumbers wrap each lazy limb?
Where confidence and ease the watch disdain,
And drowsy Silence holds her sable reign?
Then hear my thought: — In deep and sullen grief
Our troops and leaders mourn their absent chief.

Now could the gifts and promised prize be thine
(The deed, the danger, and the fame be mine),
Were this decreed, beneath yon rising mound,
Methinks, an easy path perchance were found;
Which past, I speed my way to Pallas' walls,
And lead Æneas from Evander's halls."

With equal ardour fired, and warlike joy,
His glowing friend address'd the Dardan boy: —
"These deeds, my Nisus, shalt thou dare alone?
Must all the fame, the peril, be thine own?
Am I by thee despised, and left afar,
As one unfit to share the toils of war?
Not thus his son the great Opheltes taught;
Not thus my sire in Argive combats fought;
Not thus, when Ilion fell by heavenly hate,
I track'd Æneas through the walks of fate:
Thou know'st my deeds, my breast devoid of fear,
And hostile life-drops dim my gory spear.
Here is a soul with hope immortal burns,
And life, ignoble life, for glory spurns.
Fame, fame is cheaply earn'd by fleeting breath:
The price of honour is the sleep of death."

Then Nisus, — "Calm thy bosom's fond alarms:
Thy heart beats fiercely to the din of arms.
More dear thy worth and valour than my own,
I swear by him who fills Olympus' throne!
So may I triumph, as I speak the truth,
And clasp again the comrade of my youth!
But should I fall, — and he who dares advance
Through hostile legions must abide by chance, —
If some Rutulian arm, with adverse blow,
Should lay the friend who ever loved thee low,

Live thou, such beauties I would fain preserve,
Thy budding years a lengthen'd term deserve.
When humbled in the dust, let some one be,
Whose gentle eyes will shed one tear for me;
Whose manly arm may snatch me back by force,
Or wealth redeem from foes my captive corse;
Or, if my destiny these last deny,
If in the spoiler's power my ashes lie,
Thy pious care may raise a simple tomb,
To mark thy love, and signalize my doom.
Why should thy doting wretched mother weep
Her only boy, reclined in endless sleep?
Who, for thy sake, the tempest's fury dared,
Who, for thy sake, war's deadly peril shared;
Who braved what woman never braved before,
And left her native for the Latian shore."

"In vain you damp the ardour of my soul,"
Replied Euryalus; "it scorns control!
Hence, let us haste!"—their brother guards arose,
Roused by their call, nor court again repose;
The pair, buoy'd up on Hope's exulting wing,
Their stations leave, and speed to seek the king.

Now o'er the earth a solemn stillness ran,
And lull'd alike the cares of brute and man;
Save where the Dardan leaders nightly hold
Alternate converse, and their plans unfold.
On one great point the council are agreed,
An instant message to their prince decreed;
Each lean'd upon the lance he well could wield,
And poised with easy arm his ancient shield;
When Nisus and his friend their leave request
To offer something to their high behest.

With anxious tremors, yet unawed by fear,
The faithful pair before the throne appear :
Iulus greets them ; at his kind command,
The elder first address'd the hoary band.

" With patience " (thus Hyrtacides began)
" Attend, nor judge from youth our humble plan.
Where yonder beacons half expiring beam,
Our slumbering foes of future conquest dream,
Nor heed that we a secret path have traced,
Between the ocean and the portal placed.
Beneath the covert of the blackening smoke,
Whose shade securely our design will cloak !
If you, ye chiefs, and fortune will allow,
We 'll bend our course to yonder mountain's brow,
Where Pallas' walls at distance meet the sight,
Seen o'er the glade, when not obscured by night :
Then shall Æneas in his pride return,
While hostile matrons raise their offspring's urn ;
And Latian spoils and purpled heaps of dead
Shall mark the havoc of our hero's tread.
Such is our purpose, not unknown the way ;
Where yonder torrent's devious waters stray,
Oft have we seen, when hunting by the stream,
The distant spires above the valleys gleam."

Mature in years, for sober wisdom famed,
Moved by the speech, Alethes here exclaim'd,—
" Ye parent gods ! who rule the fate of Troy
Still dwells the Dardan spirit in the boy ;
When minds like these in striplings thus ye raise,
Yours is the godlike act, be yours the praise ;
In gallant youth, my fainting hopes revive,
And Ilion's wonted glories still survive."

Then in his warm embrace the boys he press'd,
And, quivering, strain'd them to his aged breast;
With tears the burning cheek of each bedew'd,
And, sobbing, thus his first discourse renew'd:
"What gift, my countrymen, what martial prize
Can we bestow, which you may not despise?
Our deities the first best boon have given —
Internal virtues are the gift of Heaven.
What poor rewards can bless your deeds on earth,
Doubtless await such young, exalted worth.
Æneas and Ascanius shall combine
To yield applause far, far surpassing mine."

Iulus then: — "By all the powers above!
By those Penates who my country love!
By hoary Vesta's sacred fane, I swear,
My hopes are all in you, ye generous pair!
Restore my father to my grateful sight,
And all my sorrows yield to one delight.
Nisus! two silver goblets are thine own,
Saved from Arisba's stately domes o'erthrown!
My sire secured them on that fatal day,
Nor left such bowls an Argive robber's prey:
Two massy tripods, also, shall be thine;
Two talents polish'd from the glittering mine;
An ancient cup, which Tyrian Dido gave,
While yet our vessels press'd the Punic wave:
But when the hostile chiefs at length bow down,
When great Æneas wears Hesperia's crown,
The casque, the buckler, and the fiery steed
Which Turnus guides with more than mortal speed,
Are thine; no envious lot shall then be cast,
I pledge my word, irrevocably past:
Nay more, twelve slaves, and twice six captive dame
To soothe thy softer hours with amorous flames,

And all the realms which now the Latins sway
The labours of to-night shall well repay.
But thou, my generous youth, whose tender years
Are near my own, whose worth my heart reveres
Henceforth affection, sweetly thus begun,
Shall join our bosoms and our souls in one;
Without thy aid, no glory shall be mine;
Without thy dear advice, no great design;
Alike through life esteem'd, thou godlike boy,
In war my bulwark, and in peace my joy."

To him Euryalus: — "No day shall shame
The rising glories which from this I claim.
Fortune may favour, or the skies may frown,
But valour, spite of fate, obtains renown.
Yet, ere from hence our eager steps depart,
One boon I beg, the nearest to my heart:
My mother, sprung from Priam's royal line,
Like thine ennobled, hardly less divine,
Nor Troy nor king Acestes' realms restrain
Her feeble age from dangers of the main;
Alone she came, all selfish fears above,
A bright example of maternal love.
Unknown the secret enterprise I brave,
Lest grief should bend my parent to the grave;
From this alone no fond adieus I seek,
No fainting mother's lips have press'd my cheek;
By gloomy night and thy right hand I vow
Her parting tears would shake my purpose now:
Do thou, my prince, her failing age sustain,
In thee her much-loved child may live again;
Her dying hours with pious conduct bless,
Assist her wants, relieve her fond distress:
So dear a hope must all my soul inflame,
To rise in glory, or to fall in fame."

Struck with a filial care so deeply felt,
In tears at once the Trojan warriors melt:
Faster than all, Iulus' eyes o'erflow!
Such love was his, and such had been his woe.
"All thou hast ask'd, receive," the prince replied;
"Nor this alone, but many a gift beside.
To cheer thy mother's years shall be my aim,
Creusa's [1] style but wanting to the dame.
Fortune an adverse wayward course may run,
But bless'd thy mother in so dear a son.
Now, by my life! — my sire's most sacred oath —
To thee I pledge my full, my firmest troth,
All the rewards which once to thee were vow'd,
If thou shouldst fall, on her shall be bestow'd."
Thus spoke the weeping prince, then forth to view
A gleaming falchion from the sheath he drew;
Lycaon's utmost skill had graced the steel,
For friends to envy and for foes to feel:
A tawny hide, the Moorish lion's spoil,
Slain 'midst the forest, in the hunter's toil,
Mnestheus to guard the elder youth bestows,
And old Alethes' casque defends his brows.
Arm'd, thence they go, while all th' assembled train,
To aid their cause, implore the gods in vain.
More than a boy, in wisdom and in grace,
Iulus holds amidst the chiefs his place:
His prayer he sends; but what can prayers avail,
Lost in the murmurs of the sighing gale!

The trench is pass'd, and, favour'd by the night,
Through sleeping foes they wheel their wary flight.
When shall the sleep of many a foe be o'er?
Alas! some slumber who shall wake no more!

[1] The mother of Iulus, lost on the night when Troy was taken.

Chariots and bridles, mix'd with arms, are seen;
And flowing flasks, and scatter'd troops between:
Bacchus and Mars to rule the camp combine;
A mingled chaos this of war and wine.
"Now," cries the first, "for deeds of blood prepare,
With me the conquest and the labour share:
Here lies our path; lest any hand arise,
Watch thou, while many a dreaming chieftain dies:
I 'll carve our passage through the heedless foe,
And clear thy road with many a deadly blow."
His whispering accents then the youth repress'd,
And pierced proud Rhamnes through his panting brea
Stretch'd at his ease, th' incautious king reposed;
Debauch, and not fatigue, his eyes had closed:
To Turnus dear, a prophet and a prince,
His omens more than augur's skill evince;
But he, who thus foretold the fate of all,
Could not avert his own untimely fall.
Next Remus' armour-bearer, hapless, fell,
And three unhappy slaves the carnage swell;
The charioteer along his courser's sides
Expires, the steel his sever'd neck divides;
And, last, his lord is number'd with the dead:
Bounding convulsive, flies the gasping head;
From the swoll'n veins the blackening torrents pour
Stain'd is the couch and earth with clotting gore.
Young Lamyrus and Lamus next expire,
And gay Serranus, fill'd with youthful fire;
Half the long night in childish games was pass'd;
Lull'd by the potent grape, he slept at last:
Ah! happier far had he the morn survey'd,
And till Aurora's dawn his skill display'd.

In slaughter'd folds, the keepers lost in slee
His hungry fangs a lion thus may steep;

'Mid the sad flock, at dead of night he prowls,
With murder glutted, and in carnage rolls:
Insatiate still, through teeming herds he roams;
In seas of gore the lordly tyrant foams.

Nor less the other's deadly vengeance came,
But falls on feeble crowds without a name;
His wound unconscious Fadus scarce can feel,
Yet wakeful Rhæsus sees the threatening steel;
His coward breast behind a jar he hides,
And vainly in the weak defence confides;
Full in his heart, the falchion search'd his veins,
The reeking weapon bears alternate stains;
Through wine and blood, commingling as they flow,
One feeble spirit seeks the shades below.
Now where Messapus dwelt they bent their way,
Whose fires emit a faint and trembling ray;
There, unconfined, behold each grazing steed,
Unwatch'd, unheeded, on the herbage feed:
Brave Nisus here arrests his comrade's arm,
Too flush'd with carnage, and with conquest warm:
"Hence let us haste, the dangerous path is pass'd;
Full foes enough to-night have breath'd their last:
Soon will the day those eastern clouds adorn;
Now let us speed, nor tempt the rising morn."

What silver arms, with various art emboss'd,
What bowls and mantles in confusion toss'd,
They leave regardless! yet one glittering prize
Attracts the younger hero's wandering eyes;
The gilded harness Rhamnes' coursers felt,
The gems which stud the monarch's golden belt:
This from the pallid corse was quickly torn,
Once by a line of former chieftains worn.

Th' exulting boy the studded girdle wears,
Messapus' helm his head in triumph bears;
Then from the tents their cautious steps they bend,
To seek the vale where safer paths extend.

Just at this hour, a band of Latian horse
To Turnus' camp pursue their destined course:
While the slow foot their tardy march delay,
The knights, impatient, spur along the way:
Three hundred mail-clad men, by Volscens led,
To Turnus with their master's promise sped:
Now they approach the trench, and view the walls,
When, on the left, a light reflection falls;
The plunder'd helmet, through the waning night,
Sheds forth a silver radiance, glancing bright.
Volscens with question loud the pair alarms: —
"Stand, stragglers! stand! why early thus in arms?
From whence? to whom? — He meets with no reply
Trusting the covert of the night, they fly:
The thicket's depth with hurried pace they tread,
While round the wood the hostile squadron spread.

With brakes entangled, scarce a path between,
Dreary and dark appears the sylvan scene:
Euryalus his heavy spoils impede,
The boughs and winding turns his steps mislead;
But Nisus scours along the forest's maze
To where Latinus' steeds in safety graze,
Then backward o'er the plain his eyes extend,
On every side they seek his absent friend.
"O God! my boy," he cries, "of me bereft,
In what impending perils art thou left!"
Listening he runs — above the waving trees,
Tumultuous voices swell the passing breeze;

The war-cry rises, thundering hoofs around
Wake the dark echoes of the trembling ground.
Again he turns, of footsteps hears the noise;
The sound elates, the sight his hope destroys:
The hapless boy a ruffian train surround,
While lengthening shades his weary way confound:
Him with loud shouts the furious knights pursue,
Struggling in vain, a captive to the crew.
What can his friend 'gainst thronging numbers dare?
Ah! must he rush, his comrade's fate to share?
What force, what aid, what stratagem essay,
Back to redeem the Latian spoiler's prey?
His life a votive ransom nobly give,
Or die with him for whom he wish'd to live?
Poising with strength his lifted lance on high,
On Luna's orb he cast his frenzied eye: —
"Goddess serene, transcending every star!
Queen of the sky, whose beams are seen afar!
By night heaven owns thy sway, by day the grove,
When, as chaste Dian, here thou deign'st to rove;
If e'er myself, or sire, have sought to grace
Thine altars with the produce of the chase,
Speed, speed my dart to pierce yon vaunting crowd,
To free my friend, and scatter far the proud."
Thus having said, the hissing dart he flung;
Through parted shades the hurtling weapon sung;
The thirsty point in Sulmo's entrails lay,
Transfix'd his heart, and stretch'd him on the clay:
He sobs, he dies, — the troop in wild amaze,
Unconscious whence the death, with horror gaze.
While pale they stare, through Tagus' temples riven,
A second shaft with equal force is driven:
Fierce Volscens rolls around his lowering eyes;
Veil'd by the night, secure the Trojan lies.

o more the blackening shade conceal,
forth he starts, and all his love reveals;
confused, his fears to madness rise,
ur these accents, shrieking as he flies:
ne, — your vengeance hurl on me alone;
eathe the steel, my blood is all your own.
y spheres! thou conscious Heaven! attest
ld not — durst not — lo! the guile confest!
was mine, — his early fate suspend;
r loved too well his hapless friend:
pare, ye chiefs! from him your rage remov
lt was friendship, all his crime was love."
r'd in vain; the dark assassin's sword
the fair side, the snowy bosom gored;
o earth inclines his plume-clad crest,
nguine torrents mantle o'er his breast:
e young rose, whose blossom scents the air,
l in death, expires beneath the share;
son poppy, sinking with the shower,
ng gently, falls a fading flower;
weetly drooping, bends his lovely head,
gering beauty hovers round the dead.

In viewless circles wheel'd, his falchion flies,
Nor quits the hero's grasp till Volscens dies;
Deep in his throat its end the weapon found,
The tyrant's soul fled, groaning through the wound.
Thus Nisus all his fond affection proved —
Dying, revenged the fate of him he loved;
Then on his bosom sought his wonted place,
And death was heavenly in his friend's embrace!

Celestial pair! if aught my verse can claim,
Wafted on Time's broad pinion, yours is fame!
Ages on ages shall your fate admire,
No future day shall see your names expire,
While stands the Capitol, immortal dome!
And vanquish'd millions hail their empress, Rome!

TRANSLATION FROM THE MEDEA OF EURIPIDES.

[Ἔρωτες ὑπερ μεν ἄγαν, κ. τ. λ.]

When fierce conflicting passions urge
The breast where love is wont to glow,
What mind can stem the stormy surge
Which rolls the tide of human woe?
The hope of praise, the dread of shame,
Can rouse the tortured breast no more;
The wild desire, the guilty flame,
Absorbs each wish it felt before.

But if affection gently thrills
The soul by purer dreams possest,
The pleasing balm of mortal ills
In love can soothe the aching breast.

ıt never from thy golden bow
May I beneath the shaft expire!
hose creeping venom, sure and slow,
Awakes an all-consuming fire:
ɜ racking doubts! ye jealous fears!
With others wage internal war;
ɜpentance, source of future tears,
From me be ever distant far!

ay no distracting thoughts destroy
The holy calm of sacred love!
ay all the hours be wing'd with joy,
Which hover faithful hearts above!
ir Venus! on thy myrtle shrine
May I with some fond lover sigh,
hose heart may mingle pure with mine —
With me to live, with me to die!

y native soil! beloved before,
Now dearer as my peaceful home,
ɜ'er may I quit thy rocky shore,
[illegible] banish'd wretch to roam!

Through distant climes condemn'd to fly,
A pensive weary wanderer here?
Ah! hapless dame![1] no sire bewails,
No friend thy wretched fate deplores,
No kindred voice with rapture hails
Thy steps within a stranger's doors.

Perish the fiend whose iron heart,
To fair affection's truth unknown,
Bids her he fondly loved depart,
Unpitied, helpless, and alone;
Who ne'er unlocks with silver key[2]
The milder treasures of his soul,—
May such a friend be far from me,
And ocean's storms between us roll!

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY A COLLEGE EXAMINATION.

HIGH in the midst, surrounded by his peers,
MAGNUS[3] his ample front sublime uprears:

[1] Medea, who accompanied Jason to Corinth, was deserted by him for the daughter of Creon, king of that city. The chorus from which this is taken here addresses Medea; though a considerable liberty is taken with the original, by expanding the idea, as also in some other parts of the translation.

[2] The original is "Καθαρὸν ἀνοίξασα κλῆδα φρενῶν;" literally "disclosing the bright key of the mind."

[3] No reflection is here intended against the person mentioned under the name of Magnus. He is merely represented as performing an unavoidable function of his office. Indeed, such an attempt could only recoil upon myself; as that gentleman is now as much distinguished by his eloquence, and the dignified propriety with which he fills his situation, as he was in his younger days for

Placed on his chair of state, he seems a god,
While Sophs and Freshmen tremble at his nod.
As all around sit wrapt in speechless gloom,
His voice in thunder shakes the sounding dome;
Denouncing dire reproach to luckless fools,
Unskill'd to plod in mathematic rules.

Happy the youth in Euclid's axioms tried,
Though little versed in any art beside;
Who, scarcely skill'd an English line to pen,
Scans Attic metres with a critic's ken.
What, though he knows not how his fathers bled,
When civil discord piled the fields with dead,
When Edward bade his conquering bands advance,
Or Henry trampled on the crest of France,
Though marvelling at the name of Magna Charta,
Yet well he recollects the laws of Sparta;
Can tell what edicts sage Lycurgus made,
While Blackstone's on the shelf neglected laid;
Of Grecian dramas vaunts the deathless fame,
Of Avon's bard remembering scarce the name.

---

wit and conviviality. [Dr. William Lort Mansel was, in 1790, appointed to the headship of Trinity College, by Mr. Pitt. While a Bachelor of Arts, he distinguished himself as the author of several *jeux d'esprit*. Dr. Jowett, of Trinity Hall, having amused both himself and the public by a pretty little fairy garden, with narrow gravel walks besprinkled with shells and pellucid pebbles, and enclosed by a delicate Chinese railing, Dr. Mansel wrote the following lines thereon:—

"A little garden little Jowett made,
And fenced it with a little palisade
If you would know the taste of little Jowett;
This little garden won't a little show it."

He was indebted to the influence of his pupil, the late Mr. Perceval, for his promotion, in 1808, to the see of Bristol. He is supposed to have materially assisted in the "Pursuits of Literature." His Lordship died at Trinity Lodge in June, 1820.]

Such is the youth whose scientific pate
Class-honours, medals, fellowships, await;
Or even, perhaps, the declamation prize,
If to such glorious height he lifts his eyes.
But lo! no common orator can hope
The envied silver cup within his scope.
Not that our heads much eloquence require,
Th' ATHENIAN'S [1] glowing style, or Tully's fire.
A manner clear or warm is useless, since
We do not try by speaking to convince.
Be other orators of pleasing proud;
We speak to please ourselves, not move the crowd:
Our gravity prefers the muttering tone,
A proper mixture of the squeak and groan:
No borrow'd grace of action must be seen;
The slightest motion would displease the Dean; [2]
Whilst every staring graduate would prate
Against what he could never imitate.

The man who hopes t' obtain the promised cup
Must in one posture stand, and ne'er look up;
Nor stop, but rattle over every word —
No matter what, so it can *not* be heard.
Thus let him hurry on, nor think to rest:
Who speaks the fastest 's sure to speak the best;
Who utters most within the shortest space
May safely hope to win the wordy race.

The sons of science these, who, thus repaid,
Linger in ease in Granta's sluggish shade;
Where on Cam's sedgy banks supine they lie,
Unknown, unhonoured, live, unwept for die:

[1] Demosthenes.
[2] [In most colleges, the Fellow who superintends the chapel service is called *Dean*.]

Dull as the pictures which adorn their halls,
They think all learning fix'd within their walls:
In manners rude, in foolish forms precise,
All modern arts affecting to despise;
Yet prizing Bentley's, Brunck's, or Porson's [1] note,
More than the verse on which the critic wrote:
Vain as their honours, heavy as their ale,
Sad as their wit, and tedious as their tale;
To friendship dead, though not untaught to feel
When Self and Church demand a bigot zeal.
With eager haste they court the lord of power,
Whether 'tis Pitt or Petty rules the hour; [2]
To him, with suppliant smiles, they bend the head,
While distant mitres to their eyes are spread.
But should a storm o'erwhelm him with disgrace,
They 'd fly to seek the next who fill'd his place.
Such are the men who learning's treasures guard!
Such is their practice, such is their reward!

The present Greek professor at Trinity College, Cambridge; a man whose powers of mind and writings may, perhaps, justify their preference. [In a letter written in 1818, Lord Byron says,—"I remember to have seen Porson at Cambridge, in the hall of our college, and in private parties; and I never can recollect him except as drunk or brutal, and generally both: I mean in an evening; for in the hall he dined at the Dean's table, and I at the Vice-master's;—and he then and there appeared sober in his demeanour; but I have seen him, in a private party of undergraduates, take up a poker to them, and heard him use language as blackguard as his action. Of all the disgusting brutes, sulky, abusive, and intolerable, Porson was the most bestial, as far as the few times I saw him went. He was tolerated in this state amongst the young men for his talents; as the Turks think a madman inspired, and bear with him. He used to recite, or rather vomit pages of all languages, and could hiccup Greek like a Helot; or certainly Sparta never shocked her children with a grosser exhibition than this man's intoxication."—1818.]

[2] Since this was written, Lord Henry Petty has lost his place and subsequently (I had almost said consequently) the honour representing the University. A fact so glaring requires no comment. [Lord Henry Petty is now (1836) Marquess of Lansdow

This much, at least, we may presume to say —
The premium can't exceed the price they pay.

1806.

TO A BEAUTIFUL QUAKER.

Sweet girl! though only once we met,
That meeting I shall ne'er forget;
And though we ne'er may meet again,
Remembrance will thy form retain.
I would not say, "I love," but still
My senses struggle with my will:
In vain, to drive thee from my breast,
My thoughts are more and more repress;
In vain I check the rising sighs,
Another to the last replies:
Perhaps this is not love, but yet
Our meeting I can ne'er forget.

What though we never silence broke,
Our eyes a sweeter language spoke;
The tongue in flattering falsehood deals,
And tells a tale it never feels:
Deceit the guilty lips impart,
And hush the mandates of the heart;
But soul's interpreters, the eyes,
Spurn such restraint, and scorn disguise.
As thus our glances oft conversed,
And all our bosoms felt rehearsed,
No spirit, from within, reproved us,
Say rather, "'t was the spirit moved us."
Though what they utter'd I repress,
Yet I conceive thou 'lt partly guess;

ır as on thee my memory ponders,
ɛrchance to me thine also wanders.
his for myself, at least, I 'll say,
hy form appears through night, through day :
Awake, with it my fancy teems ;
In sleep, it smiles in fleeting dreams ;
The vision charms the hours away,
And bids me curse Aurora's ray
For breaking slumbers of delight
Which make me wish for endless night.
Since, oh ! whate'er my future fate,
Shall joy or woe my steps await,
Tempted by love, by storms beset,
Thine image I can ne'er forget.

Alas ! again no more we meet,
No more our former looks repeat ;
Then let me breathe this parting prayer,
The dictate of my bosom's care :
" May Heaven so guard my lovely quaker,
That anguish never can o'ertake her ;
That peace and virtue ne'er forsake her,
But bliss be aye her heart's partaker !
Oh ! may the happy mortal, fated
To be, by dearest ties, related,
[illegible] new joys discover,

THE CORNELIAN. [1]

No specious splendour of this stone
Endears it to my memory ever;
With lustre only once it shone,
And blushes modest as the giver.[2]

Some, who can sneer at friendship's ties,
Have, for my weakness, oft reproved me;

[1] [The cornelian of these verses was given to Lord Byron by the Cambridge chorister, Eddlestone, whose musical talents first introduced him to the young poet's acquaintance, and for whom he appears to have entertained, subsequently, a sentiment of the most romantic friendship.]

[2] [In a letter to Miss Pigot, of Southwell, written in June, 1807, Lord Byron thus describes Eddlestone: — "He is exactly to an hour two years younger than myself, nearly my height, very thin, very fair complexion, dark eyes, and light locks. My opinion of his mind you already know; I hope I shall never have occasion to change it." Eddlestone, on leaving his choir, entered into a mercantile house in the metropolis, and died of a consumption, in 1811. On hearing of his death, Lord Byron thus wrote to the mother of his fair correspondent: — "I am about to write to you on a silly subject, and yet I cannot well do otherwise. You may remember a cornelian, which some years ago I consigned to Miss Pigot, indeed gave to her, and now I am about to make the most selfish and rude of requests. The person who gave it to me, when I was very young, is dead, and though a long time has elapsed since we met, as it was the only memorial I possessed of that person (in whom I was very much interested), it has acquired a value by this event I could have wished it never to have borne in my eyes. If, therefore, Miss Pigot should have preserved it, I must, under these circumstances, beg her to excuse my requesting it to be transmitted to me, and I will replace it by something she may remember me by equally well. As she was always so kind as to feel interested in the fate of him who formed the subject of our conversation, you may tell her that the giver of that cornelian died in May last, of a consumption, at the age of twenty-one, — making the sixth, within four months, of friends and relations that I have lost between May and the end of August." — The cornelian heart was returned accordingly; and, indeed, Miss Pigot reminded Lord Byron that he had left it with her as a deposit, not a gift. It is now in the possession of the Hon. Mrs. Leigh.]

Yet still the simple gift I prize, —
For I am sure the giver loved me.

He offer'd it with downcast look,
As fearful that I might refuse it;
I told him, when the gift I took,
My only fear should be to lose it.

This pledge attentively I view'd,
And sparkling as I held it near,
Methought one drop the stone bedew'd,
And ever since I've loved a tear.

Still, to adorn his humble youth,
Nor wealth nor birth their treasures yield;
But he who seeks the flowers of truth,
Must quit the garden for the field.

'T is not the plant uprear'd in sloth,
Which beauty shows, and sheds perfume;
The flowers which yield the most of both
In Nature's wild luxuriance bloom.

Had Fortune aided Nature's care,
For once forgetting to be blind,
His would have been an ample share,
If well proportion'd to his mind.

But had the goddess clearly seen,
His form had fix'd her fickle breast;
Her countless hoards would his have been,
And none remain'd to give the rest.

AN OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE,

DELIVERED PREVIOUS TO THE PERFORMANCE OF "THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE" AT A PRIVATE THEATRE. [1]

SINCE the refinement of this polish'd age
Has swept immoral raillery from the stage;
Since taste has now expunged licentious wit,
Which stamp'd disgrace on all an author writ;
Since now to please with purer scenes we seek,
Nor dare to call the blush from Beauty's cheek;
Oh! let the modest Muse some pity claim,
And meet indulgence, though she find not fame.
Still, not for her alone we wish respect,
Others appear more conscious of defect:
To-night no veteran Roscii you behold,
In all the arts of scenic action old;
No Cooke, no Kemble, can salute you here,
No Siddons draw the sympathetic tear;
To-night you throng to witness the *début* [2]
Of embryo actors, to the Drama new:

[1] ["When I was a youth, I was reckoned a good actor. Besides Harrow speeches, in which I shone, I enacted Penruddock, in the 'Wheel of Fortune,' and Tristram Fickle, in the farce of 'The Weathercock,' for three nights, in some private theatricals at Southwell, in 1806, with great applause. The occasional prologue for our volunteer play was also of my composition. The other performers were young ladies and gentlemen of the neighbourhood; and the whole went off with great effect upon our good-natured audience." — *Byron Diary.*]

[2] [This prologue was written by the young poet, between stages, on his way from Harrowgate. On getting into the carriage at Chesterfield, he said to his companion, "Now Pigot, I'll spin a prologue for our play;" and before they reached Mansfield he had completed his task, — interrupting, only once, his rhyming reverie, to ask the proper pronunciation of the French word "*début*," and, on being answered, exclaiming, "Ay, that will do for rhyme to '*new*.'" The epilogue, which was from the pen of the Rev. Mr. Becher, was delivered by Lord Byron.]

Here, then, our almost unfledged wings we try;
Clip not our pinions ere the birds can fly:
Failing in this our first attempt to soar,
Drooping, alas! we fall to rise no more.
Not one poor trembler only fear betrays,
Who hopes, yet almost dreads, to meet your praise;
But all our dramatis personæ wait
In fond suspense this crisis of their fate.
No venal views our progress can retard,
Your generous plaudits are our sole reward.
For these, each Hero all his power displays,
Each timid Heroine shrinks before your gaze.
Surely the last will some protection find;
None to the softer sex can prove unkind:
While Youth and Beauty form the female shield,
The sternest censor to the fair must yield.
Yet, should our feeble efforts nought avail,
Should, after all, our best endeavours fail,
Still let some mercy in your bosoms live,
And, if you can't applaud, at least forgive.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. FOX,

THE FOLLOWING ILLIBERAL IMPROMPTU APPEARED IN A MORNING PAPER.

"Our nation's foes lament on Fox's death,
But bless the hour when Pitt resign'd his breath:
These feelings wide, let sense and truth unclue,
We give the palm where Justice points its due."

TO WHICH THE AUTHOR OF THESE PIECES SET FOLLOWING REPLY.

Oh factious viper! whose envenom'd tooth
Would mangle still the dead, perverting

What though our "nation's foes" lament the fate,
With generous feeling, of the good and great,
Shall dastard tongues essay to blast the name
Of him whose meed exists in endless fame?
When PITT expired in plenitude of power,
Though ill success obscured his dying hour,
Pity her dewy wings before him spread,
For noble spirits "war not with the dead:"
His friends, in tears, a last sad requiem gave,
As all his errors slumber'd in the grave;
He sunk, an Atlas bending 'neath the weight
Of cares o'erwhelming our conflicting state:
When, lo! a Hercules in FOX appear'd,
Who for a time the ruin'd fabric rear'd:
He, too, is fall'n, who Britain's loss supplied,
With him our fast reviving hopes have died;
Not one great people only raise his urn,
All Europe's far-extended regions mourn.
"These feelings wide, let sense and truth unclue,
To give the palm where Justice points its due;"
Yet let not canker'd Calumny assail,
Or round our statesman wind her gloomy veil.
FOX! o'er whose corse a mourning world must weep,
Whose dear remains in honour'd marble sleep;
For whom, at last, e'en hostile nations groan,
While friends and foes alike his talents own;
FOX shall in Britain's future annals shine,
Nor e'en to PITT the patriot's palm resign;
Which Envy, wearing Candour's sacred mask,
For PITT, and PITT alone, has dared to ask.[1]

[1] [The "illiberal impromptu" appeared in the Morning Post, and Lord Byron's "reply" in the Morning Chronicle.]

THE TEAR.

" O lachrymarum fons, tenero sacros
Ducentium ortus ex animo; quater
Felix! in imo qui scatentem
Pectore te, pia Nympha, sensit."—*Gray.*

When Friendship or Love our sympathies move,
When Truth in a glance should appear,
The lips may beguile with a dimple or smile,
But the test of affection 's a Tear.

Too oft is a smile but the hypocrite's wile,
To mask detestation or fear;
Give me the soft sigh, whilst the soul-telling eye
Is dimm'd for a time with a Tear.

Mild Charity's glow, to us mortals below,
Shows the soul from barbarity clear;
Compassion will melt where this virtue is felt,
And its dew is diffused in a Tear.

The man doom'd to sail with the blast of the gale,
Through billows Atlantic to steer,
As he bends o'er the wave which may soon be his grave,
The green sparkles bright with a Tear.

The soldier braves death for a fanciful wreath
In Glory's romantic career;
But he raises the foe when in battle laid low,
And bathes every wound with a Tear.

If with high-bounding pride he return to his bride,
Renouncing the gore-crimson'd spear,
All his toils are repaid when, embracing the maid,
From her eyelid he kisses the Tear.

Sweet scene of my youth![1] seat of Friendship and Truth,
Where love chased each fast-fleeting year,
Loth to leave thee, I mourn'd, for a last look I turn'd,
But thy spire was scarce seen through a Tear.

Though my vows I can pour to my Mary no more,
My Mary to Love once so dear,
In the shade of her bower I remember the hour
She rewarded those vows with a Tear.

By another possest, may she live ever blest!
Her name still my heart must revere:
With a sigh I resign what I once thought was mine,
And forgive her deceit with a Tear.

Ye friends of my heart, ere from you I depart,
This hope to my breast is most near:
If again we shall meet in this rural retreat,
May we meet, as we part, with a Tear.

When my soul wings her flight to the regions of night,
And my corse shall recline on its bier,
As ye pass by the tomb where my ashes consume,
Oh! moisten their dust with a Tear.

May no marble bestow the splendour of woe
Which the children of vanity rear;
No fiction of fame shall blazon my name,
All I ask — all I wish — is a Tear.

October 26th, 1806.

[1] Harrow.

Would you teach her to love? for a time seem to rove;
At first she may frown in a pet;
But leave her awhile, she shortly will smile,
And then you may kiss your coquette.

For such are the airs of these fanciful fairs,
They think all our homage a debt:
Yet a partial neglect soon takes an effect,
And humbles the proudest coquette.

Dissemble your pain, and lengthen your chain,
And seem her hauteur to regret;
If again you shall sigh, she no more will deny,
That yours is the rosy coquette.

If still, from false pride, your pangs she deride,
This whimsical virgin forget;
Some other admire, who will melt with your fire,
And laugh at the little coquette.

For me, I adore some twenty or more,
And love them most dearly; but yet,
Though my heart they enthral, I 'd abandon it
Did they act like your blooming coquette.

No longer repine, adopt this design,
And break through her slight-woven net;
Away with despair, no longer forbear
To fly from the captious coquette.

Then quit her, my friend! your bosom defend,
Ere quite with her snares you 're beset:
Lest your deep-wounded heart, when incensed by the smart,
Should lead you to curse the coquette.

October 27th, 1806.

TO THE SIGHING STREPHON.

Your pardon, my friend, if my rhymes did offend;
Your pardon, a thousand times o'er:
From friendship I strove your pangs to remove,
But I swear I will do so no more.

Since your beautiful maid your flame has repaid,
No more I your folly regret;
She 's now most divine, and I bow at the shrine
Of this quickly reformed coquette.

Yet still, I must own, I should never have known
From your verses, what else she deserved;
Your pain seem'd so great, I pitied your fate
As your fair was so devilish reserved.

Since the balm-breathing kiss of this magical miss
Can such wonderful transports produce;
Since the "world you forget, when your lips once have met,"
My counsel will get but abuse.

I will not advance, by the rules of romance,
To humour a whimsical fair;
Though a smile may delight, yet a frown won't affright,
Or drive me to dreadful despair.

While my blood is thus warm I ne'er shall reform,
To mix in the Platonists' school;
Of this I am sure, was my passion so pure,
Thy mistress would think me a fool.

And if I should shun every woman for one,
Whose image must fill my whole breast —
Whom I must prefer, and sigh but for her —
What an insult 't would be to the rest!

Now, Strephon, good bye; I cannot deny
Your passion appears most absurd;
Such love as you plead is pure love indeed,
For it only consists in the word.

TO ELIZA.[1]

ELIZA, what fools are the Mussulman sect,
Who to woman deny the soul's future existence;
Could they see thee, Eliza, they'd own their defect,
And this doctrine would meet with a general re
ance.

Had their prophet possess'd half an atom of sense,
He ne'er would have women from paradise drive
Instead of his houris, a flimsy pretence,
With women alone he had peopled his heaven.

Yet still, to increase your calamities more,
Not content with depriving your bodies of spirit,
He allots one poor husband to share amongst four
With souls you'd dispense; but this last, who c
bear it?

His religion to please neither party is made;
On husbands 't is hard, to the wives most uncivil
Still I can't contradict, what so oft has been said,
"Though women are angels, yet wedlock's
devil."

[1] [Miss Elizabeth Pigot, of Southwell, to whom several of
Byron's earliest letters were addressed.]

Away, ye gay landscapes, ye gardens of roses!
In you let the minions of luxury rove;
Restore me the rocks, where the snow-flake reposes,
Though still they are sacred to freedom and love:
Yet, Caledonia, beloved are thy mountains,
Round their white summits though elements war;
Though cataracts foam 'stead of smooth-flowing fountains,
I sigh for the valley of dark Loch na Garr.

Ah! there my young footsteps in infancy wander'd;
My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid;[2]
On chieftains long perish'd my memory ponder'd,
As daily I strode through the pine-cover'd glade.
I sought not my home till the day's dying glory
Gave place to the rays of the bright polar star;
For fancy was cheer'd by traditional story,
Disclosed by the natives of dark Loch na Garr.

"Shades of the dead! have I not heard your voices
Rise on the night-rolling breath of the gale?"
Surely the soul of the hero rejoices,
And rides on the wind, o'er his own Highland vale.

[1] *Lachin y Gair*, or, as it is pronounced in the Erse, *Loch na Garr*, towers proudly pre-eminent in the Northern Highlands, near Invercauld. One of our modern tourists mentions it as the highest mountain, perhaps, in Great Britain. Be this as it may, it is certainly one of the most sublime and picturesque amongst our "Caledonian Alps." Its appearance is of a dusky hue, but the summit is the seat of eternal snows. Near Lachin y Gair I spent some of the early part of my life, the recollection of which has given birth to these stanzas.

[2] This word is erroneously pronounced *plad*: the proper p*ciation* (according to the Scotch) is shown by the orthogra

Round Loch na Garr while the stormy
Winter presides in his cold icy car:
Clouds there encircle the forms of my
They dwell in the tempests of dark

" Ill-starr'd,[1] though brave, did no visi
Tell you that fate had forsaken your
Ah! were you destined to die at Cullo
Victory crown'd not your fall with a
Still were you happy in death's earthy
You rest with your clan in the caves
The pibroch resounds, to the piper's lo
Your deeds on the echoes of dark L

Years have roll'd on, Loch na Garr, sir
Years must elapse ere I tread you ag
Nature of verdure and flow'rs has bere
Yet still are you dearer than Albion
England! thy beauties are tame and d
To one who has roved on the mount
Oh for the crags that are wild and maj
The steep frowning glories of dark I

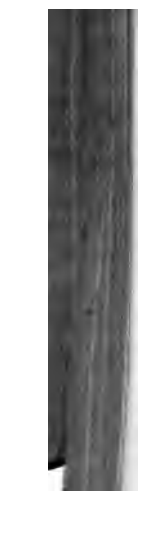
[1] I allude here to my maternal ancestors, "t
of whom fought for the unfortunate Prince Ch
by the name of the Pretender. This branch
blood, as well as attachment, to the Stuarts.
Earl of Huntley, married the Princess Annabe
of James the First of Scotland. By her he
third, Sir William Gordon, I have the honou
my progenitors.

[2] Whether any perished in the battle of Cull
tain; but, as many fell in the insurrection, I
of the principal action, "*pars pro toto*."

[3] A tract of the Highlands so called. Ther
Braemar.

[4] [In the "Island," a poem written a year
Byron's death, we have these lines:—

" He who first met the Highlands' sw
Will love each peak that shows a ki



And yet 't is hard to quit the dreams
Which haunt the unsuspicious soul,
Where every nymph a goddess seems,
Whose eyes through rays immortal roll;
While Fancy holds her boundless reign,
And all assume a varied hue;

Hail in each crag a friend's familiar face,
And clasp the mountain in his mind's embrace.
Long have I roam'd through lands which are not mi
Adored the Alp, and loved the Apennine,
Revered Parnassus, and beheld the steep
Jove's Ida and Olympus crown the deep:
But 't was not all long ages' lore, nor all
Their nature held me in their thrilling thrall;
The infant rapture still survived the boy,
And Loch na Garr with Ida look'd o'er Troy,
Mix'd Celtic memories with the Phrygian mount,
And Highland linns with Castalie's clear fount."

"When very young," (he adds in a note) "about eigh
age, after an attack of the scarlet fever at Aberdeen
moved, by medical advice, into the Highlands, and from
I date my love of mountainous countries. I can nev
effect, a few years afterwards, in England, of the on'
long seen, even in miniature, of a mountain, in
After I returned to Cheltenham, I used to
afternoon, at sunset, with a sensation which I

When virgins seem no longer vain,
And even woman's smiles are true.

And must we own thee but a name,
And from thy hall of clouds descend?
Nor find a sylph in every dame,
A Pylades [1] in every friend?
But leave at once thy realms of air
To mingling bands of fairy elves;
Confess that woman 's false as fair,
And friends have feeling for — themselves?

With shame I own I 've felt thy sway
Repentant, now thy reign is o'er:
No more thy precepts I obey,
No more on fancied pinions soar.
Fond fool! to love a sparkling eye,
And think that eye to truth was dear;
To trust a passing wanton's sigh,
And melt beneath a wanton's tear!

Romance! disgusted with deceit,
Far from thy motley court I fly,
Where Affectation holds her seat,
And sickly Sensibility;
Whose silly tears can never flow
For any pangs excepting thine;
Who turns aside from real woe,
To steep in dew thy gaudy shrine.

[1] It is hardly necessary to add, that Pylades was the companion Orestes, and a partner in one of those friendships which, with se of Achilles and Patroclus, Nisus and Euryalus, Damon and hias, have been handed down to posterity as remarkable ances of attachments, which in all probability never existed ond the imagination of the poet, or the page of an historian, or dern novelist.

Now join with sable Sympathy,
With cypress crown'd, array'd in weeds,
Who heaves with thee her simple sigh,
Whose breast for every bosom bleeds;
And call thy sylvan female choir,
To mourn a swain for ever gone,
Who once could glow with equal fire,
But bends not now before thy throne.

Ye genial nymphs, whose ready tears
On all occasions swiftly flow;
Whose bosoms heave with fancied fears,
With fancied flames and phrensy glow;
Say, will you mourn my absent name,
Apostate from your gentle train?
An infant bard at least may claim
From you a sympathetic strain.

Adieu, fond race! a long adieu!
The hour of fate is hovering nigh;
E'en now the gulf appears in view,
Where unlamented you must lie:
Oblivion's blackening lake is seen,
Convulsed by gales you cannot weather
Where you, and eke your gentle queen,
Alas! must perish altogether.

ANSWER TO SOME ELEGANT VERSES SENT BY A FRIEND TO THE AUTHOR, COMPLAINING THAT ONE OF HIS DESCRIPTIONS WAS RATHER TOO WARMLY DRAWN.

> "But if any old lady, knight, priest, or physician,
> Should condemn me for printing a second edition;
> If good Madam Squintum my work should abuse,
> May I venture to give her a smack of my muse?"
> *New Bath Guide.*

CANDOUR compels me, BECHER![1] to commend
The verse which blends the censor with the friend.
Your strong yet just reproof extorts applause
From me, the heedless and imprudent cause.
For this wild error which pervades my strain,
I sue for pardon, — must I sue in vain?
The wise sometimes from Wisdom's ways depart:
Can youth then hush the dictates of the heart?
Precepts of prudence curb, but can 't control,
The fierce emotions of the flowing soul.
When Love's delirium haunts the glowing mind,
Limping Decorum lingers far behind:
Vainly the dotard mends her prudish pace,
Outstript and vanquish'd in the mental chase.

[1] [The Rev. John Becher, prebendary of Southwell, the well known author of several philanthropic plans for the amelioration of the condition of the poor. In this gentleman the youthful poet found not only an honest and judicious critic, but a sincere friend. To his care the superintendence of the second edition of "Hours of Idleness," during its progress through a country press, was intrusted, and at his suggestion several corrections and omissions were made. "I must return you," says Lord Byron, in a letter written in February, 1808, "my best acknowledgments for the interest you have taken in me and my poetical bantlings, and I shall ever be proud to show how much I esteem the *advice* and the *adviser*."]

ıe young, the old, have worn the chains of love:
ɜt those they ne'er confined my lay reprove:
et those whose souls contemn the pleasing power
heir censures on the hapless victim shower.
Oh! how I hate the nerveless, frigid song,
The ceaseless echo of the rhyming throng,
Whose labour'd lines in chilling numbers flow,
To paint a pang the author ne'er can know!
The artless Helicon I boast is youth; —
My lyre, the heart; my muse, the simple truth.
Far be 't from me the "virgin's mind" to "taint:"
Seduction's dread is here no slight restraint.
The maid whose virgin breast is void of guile,
Whose wishes dimple in a modest smile,
Whose downcast eye disdains the wanton leer,
Firm in her virtue's strength, yet not severe —
She whom a conscious grace shall thus refine
Will ne'er be "tainted" by a strain of mine.
But for the nymph whose premature desires
Torment her bosom with unholy fires,
No net to snare her willing heart is spread;
She would have fallen, though she ne'er had read.
For me, I fain would please the chosen few,
[illegible] to feeling and to nature true,
[illegible] and not destroy

ELEGY ON NEWSTEAD ABBEY.[1]

" It is the voice of years that are gone! they roll before me with all their deeds." — *Ossian.*

NEWSTEAD! fast-falling, once-resplendent dome!
Religion's shrine! repentant HENRY'S[2] pride!
Of warriors, monks, and dames the cloister'd tomb,
Whose pensive shades around thy ruins glide,

Hail to thy pile! more honour'd in thy fall
Than modern mansions in their pillar'd state;
Proudly majestic frowns thy vaulted hall,
Scowling defiance on the blasts of fate.

No mail-clad serfs,[3] obedient to their lord,
In grim array the crimson cross[4] demand;
Or gay assemble round the festive board
Their chief's retainers, an immortal band:

Else might inspiring Fancy's magic eye
Retrace their progress through the lapse of time,
Marking each ardent youth, ordain'd to die,
A votive pilgrim in Judea's clime.

But not from thee, dark pile! departs the chief;
His feudal realm in other regions lay:
In thee the wounded conscience courts relief,
Retiring from the garish blaze of day.

[1] As one poem on this subject is already printed, the author had, originally, no intention of inserting the following. It is now added at the particular request of some friends.

[2] Henry II. founded Newstead soon after the murder of Thomas à Becket. [See *antè*, p. 15. note.]

[3] This word is used by Walter Scott, in his poem, " The Wild Huntsman;" synonymous with vassal.

[4] The red cross was the badge of the crusaders.

Yes! in thy gloomy cells and shades profound
The monk abjured a world he ne'er could view;
Or blood-stain'd guilt repenting solace found,
Or innocence from stern oppression flew.

A monarch bade thee from that wild arise,
Where Sherwood's outlaws once were wont to prowl
And Superstition's crimes, of various dyes,
Sought shelter in the priest's protecting cowl.

Where now the grass exhales a murky dew,
The humid pall of life-extinguish'd clay,
In sainted fame the sacred fathers grew,
Nor raised their pious voices but to pray.

Where now the bats their wavering wings extend
Soon as the gloaming [1] spreads her waning shade,
The choir did oft their mingling vespers blend,
Or matin orisons to Mary [2] paid.

Years roll on years; to ages, ages yield;
Abbots to abbots, in a line, succeed:
Religion's charter their protecting shield,
Till royal sacrilege their doom decreed.

One holy HENRY rear'd the gothic walls,
And bade the pious inmates rest in peace;
Another HENRY [3] the kind gift recalls,
And bids devotion's hallow'd echoes cease.

[1] As "gloaming," the Scottish word for twilight, is far more poetical, and has been recommended by many eminent literary men, particularly by Dr. Moore in his Letters to Burns, I have ventured to use it on account of its harmony.

[2] The priory was dedicated to the Virgin.

[3] At the dissolution of the monasteries, Henry VIII. bestowed *Newstead* Abbey on Sir John Byron. [See *ante*, p. 15. note.]

Vain is each threat or supplicating prayer;
He drives them exiles from their blest abode,
To roam a dreary world in deep despair —
No friend, no home, no refuge, but their God.

Hark how the hall, resounding to the strain,
Shakes with the martial music's novel din!
The heralds of a warrior's haughty reign,
High crested banners wave thy walls within.

Of changing sentinels the distant hum,
The mirth of feasts, the clang of burnish'd arms,
The braying trumpet and the hoarser drum,
Unite in concert with increased alarms.

An abbey once, a regal fortress [1] now,
Encircled by insulting rebel powers,
War's dread machines o'erhang thy threatening brow,
And dart destruction in sulphureous showers.

Ah vain defence! the hostile traitor's siege,
Though oft repulsed, by guile o'ercomes the brave;
His thronging foes oppress the faithful liege,
Rebellion's reeking standards o'er him wave.

Not unavenged the raging baron yields;
The blood of traitors smears the purple plain;
Unconquer'd still, his falchion there he wields,
And days of glory yet for him remain.

Still in that hour the warrior wished to strew
Self-gather'd laurels on a self-sought grave;

[1] Newstead sustained a considerable siege in the war between Charles I. and his parliament.

But Charles' protecting genius hither flew,
The monarch's friend, the monarch's hope, to save.

Trembling, she snatched him [1] from th' unequal strife,
In other fields the torrent to repel;
For nobler combats, here, reserved his life,
To lead the band where godlike FALKLAND [2] fell.

From thee, poor pile! to lawless plunder given,
While dying groans their painful requiem sound,
Far different incense now ascends to heaven,
Such victims wallow on the gory ground.

There many a pale and ruthless robber's corse,
Noisome and ghast, defiles thy sacred sod;
O'er mingling man, and horse commix'd with horse,
Corruption's heap, the savage spoilers trod.

Graves, long with rank and sighing weeds o'erspread,
Ransack'd, resign perforce their mortal mould:
From ruffian fangs escape not e'en the dead,
Raked from repose in search for buried gold.

Hush'd is the harp, unstrung the warlike lyre,
The minstrel's palsied hand reclines in death;
No more he strikes the quivering chords with fire,
Or sings the glories of the martial wreath.

[1] Lord Byron and his brother Sir William, held high commands in the royal army. The former was general in chief in Ireland, lieutenant of the Tower, and governor to James, Duke of York, afterwards the unhappy James II.; the latter had a principal share in many actions.

[2] Lucius Cary, Lord Viscount Falkland, the most accomplished man of his age, was killed at the battle of Newbury, charging in the ranks of Lord Byron's regiment of cavalry.

At length the sated murderers, gorged with prey,
Retire; the clamour of the fight is o'er;
Silence again resumes her awful sway,
And sable Horror guards the massy door.

Here Desolation holds her dreary court:
What satellites declare her dismal reign!
Shrieking their dirge, ill-omened birds resort,
To flit their vigils in the hoary fane.

Soon a new morn's restoring beams dispel
The clouds of anarchy from Britain's skies;
The fierce usurper seeks his native hell,
And Nature triumphs as the tyrant dies.

With storms she welcomes his expiring groans;
Whirlwinds, responsive, greet his labouring breath;
Earth shudders as her caves receive his bones,
Loathing [1] the offering of so dark a death.

The legal ruler [2] now resumes the helm,
He guides through gentle seas the prow of state;
Hope cheers, with wonted smiles, the peaceful realm,
And heals the bleeding wounds of wearied hate.

The gloomy tenants, Newstead! of thy cells,
Howling, resign their violated nest;
Again the master on his tenure dwells,
Enjoy'd, from absence, with enraptured zest.

[1] This is an historical fact. A violent tempest occurred immediately subsequent to the death or interment of Cromwell, which occasioned many disputes between his partisans and the cavaliers: both interpreted the circumstance into divine interposition; but whether as approbation or condemnation, we leave to the casuists of that age to decide. I have made such use of the occurrence as suited the subject of my poem.

[2] Charles II.

Vassals, within thy hospitable pale,
Loudly carousing, bless their lord's return;
Culture again adorns the gladdening vale,
And matrons, once lamenting, cease to mourn.

A thousand songs on tuneful echo float,
Unwonted foliage mantles o'er the trees;
And hark! the horns proclaim a mellow note,
The hunters' cry hangs lengthening on the breeze

Beneath their coursers' hoofs the valleys shake:
What fears, what anxious hopes, attend the chase
The dying stag seeks refuge in the lake;[1]
Exulting shouts announce the finished race.

Ah happy days! too happy to endure!
Such simple sports our plain forefathers knew:
No splendid vices glitter'd to allure;
Their joys were many, as their cares were few.

From these descending, sons to sires succeed;
Time steals along, and Death uprears his dart;
Another chief impels the foaming steed,
Another crowd pursue the panting hart.

Newstead! what saddening change of scene is thine
Thy yawning arch betokens slow decay;

[1] [During the lifetime of the fifth Lord Byron, there was fo in this lake — where it is supposed to have been thrown for cealment by the Monks — a large brass eagle, in the body of w on its being sent to be cleaned, was discovered a secret ape concealing within it a number of ancient documents cor with the rights and privileges of the foundation. At th the old Lord's effects, in 1776, this eagle was purchased by maker of Nottingham, and it now forms, through the lil Sir Richard Kaye, an appropriate ornament of the fine of Southwell.]

The last and youngest of a noble line
Now holds thy mouldering turrets in his sway.

Deserted now, he scans thy gray worn towers;
Thy vaults, where dead of feudal ages sleep;
Thy cloisters, pervious to the wintry showers;
These, these he views, and views them but to weep.

Yet are his tears no emblem of regret:
Cherish'd affection only bids them flow.
Pride, hope, and love forbid him to forget,
But warm his bosom with impassion'd glow.

Yet he prefers thee to the gilded domes
Or gewgaw grottos of the vainly great;
Yet lingers 'mid thy damp and mossy tombs,
Nor breathes a murmur 'gainst the will of fate. [1]

Haply thy sun, emerging, yet may shine,
Thee to irradiate with meridian ray; [2]
Hours splendid as the past may still be thine,
And bless thy future as thy former day. [3]

[1] ["Come what may," wrote Byron to his mother, in March, 1809, "Newstead and I stand or fall together. I have now lived on the spot; I have fixed my heart upon it; and no pressure, present or future, shall induce me to barter the last vestige of our inheritance. I have that pride within me which will enable me to support difficulties. I can endure privations; but could I obtain, in exchange for Newstead Abbey, the first fortune in the country, I would reject the proposition. Set your mind at ease on that score; I feel like a man of honour, and I will not sell Newstead."]

[2] ["We cannot," said the Critical Review for September, 1807, "but hail, with something of prophetic rapture, the hope conveyed in the closing stanza —

"Haply thy sun, emerging, yet may shine," &c.]

[3] [The reader who turns from this Elegy to the stanzas descriptive of Newstead Abbey and the surrounding scenery, in the thirteenth canto of Don Juan, cannot fail to remark how true

CHILDISH RECOLLECTIONS.[1]

"I cannot but remember such things were,
And were most dear to me."

When slow Disease, with all her host of pains,
Chills the warm tide which flows along the veins;

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quently the leading thoughts in the two pieces are the same; or to be delighted and instructed, in comparing the juvenile sketch with the bold touches and mellow colouring of the master's picture.]

[1] [These verses were composed while Lord Byron was suffering under severe illness and depression of spirits. "I was laid," he says, "on my back, when that schoolboy thing was written, or rather dictated — expecting to rise no more, my physician having taken his sixteenth fee." In the private volume the poem opened with the following lines: —

"Hence! thou unvarying song of varied loves,
Which youth commends, maturer age reproves;
Which every rhyming bard repeats by rote,
By thousands echo'd to the self-same note!
Tired of the dull, unceasing, copious strain,
My soul is panting to be free again.
Farewell! ye nymphs propitious to my verse,
Some other Damon will your charms rehearse;
Some other paint his pangs, in hope of bliss,
Or dwell in rapture on your nectar'd kiss.
Those beauties, grateful to my ardent sight,
No more entrance my senses in delight;
Those bosoms, form'd of animated snow,
Alike are tasteless and unfeeling now.
These to some happier lover I resign —
The memory of those joys alone is mine.
Censure no more shall brand my humble name,
The child of passion and the fool of fame.
Weary of love, of life, devour'd with spleen,
I rest a perfect Timon, not nineteen.
World! I renounce thee! all my hope 's o'ercast:
One sigh I give thee, but that sigh 's the last.
Friends, foes, and females, now alike adieu!
Would I could add, remembrance of you too!
Yet though the future dark and cheerless gleams,
The curse of memory, hovering in my dreams,
Depicts with glowing pencil all those years,
Ere yet my cup, empoison'd, flow'd with tears;

When Health, affrighted, spreads her rosy wing,
And flies with every changing gale of spring;
Not to the aching frame alone confined,
Unyielding pangs assail the drooping mind:
What grisly forms, the spectre-train of woe,
Bid shuddering Nature shrink beneath the blow,
With Resignation wage relentless strife,
While Hope retires appall'd, and clings to life.
Yet less the pang when, through the tedious hour,
Remembrance sheds around her genial power,
Calls back the vanish'd days to rapture given,
When love was bliss, and Beauty form'd our heaven;
Or, dear to youth, portrays each childish scene,
Those fairy bowers, where all in turn have been.
As when through clouds that pour the summer storm
The orb of day unveils his distant form,
Gilds with faint beams the crystal dews of rain,
And dimly twinkles o'er the watery plain;
Thus, while the future dark and cheerless gleams,
The sun of memory, glowing through my dreams,
Though sunk the radiance of his former blaze,
To scenes far distant points his paler rays;
Still rules my senses with unbounded sway,
The past confounding with the present day.

Oft does my heart indulge the rising thought,
Which still recurs, unlook'd for and unsought;
My soul to Fancy's fond suggestion yields,
And roams romantic o'er her airy fields.

Still rules my senses with tyrannic sway,
The past confounding with the present day.
" Alas! in vain I check the maddening thought;
It still recurs, unlook'd for and unsought:
My soul to Fancy's," &c. &c., as at line 29.]

Scenes of my youth, developed, crowd to view,
To which I long have bade a last adieu!
Seats of delight, inspiring youthful themes;
Friends lost to me for aye, except in dreams;
Some who in marble prematurely sleep,
Whose forms I now remember but to weep;
Some who yet urge the same scholastic course
Of early science, future fame the source;
Who, still contending in the studious race,
In quick rotation fill the senior place.
These with a thousand visions now unite,
To dazzle, though they please, my aching sight.[1]
IDA! blest spot, where Science holds her reign,
How joyous once I join'd thy youthful train!
Bright in idea gleams thy lofty spire,
Again I mingle with thy playful quire;
Our tricks of mischief, every childish game,
Unchanged by time or distance, seem the same;
Through winding paths along the glade, I trace
The social smile of every welcome face;
My wonted haunts, my scenes of joy and woe,
Each early boyish friend, or youthful foe,
Our feuds dissolved, but not my friendship past;
I bless the former, and forgive the last.
Hours of my youth! when, nurtured in my breast
To love a stranger, friendship made me blest; —
Friendship, the dear peculiar bond of youth,
When every artless bosom throbs with truth;
Untaught by worldly wisdom how to feign,
And check each impulse with prudential rein;
When all we feel, our honest souls disclose —
In love to friends, in open hate to foes;

[1] [The next fifty-six lines, to —
"Here first remember'd be the joyous band,"
were added in the first edition of Hours of Idleness.]

No varnish'd tales the lips of youth repeat,
No dear-bought knowledge purchased by deceit.
Hypocrisy, the gift of lengthen'd years,
Matured by age, the garb of prudence wears.
When now the boy is ripen'd into man,
His careful sire chalks forth some wary plan;
Instructs his son from candour's path to shrink,
Smoothly to speak, and cautiously to think;
Still to assent, and never to deny —
A patron's praise can well reward the lie:
And who, when Fortune's warning voice is heard,
Would lose his opening prospects for a word?
Although against that word his heart rebel,
And truth indignant all his bosom swell.

Away with themes like this! not mine the task
From flattering fiends to tear the hateful mask;
Let keener bards delight in satire's sting;
My fancy soars not on Detraction's wing;
Once, and but once, she aim'd a deadly blow,
To hurl defiance on a secret foe;
But when that foe, from feeling or from shame,
The cause unknown, yet still to me the same,
Warn'd by some friendly hint, perchance, retired,
With this submission all her rage expired.
From dreaded pangs that feeble foe to save,
She hush'd her young resentment, and forgave;
Or, if my muse a pedant's portrait drew,
Pomposus' [1] virtues are but known to few:

[1] [Dr. Butler, then head-master of Harrow. Had Lord Byron published another edition of these poems, it appears, from a loose sheet in his handwriting, to have been his intention, instead of the passage beginning — "Or, if my muse a pedant's portrait drew," to insert —

"If once my muse a harsher portrait drew,
Warm with her wrongs, and deem'd the likeness true,

I never fear'd the young usurper's nod,
And he who wields must sometimes feel the rod.
If since on Granta's failings, known to all
Who share the converse of a college hall,
She sometimes trifled in a lighter strain,
'T is past, and thus she will not sin again;
Soon must her early song for ever cease,
And all may rail when I shall rest in peace.

Here first remember'd be the joyous band,
Who hail'd me chief,[1] obedient to command;
Who join'd with me in every boyish sport —
Their first adviser, and their last resort;
Nor shrunk beneath the upstart pedant's frown,
Or all the sable glories of his gown;[2]
Who, thus transplanted from his father's school —
Unfit to govern, ignorant of rule —
Succeeded him, whom all unite to praise,
The dear preceptor of my early days;

By cooler judgment taught, her fault she owns, —
With noble minds a fault confess'd, atones."]

[1] [When Dr. Drury retired, in 1805, three candidates prese themselves for the vacant chair, Messrs. Drury, Evans, and Bu "On the first movement to which this contest gave rise in school, young Wildman," says Moore, "was at the head o party for Mark Drury, while Byron held himself aloof from Anxious, however, to have him as an ally, one of the Drur tion said to Wildman —' Byron, I know, will not join, becau does not choose to act second to any one, but, by giving leadership to him, you may at once secure him.' " This Wi accordingly did, and Byron took the command.]

[2] [Instead of this couplet, the private volume has the fo four lines: —

"Careless to soothe the pedant's furious frown,
Scarcely respecting his majestic gown;
By which, in vain, he gain'd a borrow'd grace,
Adding new terror to his sneering face."]

PROBUS [1], the pride of science, and the boast,
To IDA now, alas! for ever lost.
With him, for years, we search'd the classic page,
And fear'd the master, though we loved the sage:
Retired at last, his small yet peaceful seat
From learning's labour is the blest retreat.
POMPOSUS fills his magisterial chair;
POMPOSUS governs, — but, my muse, forbear: [2]
Contempt, in silence, be the pedant's lot;
His name and precepts be alike forgot;
No more his mention shall my verse degrade, —
To him my tribute is already paid.

High, through those elms, with hoary branches crown'd,
Fair IDA's bower adorns the landscape round;

[1] Dr. Drury. This most able and excellent man retired from his situation in March, 1805, after having resided thirty-five years at Harrow; the last twenty as head-master; an office he held with equal honour to himself and advantage to the very extensive school over which he presided. Panegyric would here be superfluous: it would be useless to enumerate qualifications which were never doubted. A considerable contest took place between three rival candidates for his vacant chair: of this I can only say,

Si mea cum vestris valuissent vota, Pelasgi!
Non foret ambiguus tanti certaminis hæres.

[Such was Byron's parting eulogy on Dr Drury. It may be interesting to see by the side of it the Doctor's own account of his pupil, when first committed to his care: — "I took," says the Doctor, "my young disciple into my study, and endeavoured to bring him forward by inquiries as to his former amusements, employments, and associates, but with little or no effect; and I soon found that a wild mountain colt had been submitted to my management. But there was mind in his eye. His manner and temper soon convinced me, that he might be led by a silken string to a point, rather than by a cable; — and on that principle I acted."]

[2] [To this passage, had Lord Byron published another edition of Hours of Idleness, it was his intention to give the following turn:

"Another fills his magisterial chair;
Reluctant Ida owns a stranger's care;
Oh! may like honours crown his future name:
If such his virtues, such shall be his fame."]

There Science, from her favour'd seat, surveys
The vale where rural Nature claims her praise;
To her awhile resigns her youthful train,
Who move in joy, and dance along the plain;
In scatter'd groups each favour'd haunt pursue,
Repeat old pastimes, and discover new;
Flush'd with his rays, beneath the noontide sun,
In rival bands, between the wickets run,
Drive o'er the sward the ball with active force,
Or chase with nimble feet its rapid course.
But these with slower steps direct their way,
Where Brent's cool waves in limpid currents stray;
While yonder few search out some green retreat
And arbours shade them from the summer heat:
Others, again, a pert and lively crew,
Some rough and thoughtless stranger placed in view,
With frolic quaint their antic jests expose,
And tease the grumbling rustic as he goes:
Nor rest with this, but many a passing fray
Tradition treasures for a future day:
"'T was here the gather'd swains for vengeance fought,
And here we earn'd the conquest dearly bought;
Here have we fled before superior might,
And here renew'd the wild tumultuous fight."
While thus our souls with early passions swell,
In lingering tones resounds the distant bell;
Th' allotted hour of daily sport is o'er,
And Learning beckons from her temple's door.
No splendid tablets grace her simple hall,
But ruder records fill the dusky wall;
There, deeply carved, behold! each tyro's name
Secures its owner's academic fame;
Here mingling view the names of sire and son —
The one long graved, the other just begun:

These shall survive alike when son and sire
Beneath one common stroke of fate expire: [1]
Perhaps their last memorial these alone,
Denied in death a monumental stone,
Whilst to the gale in mournful cadence wave
The sighing weeds that hide their nameless grave.
And here my name, and many an early friend's,
Along the wall in lengthen'd line extends.
Though still our deeds amuse the youthful race,
Who tread our steps, and fill our former place,
Who young obey'd their lords in silent awe,
Whose nod commanded, and whose voice was law;
And now, in turn, possess the reins of power,
To rule the little tyrants of an hour; —
Though sometimes, with the tales of ancient day,
They pass the dreary winter's eve away —
" And thus our former rulers stemm'd the tide,
And thus they dealt the combat side by side;
Just in this place the mouldering walls they scaled,
Nor bolts nor bars against their strength avail'd;[2]
Here PROBUS came, the rising fray to quell,
And here he falter'd forth his last farewell;
And here one night abroad they dared to roam,
While bold POMPOSUS bravely staid at home;" —
While thus they speak, the hour must soon arrive,
When names of these, like ours, alone survive:

[1] [During a rebellion at Harrow, the poet prevented the school-room from being burnt down, by pointing out to the boys the names of their fathers and grandfathers on the walls.]

[2] [Lord Byron elsewhere thus describes his usual course of life while at Harrow — "always cricketing, rebelling, *rowing*, and in all manner of mischiefs." One day, in a fit of defiance, he tore down all the gratings from the window of the hall; and when called upon by Dr. Butler to say why he had committed this violence, answered, with stern coolness, "because they darkened the room."]

Yet a few years, one general wreck will whelm
The faint remembrance of our fairy realm.

Dear honest race! though now we meet no more,
One last long look on what we were before —
Our first kind greetings, and our last adieu —
Drew tears from eyes unused to weep with you.
Through splendid circles, fashion's gaudy world,
Where folly's glaring standard waves unfurl'd,
I plunged to drown in noise my fond regret,
And all I sought or hoped was to forget.
Vain wish! if chance some well-remember'd face,
Some old companion of my early race,
Advanced to claim his friend with honest joy,
My eyes, my heart, proclaim'd me still a boy;
The glittering scene, the fluttering groups around,
Were quite forgotten when my friend was found;
The smiles of beauty — (for, alas! I 've known
What 't is to bend before Love's mighty throne) —
The smiles of beauty, though those smiles were dear,
Could hardly charm me, when that friend was near:
My thoughts bewilder'd in the fond surprise,
The woods of IDA danced before my eyes;
I saw the sprightly wand'rers pour along,
I saw and join'd again the joyous throng;
Panting, again I traced her lofty grove,
And friendship's feelings triumph'd over love. [1]

[1] [This description of what the young poet felt in 1806 on encountering in the world any of his former schoolfellows, falls far short of the page in which he records an accidental meeting with Lord Clare, on the road between Imola and Bologna in 1821. "This meeting," he says, "annihilated for a moment all the years between the present time and the days of Harrow. It was a new and inexplicable feeling, like rising from the grave, to me. Clare too was much agitated — more in appearance than was myself; for I could feel his heart beat to his fingers' ends, unless, indeed, it was the pulse of my own which made me think so. We were

Yet, why should I alone with such delight
Retrace the circuit of my former flight?
Is there no cause beyond the common claim
Endear'd to all in childhood's very name?
Ah! sure some stronger impulse vibrates here,
Which whispers friendship will be doubly dear
To one who thus for kindred hearts must roam,
And seek abroad the love denied at home.
Those hearts, dear IDA, have I found in thee —
A home, a world, a paradise to me.
Stern Death forbade my orphan youth to share
The tender guidance of a father's care.
Can rank, or e'en a guardian's name, supply
The love which glistens in a father's eye?
For this can wealth or title's sound atone,
Made, by a parent's early loss, my own?
What brother springs a brother's love to seek?
What sister's gentle kiss has prest my cheek?
For me how dull the vacant moments rise,
To no fond bosom link'd by kindred ties!
Oft in the progress of some fleeting dream
Fraternal smiles collected round me seem;
While still the visions to my heart are prest,
The voice of love will murmur in my rest:

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but five minutes together, and on the public road; but I hardly recollect an hour of my existence which could be weighed against them." — We may also quote the following interesting sentences of Madame Guiccioli: — "In 1822 (says she), a few days before leaving Pisa, we were one evening seated in the garden of the Palazzo Lanfranchi. At this moment a servant announced Mr. Hobhouse. The slight shade of melancholy diffused over Lord Byron's face gave instant place to the liveliest joy; but it was so great, that it almost deprived him of strength. A fearful paleness came over his cheeks, and his eyes were filled with tears as he embraced his friend: his emotion was so great that he was forced to sit down."]

I hear — I wake — and in the sound rejoice;
I hear again, — but, ah! no brother's voice.
A hermit, 'midst of crowds, I fain must stray
Alone, though thousand pilgrims fill the way;
While these a thousand kindred wreaths entwine,
I cannot call one single blossom mine:
What then remains? in solitude to groan,
To mix in friendship, or to sigh alone.[1]
Thus must I cling to some endearing hand,
And none more dear than IDA's social band.

Alonzo![2] best and dearest of my friends,
Thy name ennobles him who thus commends:

[1] [It has been reserved for our own time to produce one distinguished example of the Muse having descended upon a bard of a wounded spirit, and lent her lyre to tell, and we trust to soothe, afflictions of no ordinary description; afflictions originating probably in that singular combination of feeling, which has been called the poetical temperament, and which has so often saddened the days of those on whom it has been conferred. If ever a man could lay claim to that character in all its strength and all its weakness, with its unbounded range of enjoyment, and its exquisite sensibility of pleasure and of pain, it must certainly be granted to Lord Byron. His own tale is partly told in two lines of Lara:

"Left by his sire, too young such loss to know,
Lord of himself — that heritage of woe!"

SIR WALTER SCOTT.]

[2] [The Hon. John Wingfield, of the Coldstream Guards, brother to Richard, fourth Viscount Powerscourt. He died of a fever, in his twentieth year, at Coimbra, May 14th. 1811. — "Of all human beings," says Lord Byron, "I was, perhaps, at one time, the most attached to poor Wingfield. I had known him the better half of his life, and the happiest part of mine." On hearing of the death of his beloved schoolfellow, he added the following stanzas to the first canto of Childe Harold: —

"And thou, my friend! — since unavailing woe
Bursts from my heart, and mingles with the strain —
Had the sword laid thee with the mighty low,
Pride might forbid ev'n Friendship to complain.
But thus unlaurel'd to descend in vain,
By all forgotten, save the lonely breast,
And mix unbleeding with the boasted slain,

From this fond tribute thou canst gain no praise;
The praise is his who now that tribute pays.
Oh! in the promise of thy early youth,
If hope anticipate the words of truth,
Some loftier bard shall sing thy glorious name,
To build his own upon thy deathless fame.
Friend of my heart, and foremost of the list
Of those with whom I lived supremely blest,
Oft have we drain'd the font of ancient lore;
Though drinking deeply, thirsting still the more.
Yet, when confinement's lingering hour was done,
Our sports, our studies, and our souls were one:
Together we impell'd the flying ball;
Together waited in our tutor's hall;
Together join'd in cricket's manly toil,
Or shared the produce of the river's spoil;
Or, plunging from the green declining shore,
Our pliant limbs the buoyant billows bore;
In every element, unchanged, the same,
All, all that brothers should be, but the name.

Nor yet are you forgot, my jocund boy!
DAVUS,[1] the harbinger of childish joy;

While Glory crowns so many a meaner crest!
What hadst thou done to sink so peacefully to rest?
"Oh, known the earliest, and esteem'd the most!
Dear to a heart where nought was left so dear!
Though to my hopeless days for ever lost,
In dreams deny me not to see thee here!" &c.]

[1] [The Rev. John Cecil Tattersall, B. A., of Christ Church Oxford; who died Dec. 8. 1812, at Hall's Place, Kent, aged twenty-four. "His mind," says a writer in the Gent. Mag., "was comprehensive and perspicuous; his affections warm and sincere. Through extreme aversion to hypocrisy, he was so far from assuming the false appearances of virtue, that much of his real excellence was seen, whilst he was eager to acknowledge every

For ever foremost in the ranks of fun,
The laughing herald of the harmless pun;
Yet with a breast of such materials made —
Anxious to please, of pleasing half afraid;
Candid and liberal, with a heart of steel
In danger's path, though not untaught to feel.
Still I remember, in the factious strife,
The rustic's musket aim'd against my life: [1]
High poised in air the massy weapon hung,
A cry of horror burst from every tongue;
Whilst I, in combat with another foe,
Fought on, unconscious of th' impending blow;
Your arm, brave boy, arrested his career —
Forward you sprung, insensible to fear;
Disarm'd and baffled by your conquering hand,
The grovelling savage roll'd upon the sand:
An act like this, can simple thanks repay? [2]
Or all the labours of a grateful lay?
Oh no! whene'er my breast forgets the deed,
That instant, DAVUS, it deserves to bleed.

LYCUS! [3] on me thy claims are justly great:
Thy milder virtues could my muse relate,

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fault into which he was led. He was an ardent friend, a stranger to feelings of enmity; he lived in good faith towards men, and died with hope in God."]

[1] [The "factious strife" here recorded was accidentally brought on by the breaking up of school, and the dismissal of some volunteers from drill, both happening at the same hour. On this occasion, it appears, the butt-end of a musket was aimed at Byron's head, and would have felled him to the ground, but for the interposition of Tattersall.]

[2] [In the private volume:

"Thus did you save that life I scarcely prize —
A life unworthy such a sacrifice."]

[3] [John Fitzgibbon, second Earl of Clare, born June 2. 1792. *His father,* whom he succeeded January 28. 1802, was for nearly

To thee alone, unrivall'd, would belong
The feeble efforts of my lengthen'd song.[1]
Well canst thou boast, to lead in senates fit,
A Spartan firmness with Athenian wit:
Though yet in embryo these perfections shine,
Lycus! thy father's fame will soon be thine.
Where learning nurtures the superior mind,
What may we hope from genius thus refined!

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twelve years Lord Chancellor of Ireland. See *antè*, p. 128. note. His Lordship is now (1836) Governor of Bombay. "I never," says Lord Byron, in 1821, "hear the word '*Clare*,' without a beating of the heart even *now*; and I write it with the feelings of 1803-4-5, ad infinitum." Of the tenaciousness with which he clung to all the kindly impressions of his youth, there can be no stronger proof than the interesting fact, that after his death almost all the notes and letters which his principal school favourites had ever addressed to him were found preserved carefully among his papers. The following is the endorsement upon one of them: — "This and another letter were written at Harrow, by my *then* and, I hope, *ever* beloved friend, Lord Clare, when we were both school-boys; and sent to my study in consequence of some *childish* misunderstanding, — the only one which ever arose between us. It was of short duration, and I retain this note solely for the purpose of submitting it to his perusal, that we may smile over the recollection of the insignificance of our first and last quarrel."]

[1] [In the private volume, the following lines conclude this character: —

"For ever to possess a friend in thee,
Was bliss unhoped, though not unsought by me.
Thy softer soul was form'd for love alone,
To ruder passions and to hate unknown;
Thy mind, in union with thy beauteous form,
Was gentle, but unfit to stem the storm.
That face, an index of celestial worth,
Proclaim'd a heart abstracted from the earth.
Oft, when depress'd with sad foreboding gloom,
I sat reclined upon our favourite tomb,
I've seen those sympathetic eyes o'erflow
With kind compassion for thy comrade's woe;
Or when less mournful subjects form'd our themes,
We tried a thousand fond romantic schemes,
Oft hast thou sworn, in friendship's soothing tone,
Whatever wish was mine must be thine own."]

When time at length matures thy growing years,
How wilt thou tower above thy fellow peers!
Prudence and sense, a spirit bold and free,
With honour's soul, united beam in thee.

Shall fair EURYALUS [1] pass by unsung?
From ancient lineage, not unworthy sprung:
What though one sad dissension bade us part,
That name is yet embalm'd within my heart;
Yet at the mention does that heart rebound,
And palpitate, responsive to the sound.
Envy dissolved our ties, and not our will:
We once were friends, — I 'll think we are so still. [2]

[1] [George-John, fifth Earl of Delawarr, born Oct. 26. 1791; succeeded his father, John-Richard, July 28. 1795. This ancient family have been barons by the male line from 1342; their ancestor, Sir Thomas West, having been summoned to parliament as Lord West, the 16th Edw. II. We find the following notices in some hitherto unpublished letters of Lord Byron: — "Harrow, Oct. 25. 1804. — I am happy enough and comfortable here. My friends are not numerous, but select. Among the principal, I rank Lord Delawarr, who is very amiable, and my particular friend." "Nov. 2. 1804. — Lord Delawarr is considerably younger than me, but the most good-tempered, amiable, clever fellow in the universe. To all which he adds the quality (a good one in the eyes of women) of being remarkably handsome. Delawarr and myself are, in a manner, connected; for one of my forefathers, in Charles the First's time married into their family."]

[2] [It is impossible to peruse the following extract of a letter addressed to Lord Clare in February, 1807, without acknowledging the noble candour and conscientiousness of the writer. — "You will be astonished to hear I have lately written to Delawarr, for the purpose of explaining (as far as possible, without involving some *old friends* of mine in the business,) the cause of my behaviour to him during my last residence at Harrow, which you will recollect was rather *en cavalier*. Since that period I have discovered he was treated with injustice, both by those who misrepresented his conduct, and by me in consequence of their suggestions. I have, therefore, made all the reparation in my power, by apologising for my mistake, though with very faint hopes of success. However, I have eased my own conscience by the atonement, which is humiliating *enough to one* of m. disposition; yet I could not have slept

A form unmatch'd in nature's partial mould,
A heart untainted, we in thee behold:
Yet not the senate's thunder thou shalt wield,
Nor seek for glory in the tented field;
To minds of ruder texture these be given —
Thy soul shall nearer soar its native heaven.
Haply, in polish'd courts might be thy seat,
But that thy tongue could never forge deceit:
The courtier's supple bow and sneering smile,
The flow of compliment, the slippery wile,
Would make that breast with indignation burn,
And all the glittering snares to tempt thee spurn.
Domestic happiness will stamp thy fate;
Sacred to love, unclouded e'er by hate;
The world admire thee, and thy friends adore; —
Ambition's slave alone would toil for more.

Now last, but nearest, of the social band,
See honest, open, generous CLEON [1] stand;
With scarce one speck to cloud the pleasing scene,
No vice degrades that purest soul serene.
On the same day our studious race begun,
On the same day our studious race was run;
Thus side by side we pass'd our first career,
Thus side by side we strove for many a year;
At last concluded our scholastic life,
We neither conquer'd in the classic strife:
As speakers [2] each supports an equal name,
And crowds allow to both a partial fame:

satisfied with the reflection of having, even unintentionally, injured any individual. I have done all that could be done to repair the injury."]

[1] [Edward Noel Long, Esq. — to whom a subsequent poem is addressed. See p. 157.]

[2] This alludes to the public speeches delivered at the school where the author was educated.

To soothe a youthful rival's early pride,
Though Cleon's candour would the palm divide,
Yet candour's self compels me now to own
Justice awards it to my friend alone.

Oh! friends regretted, scenes for ever dear,
Remembrance hails you with her warmest tear!
Drooping, she bends o'er pensive Fancy's urn,
To trace the hours which never can return;
Yet with the retrospection loves to dwell, [1]
And soothe the sorrows of her last farewell!
Yet greets the triumph of my boyish mind,
As infant laurels round my head were twined,
When PROBUS' praise repaid my lyric song, [2]
Or placed me higher in the studious throng;
Or when my first harangue received applause,
His sage instruction the primeval cause,

[1] [Thus in the private volume —

"Yet in the retrospection finds relief,
And revels in the luxury of grief."]

[2] ["I remember," says Byron, "that my first declamation astonished Dr. Drury into some unwonted (for he was economical of such) and sudden comp ments, before the declaimers at our first rehearsal." — *Byron Diary.*]

[3] ["I certainly was much pleased with Lord Byron's attitude, gesture, and delivery, as well as with his composition. All who spoke on that day adhered, as usual, to the letter of their composition, as in the earlier part of his delivery did Lord Byron. But, to my surprise, he suddenly diverged from the written composition, with a boldness and rapidity sufficient to alarm me, lest he should fail in memory as to the conclusion. There was no failure; — he came round to the close of his composition without discovering any impediment or irregularity on the whole. I questioned him, why he had altered his declamation? He declared he had made no alteration, and did not know, in speaking, that he had deviated from it one letter. I believed him, and from a knowledge of his temperament am convinced, that, fully impressed with the sense and substance of the subject, he was hurried on to expressions and colourings more striking than what his pen had expressed." — Dr. DRURY.]

What gratitude to him my soul possest,
While hope of dawning honours fill'd my breast!
For all my humble fame, to him alone
The praise is due, who made that fame my own. [1]

[1] [In the private volume the poem concludes thus:—

"When, yet a novice in the mimic art,
I feign'd the transports of a vengeful heart—
When as the Royal Slave I trod the stage,
To vent in Zanga more than mortal rage—
The praise of Probus made me feel more proud
Than all the plaudits of the list'ning crowd.
"Ah! vain endeavour in this childish strain
To soothe the woes of which I thus complain!
What can avail this fruitless loss of time,
To measure sorrow in a jingling rhyme!
No social solace from a friend is near,
And heartless strangers drop no feeling tear.
I seek not joy in woman's sparkling eye:
The smiles of beauty cannot check the sigh.
Adieu, thou world! thy pleasure's still a dream,
Thy virtue but a visionary theme;
Thy years of vice on years of folly roll,
Till grinning death assigns the destined goal,
Where all are hastening to the dread abode,
To meet the judgment of a righteous God;
Mix'd in the concourse of a thoughtless throng,
A mourner midst of mirth, I glide along;
A wretched, isolated, gloomy thing,
Curst by reflection's deep corroding sting;
But not that mental sting which stabs within,
The dark avenger of unpunish'd sin;
The silent shaft which goads the guilty wretch
Extended on a rack's untiring stretch:
Conscience that sting, that shaft to him supplies—
His mind the rack from which he ne'er can rise.
For me, whate'er my folly, or my fear,
One cheerful comfort still is cherish'd here:
No dread internal haunts my hours of rest,
No dreams of injured innocence infest;*
Of hope, of peace, of almost all bereft,
Conscience, my last but welcome guest, is left.

* ["I am not a Joseph," said Lord Byron, in 1821, "nor a Scipio; but I can safely affirm, that I never in my life seduced any woman."]

Oh! could I soar above these feeble lays,
These young effusions of my early days,
To him my muse her noblest strain would give:
The song might perish, but the theme might live.
Yet why for him the needless verse essay?
His honour'd name requires no vain display:
By every son of grateful IDA blest,
It finds an echo in each youthful breast;
A fame beyond the glories of the proud,
Or all the plaudits of the venal crowd. [1]

Slander's empoison'd breath may blast my name,
Envy delights to blight the buds of fame;
Deceit may chill the current of my blood,
And freeze affection's warm impassion'd flood;
Presaging horror darken every sense;—
Even here will conscience be my best defence.
My bosom feeds no 'worm which ne'er can die:' *
Not crimes I mourn, but happiness gone by.
Thus crawling on with many a reptile vile,
My heart is bitter, though my cheek may smile:
No more with former bliss my heart is glad;
Hope yields to anguish, and my soul is sad:
From fond regret no future joy can save;
Remembrance slumbers only in the grave."]

[1] ["To Dr. Drury," observes Mr. Moore, "Lord Byron has left on record a tribute of affection and respect, which, like the reverential regard of Dryden for Dr. Busby, will long associate together honourably the names of the poet and the master." The above is not, however, the only one. In a note to the fourth Canto of Childe Harold, he says, "My preceptor was the best and worthiest friend I ever possessed, whose warnings I have remembered but too well, though too late—when I have erred, and whose counsels I have but followed when I have done well or wisely. If ever this imperfect record of my feelings towards him should reach his eyes, let it remind him of one who never thinks of him but with grati-

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* ["We know enough even of Lord Byron's private history to give our warrant that, though his youth may have shared somewhat too largely in the indiscretions of those left too early masters of their own actions and fortunes, falsehood and malice alone can impute to him any real cause for hopeless remorse, or gloomy melancholy."—SIR WALTER SCOTT.]

IDA! not yet exhausted is the theme,
Nor closed the progress of my youthful dream.
How many a friend deserves the grateful strain!
What scenes of childhood still unsung remain!
Yet let me hush this echo of the past,
This parting song, the dearest and the last;
And brood in secret o'er those hours of joy, [1]
To me a silent and a sweet employ.
While future hope and fear alike unknown,
I think with pleasure on the past alone;
Yes, to the past alone my heart confine,
And chase the phantom of what once was mine.

IDA! still o'er thy hills in joy preside,
And proudly steer through time's eventful tide;
Still may thy blooming sons thy name revere,
Smile in thy bower, but quit thee with a tear;—
That tear, perhaps, the fondest which will flow,
O'er their last scene of happiness below.
Tell me, ye hoary few, who glide along,
The feeble veterans of some former throng,

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tude and veneration—of one who would more gladly boast of having been his pupil, if, by more closely following his injunctions, he could reflect any honour upon his instructor." We extract the following from some unpublished letters of Lord Byron:—"Harrow, Nov. 2. 1804. There is so much of the gentleman, so much mildness, and nothing of pedantry in his character, that I cannot help liking him, and will remember his instructions with gratitude as long as I live. He is the best master we ever had, and at the same time respected and feared." "Nov. 11. 1804. I revere Dr. Drury. He is never violent, never outrageous. I dread offending him;—not, however, through fear; but the respect I bear him makes me unhappy when I am under his displeasure."]

[1] [In a note to the fourth canto of Childe Harold, Lord Byron says:—"No one could, or can be more attached to Harrow than I have always been, and with reason;—a part of the time passed there was the happiest of my life."]

Whose friends, like autumn leaves by tempests whirl'd,
Are swept for ever from this busy world;
Revolve the fleeting moments of your youth,
While Care as yet withheld her venom'd tooth;
Say if remembrance days like these endears
Beyond the rapture of succeeding years?
Say, can ambition's fever'd dream bestow
So sweet a balm to soothe your hours of woe?
Can treasures, hoarded for some thankless son,
Can royal smiles, or wreaths by slaughter won,
Can stars or ermine, man's maturer toys,
(For glittering baubles are not left to boys)
Recall one scene so much beloved to view,
As those where Youth her garland twined for you?
Ah, no! amidst the gloomy calm of age
You turn with faltering hand life's varied page;
Peruse the record of your days on earth,
Unsullied only where it marks your birth;
Still lingering pause above each chequer'd leaf,
And blot with tears the sable lines of grief;
Where Passion o'er the theme her mantle threw,
Or weeping Virtue sigh'd a faint adieu;
But bless the scroll which fairer words adorn,
Traced by the rosy finger of the morn;
When Friendship bow'd before the shrine of truth,
And Love, without his pinion,[1] smiled on youth.

[1] "L'Amitié est l'Amour sans ailes," is a French proverb. [See, p. 151., a poem under this title.]

ANSWER TO A BEAUTIFUL POEM,

ENTITLED "THE COMMON LOT." [1]

MONTGOMERY! true, the common lot
Of mortals lies in Lethe's wave;
Yet some shall never be forgot—
Some shall exist beyond the grave.

"Unknown the region of his birth,"
The hero [2] rolls the tide of war;
Yet not unknown his martial worth,
Which glares a meteor from afar.

His joy or grief, his weal or woe,
Perchance may 'scape the page of fame;
Yet nations now unborn will know
The record of his deathless name.

The patriot's and the poet's frame
Must share the common tomb of all:
Their glory will not sleep the same;
That will arise, though empires fall.

The lustre of a beauty's eye
Assumes the ghastly stare of death;
The fair, the brave, the good must die,
And sink the yawning grave beneath.

[1] Written by James Montgomery, author of "The Wanderer in Switzerland," &c.

[2] No particular hero is here alluded to. The exploits of Bayard, Nemours, Edward the Black Prince, and, in more modern times, the fame of Marlborough, Frederick the Great, Count Saxe, Charles of Sweden, &c. are familiar to every historical reader, but the exact places of their birth are known to a very small proportion of their admirers.

Once more the speaking eye revives,
Still beaming through the lover's strain;
For Petrarch's Laura still survives:
She died, but ne'er will die again.

The rolling seasons pass away,
And Time, untiring, waves his wing;
Whilst honour's laurels ne'er decay,
Whilst honour's laurels ne'er decay,
But bloom in fresh, unfading spring.

All, all must sleep in grim repose,
Collected in the silent tomb;
The old and young, with friends and foes,
Festering alike in shrouds, consume.

The mouldering marble lasts its day,
Yet falls at length an useless fane;
To ruin's ruthless fangs a prey,
The wrecks of pillar'd pride remain.

What, though the sculpture be destroy'd,
From dark oblivion meant to guard;
A bright renown shall be enjoy'd
By those whose virtues claim reward.

Then do not say the common lot
Of all lies deep in Lethe's wave;
Some few who ne'er will be forgot
Shall burst the bondage of the grave. 1806.

TO A LADY

WHO PRESENTED THE AUTHOR WITH THE VELVET BAND WHICH BOUND HER TRESSES.

THIS Band, which bound thy yellow hair,
Is mine, sweet girl! thy pledge of love;
It claims my warmest, dearest care,
Like relics left of saints above.

Oh! I will wear it next my heart;
'T will bind my soul in bonds to thee:
From me again 't will ne'er depart,
But mingle in the grave with me.

The dew I gather from thy lip
Is not so dear to me as this;
That I but for a moment sip,
And banquet on a transient bliss:

This will recall each youthful scene,
E'en when our lives are on the wane;
The leaves of Love will still be green,
When Memory bids them bud again.

Oh! little lock of golden hue,
In gently waving ringlet curl'd,
By the dear head on which you grew,
I would not lose you for a world.

Not though a thousand more adorn
The polish'd brow where once you shone,
Like rays which gild a cloudless morn,
Beneath Columbia's fervid zone.

1806. [First published, 1832.]

REMEMBRANCE.

'T is done! — I saw it in my dreams:
No more with Hope the future beams;
My days of happiness are few:
Chill'd by misfortune's wintry blast,
My dawn of life is overcast,
Love, Hope, and Joy, alike adieu! —
Would I could add Remembrance too!

1806. [First published, 1830.]

LINES

ADDRESSED TO THE REV. J. T. BECHER, ON HIS ADVISING THE AUTHOR TO MIX MORE WITH SOCIETY.

Dear Becher, you tell me to mix with mankind; —
I cannot deny such a precept is wise;
But retirement accords with the tone of my mind:
I will not descend to a world I despise.

Did the senate or camp my exertions require,
Ambition might prompt me, at once, to go forth;
When infancy's years of probation expire,
Perchance I may strive to distinguish my birth.

The fire in the cavern of Etna conceal'd,
Still mantles unseen in its secret recess; —
At length, in a volume terrific reveal'd,
No torrent can quench it, no bounds can repress.[1]

[1] *The true* reason of the haughty distance at which Byron,

Oh ! thus, the desire in my bosom for fame
Bids me live but to hope for posterity's praise.
Could I soar with the phœnix on pinions of flame,
With him I would wish to expire in the blaze.

For the life of a Fox, of a Chatham the death,
What censure, what danger, what woe would I brave !
Their lives did not end when they yielded their breath;
Their glory illumines the gloom of their grave.

Yet why should I mingle in Fashion's full herd?
Why crouch to her leaders, or cringe to her rules?
Why bend to the proud, or applaud the absurd?
Why search for delight in the friendship of fools?

I have tasted the sweets and the bitters of love;
In friendship I early was taught to believe;
My passion the matrons of prudence reprove;
I have found that a friend may profess, yet deceive.

To me what is wealth? — it may pass in an hour,
If tyrants prevail, or if Fortune should frown:
To me what is title? — the phantom of power;
To me what is fashion? — I seek but renown.

---

both at this period and afterwards, stood apart from his more opulent neighbours, is to be found (says Mr. Moore) "in his mortifying consciousness of the inadequacy of his own means to his rank, and the proud dread of being made to feel his own inferiority by persons to whom, in every other respect, he knew himself to be superior." Mr. Becher frequently expostulated with him on this unsociableness; and one of his friendly remonstrances drew forth these lines, so remarkably prefiguring the splendid burst with which Lord Byron's volcanic genius was ere long to open upon the world.]

Deceit is a stranger as yet to my soul;
I still am unpractised to varnish the truth:
Then why should I live in a hateful control?
Why waste upon folly the days of my youth?

18

THE DEATH OF CALMAR AND ORLA

AN IMITATION OF MACPHERSON'S OSSIAN. [1]

Dear are the days of youth! Age dwells on th remembrance through the mist of time. In the twilig he recals the sunny hours of morn. He lifts his sp with trembling hand. "Not thus feebly did I ra the steel before my fathers!" Past is the race heroes. But their fame rises on the harp; their so ride on the wings of the wind; they hear the sou through the sighs of the storm, and rejoice in their h of clouds! Such is Calmar. The gray stone ma his narrow house. He looks down from eddying te pests: he rolls his form in the whirlwind, and hov on the blast of the mountain.

In Morven dwelt the chief; a beam of war to Fing His steps in the field were marked in blood. Lochli sons had fled before his angry spear; but mild was t eye of Calmar; soft was the flow of his yellow lock they streamed like the meteor of the night. No ma was the sigh of his soul: his thoughts were given friendship, — to dark-haired Orla, destroyer of hero Equal were their swords in battle; but fierce was t

[1] It may be necessary to observe, that the story, though c siderably varied in the catastrophe, is taken from "Nisus a Euryalus," of which episode a translation is already given in t present volume.

pride of Orla: — gentle alone to Calmar. Together they dwelt in the cave of Oithona.

From Lochlin, Swaran bounded o'er the blue waves. Erin's sons fell beneath his might. Fingal roused his chiefs to combat. Their ships cover the ocean. Their hosts throng on the green hills. They come to the aid of Erin.

Night rose in clouds. Darkness veils the armies: but the blazing oaks gleam through the valley. The sons of Lochlin slept: their dreams were of blood. They lift the spear in thought, and Fingal flies. Not so the host of Morven. To watch was the post of Orla. Calmar stood by his side. Their spears were in their hands. Fingal called his chiefs: they stood around. The king was in the midst. Gray were his locks, but strong was the arm of the king. Age withered not his powers. "Sons of Morven," said the hero, "to-morrow we meet the foe. But where is Cuthullin, the shield of Erin? He rests in the halls of Tura; he knows not of our coming. Who will speed through Lochlin to the hero, and call the chief to arms? The path is by the swords of foes; but many are my heroes. They are thunderbolts of war. Speak, ye chiefs! Who will arise?"

"Son of Trenmor! mine be the deed," said dark-haired Orla, "and mine alone. What is death to me? I love the sleep of the mighty, but little is the danger. The sons of Lochlin dream. I will seek car-borne Cuthullin. If I fall, raise the song of bards; and lay me by the stream of Luba." — "And shalt thou fall alone?" said fair-haired Calmar. "Wilt thou leave thy friend afar? Chief of Oithona! not feeble is my arm in fight. Could I see thee die, and not lift the spear? No, Orla! ours has been the chase of the roe-buck, and the feast of shells; ours be the path of

danger: ours has been the cave of Oithona; ours be the narrow dwelling on the banks of Lubar." "Calmar," said the chief of Oithona, "why should thy yellow locks be darkened in the dust of Erin? Let me fall alone. My father dwells in his hall of air: he will rejoice in his boy; but the blue-eyed Mora spreads the feast for her son in Morven. She listens to the steps of the hunter on the heath, and thinks it is the tread of Calmar. Let him not say, 'Calmar has fallen by the steel of Lochlin: he died with gloomy Orla, the chief of the dark brow.' Why should tears dim the azure eye of Mora? Why should her voice curse Orla, the destroyer of Calmar? Live, Calmar! Live to raise my stone of moss; live to revenge me in the blood of Lochlin. Join the song of bards above my grave. Sweet will be the song of death to Orla, from the voice of Calmar. My ghost shall smile on the notes of praise." "Orla," said the son of Mora, "could I raise the song of death to my friend? Could I give his fame to the winds? No, my heart would speak in sighs: faint and broken are the sounds of sorrow. Orla! our souls shall hear the song together. One cloud shall be ours on high: the bards will mingle the names of Orla and Calmar."

They quit the circle of the chiefs. Their steps are to the host of Lochlin. The dying blaze of oak dim twinkles through the night. The northern star points the path to Tura. Swaran, the king, rests on his lonely hill. Here the troops are mixed: they frown in sleep; their shields beneath their heads. Their swords gleam at distance in heaps. The fires are faint; their embers fail in smoke. All is hushed; but the gale sighs on the rocks above. Lightly wheel the heroes through the slumbering band. Half the journey is past, when Mathon, resting on his shield, meets the eye of Orla.

It rolls in flame, and glistens through the shade. His spear is raised on high. "Why dost thou bend thy brow, chief of Oithona?" said fair-haired Calmar: "we are in the midst of foes. Is this a time for delay?" "It is a time for vengeance," said Orla of the gloomy brow. "Mathon of Lochlin sleeps: seest thou his spear? Its point is dim with the gore of my father. The blood of Mathon shall reek on mine; but shall I slay him sleeping, son of Mora? No! he shall feel his wound: my fame shall not soar on the blood of slumber. Rise, Mathon, rise! The son of Connal calls; thy life is his; rise to combat." Mathon starts from sleep; but did he rise alone? No: the gathering chiefs bound on the plain. "Fly! Calmar, fly!" said dark-haired Orla. "Mathon is mine. I shall die in joy: but Lochlin crowds around. Fly through the shade of night." Orla turns. The helm of Mathon is cleft; his shield falls from his arm: he shudders in his blood. He rolls by the side of the blazing oak. Strumon sees him fall: his wrath rises: his weapon glitters on the head of Orla: but a spear pierced his eye. His brain gushes through the wound, and foams on the spear of Calmar. As roll the waves of the Ocean on two mighty barks of the north, so pour the men of Lochlin on the chiefs. As, breaking the surge in foam, proudly steer the barks of the north, so rise the chiefs of Morven on the scattered crests of Lochlin. The din of arms came to the ear of Fingal. He strikes his shield; his sons throng around; the people pour along the heath. Ryno bounds in joy. Ossian stalks in his arms. Oscar shakes the spear. The eagle wing of Fillan floats on the wind. Dreadful is the clang of death! many are the widows of Lochlin! Morven prevails in its strength.

Morn glimmers on the hills: no living foe is seen;

but the sleepers are many; grim they lie on Erin. The breeze of ocean lifts their locks; yet they do not awake. The hawks scream above their prey.

Whose yellow locks wave o'er the breast of a chief? Bright as the gold of the stranger, they mingle with the dark hair of his friend. 'T is Calmar: he lies on the bosom of Orla. Theirs is one stream of blood. Fierce is the look of the gloomy Orla. He breathes not; but his eye is still a flame. It glares in death unclosed. His hand is grasped in Calmar's; but Calmar lives! he lives, though low. "Rise," said the king, "rise, son of Mora: 't is mine to heal the wounds of heroes. Calmar may yet bound on the hills of Morven."

"Never more shall Calmar chase the deer of Morven with Orla," said the hero. "What were the chase to me alone? Who would share the spoils of battle with Calmar? Orla is at rest! Rough was thy soul, Orla! yet soft to me as the dew of morn. It glared on others in lightning: to me a silver beam of night. Bear my sword to blue-eyed Mora; let it hang in my empty hall. It is not pure from blood: but it could not save Orla. Lay me with my friend. Raise the song when I am dark!"

They are laid by the stream of Lubar. Four gray stones mark the dwelling of Orla and Calmar. When Swaran was bound, our sails rose on the blue waves. The winds gave our barks to Morven: — the bards raised the song.

"What form rises on the roar of clouds? Whose dark ghost gleams on the red streams of tempests? His voice rolls on the thunder. 'T is Orla, the brown chief of Oithona. He was unmatched in war. Peace to thy soul, Orla! thy fame will not perish. Nor thine, *Calmar!* Lovely wast thou, son of blue-eyed Mora;

but not harmless was thy sword. It hangs in thy cave. The ghosts of Lochlin shriek around its steel. Hear thy praise, Calmar! It dwells on the voice of the mighty. Thy name shakes on the echoes of Morven. Then raise thy fair locks, son of Mora. Spread them on the arch of the rainbow; and smile through the tears of the storm." [1]

L'AMITIÉ EST L'AMOUR SANS AILES. [2]

WHY should my anxious breast repine,
Because my youth is fled?
Days of delight may still be mine;
Affection is not dead.
In tracing back the years of youth,
One firm record, one lasting truth
Celestial consolation brings;
Bear it, ye breezes, to the seat,
Where first my heart responsive beat, —
"Friendship is Love without his wings!"

Through few, but deeply chequer'd years,
What moments have been mine!
Now half obscured by clouds of tears,
Now bright in rays divine;

[1] I fear Laing's late edition has completely overthrown every hope that Macpherson's Ossian might prove the translation of a series of poems complete in themselves; but, while the imposture is discovered, the merit of the work remains undisputed, though not without faults — particularly, in some parts, turgid and bombastic diction. — The present humble imitation will be pardoned by the admirers of the original as an attempt, however inferior, which evinces an attachment to their favourite author.

[2] [See *ante*, p. 140. note. We insert this poem here on account of the date of its composition. It was not, however, included in the publication of 1807.]

Howe'er my future doom be cast,
My soul, enraptured with the past,
To one idea fondly clings;
Friendship! that thought is all thine own,
Worth worlds of bliss, that thought alone —
"Friendship is Love without his wings!"

Where yonder yew-trees lightly wave
Their branches on the gale,
Unheeded heaves a simple grave,
Which tells the common tale;
Round this unconscious schoolboys stray,
Till the dull knell of childish play
From yonder studious mansion rings;
But here whene'er my footsteps move,
My silent tears too plainly prove
"Friendship is Love without his wings!"

Oh, Love! before thy glowing shrine
My early vows were paid;
My hopes, my dreams, my heart was thine,
But these are now decay'd;
For thine are pinions like the wind,
No trace of thee remains behind,
Except, alas! thy jealous stings.
Away, away! delusive power,
Thou shalt not haunt my coming hour;
Unless, indeed, without thy wings.

Seat of my youth![1] thy distant spire
Recalls each scene of joy;
My bosom glows with former fire, —
In mind again a boy.

[1] Harrow.

Thy grove of elms, thy verdant hill,
Thy every path delights me still,
  Each flower a double fragrance flings;
Again, as once, in converse gay,
Each dear associate seems to say,
  "Friendship is Love without his wings!"

My Lycus![1] wherefore dost thou weep?
  Thy falling tears restrain;
Affection for a time may sleep,
  But, oh, 't will wake again.[2]
Think, think, my friend, when next we meet,
Our long-wish'd interview, how sweet!
  From this my hope of rapture springs;
While youthful hearts thus fondly swell,
Absence, my friend, can only tell,
  "Friendship is Love without his wings!"

In one, and one alone deceived,
  Did I my error mourn?
No — from oppressive bonds relieved,
  I left the wretch to scorn.
I turn'd to those my childhood knew,
With feelings warm, with bosoms true,
  Twined with my heart's according strings;
And till those vital chords shall break,
For none but these my breast shall wake
  Friendship, the power deprived of wings!

[1] [The Earl of Clare. See p. 132.]

[2] [The young poet had recently received from Lord Clare, an epistle containing this passage: — "I think by your last letter that you are very much piqued with most of your friends; and, if I am not much mistaken, a little so with me. In one part you say, 'there is little or no doubt a few years, or months, will render us as politely indifferent to each other, as if we had never passed a portion of our time together:' indeed, Byron, you wrong me; and I have no doubt — at least I hope — you wrong yourself."]

Ye few! my soul, my life is yours,
My memory and my hope;
Your worth a lasting love ensures,
Unfetter'd in its scope;
From smooth deceit and terror sprung,
With aspect fair and honey'd tongue,
Let Adulation wait on kings;
With joy elate, by snares beset,
We, we, my friends, can ne'er forget
"Friendship is Love without his wings!"

Fictions and dreams inspire the bard
Who rolls the epic song;
Friendship and Truth be my reward —
To me no bays belong;
If laurell'd Fame but dwells with lies,
Me the enchantress ever flies,
Whose heart and not whose fancy sings;
Simple and young, I dare not feign;
Mine be the rude yet heartfelt strain,
"Friendship is Love without his wings!"

December, 1806.

THE PRAYER OF NATURE. [1]

Father of Light! great God of Heaven!
Hear'st thou the accents of despair?
Can guilt like man's be e'er forgiven?
Can vice atone for crimes by prayer?

[1] [It is difficult to conjecture for what reason, — but these stanzas were not included in the publication of 1807; though few will heed-

Father of Light, on thee I call!
Thou see'st my soul is dark within;
Thou who canst mark the sparrow's fall,
Avert from me the death of sin.

No shrine I seek, to sects unknown;
Oh, point to me the path of truth!
Thy dread omnipotence I own;
Spare, yet amend, the faults of youth.

Let bigots rear a gloomy fane,
Let superstition hail the pile,
Let priests, to spread their sable reign,
With tales of mystic rights beguile.

Shall man confine his Maker's sway
To Gothic domes of mouldering stone?
Thy temple is the face of day;
Earth, ocean, heaven thy boundless throne.[1]

Shall man condemn his race to hell,
Unless they bend in pompous form?
Tell us that all, for one who fell,
Must perish in the mingling storm?

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tate to place them higher than any thing given in that volume. "Written when the author was not nineteen years of age, this remarkable poem shows," says Moore, "how early the struggle between natural piety and doubt began in his mind." In reading the celebrated critique of the Edinburgh Review on the "Hours of Idleness," the fact that the volume did not include this Prayer of Nature ought to be kept in mind.]

[1] [The poet appears to have had in his mind one of Mr. Southey's juvenile pieces, beginning,—

"Go, thou, unto the house of prayer,
I to the woodlands will repair."]

Shall each pretend to reach the skies,
Yet doom his brother to expire,
Whose soul a different hope supplies,
Or doctrines less severe inspire?

Shall these, by creeds they can't expound,
Prepare a fancied bliss or woe?
Shall reptiles, grovelling on the ground,
Their great Creator's purpose know?

Shall those who live for self alone,
Whose years float on in daily crime —
Shall they by Faith for guilt atone,
And live beyond the bounds of Time?

Father! no prophet's laws I seek, —
Thy laws in Nature's works appear; —
I own myself corrupt and weak,
Yet will I pray, for thou wilt hear!

Thou, who canst guide the wandering star
Through trackless realms of æther's space;
Who calm'st the elemental war,
Whose hand from pole to pole I trace: —

Thou, who in wisdom placed me here,
Who, when thou wilt, can take me hence,
Ah! whilst I tread this earthly sphere,
Extend to me thy wide defence.

To Thee, my God, to thee I call!
Whatever weal or woe betide,
By thy command I rise or fall,
In thy protection I confide.

If, when this dust to dust 's restored,
My soul shall float on airy wing,
How shall thy glorious name adored
Inspire her feeble voice to sing!

But, if this fleeting spirit share
With clay the grave's eternal bed,
While life yet throbs I raise my prayer,
Though doom'd no more to quit the dead.

To Thee I breathe my humble strain,
Grateful for all thy mercies past,
And hope, my God, to thee again
This erring life may fly at last.

December 29. 1806.

TO EDWARD NOEL LONG, ESQ.[1]

"Nil ego contulerim jocundo sanus amico."—HOR.

DEAR LONG, in this sequester'd scene,
While all around in slumber lie,
The joyous days which ours have been
Come rolling fresh on Fancy's eye;
Thus if amidst the gathering storm,
While clouds the darken'd noon deform,

[1] [This young gentleman, who was with Lord Byron both at Harrow and Cambridge, afterwards entered the Guards, and served with distinction in the expedition to Copenhagen. He was drowned early in 1809, when on his way to join the army in the Peninsula; the transport in which he sailed being run foul of in the night by another of the convoy. "Long's father," says Lord Byron, "wrote to me to write his son's epitaph. I promised—but I had not the heart to complete it. He was such a good, amiable being as rarely remains long in this world; with talent and accomplishments, too, to make him the more regretted."—*Byron Diary*, 1821.]

Yon heaven assumes a varied glow,
I hail the sky's celestial bow,
Which spreads the sign of future peace,
And bids the war of tempests cease.
Ah! though the present brings but pain,
I think those days may come again;
Or if, in melancholy mood,
Some lurking envious fear intrude,
To check my bosom's fondest thought,
And interrupt the golden dream,
I crush the fiend with malice fraught,
And still indulge my wonted theme.
Although we ne'er again can trace,
In Granta's vale, the pedant's lore;
Nor through the groves of Ida chase
Our raptured visions as before,
Though Youth has flown on rosy pinion,
And Manhood claims his stern dominion —
Age will not every hope destroy,
But yield some hours of sober joy.

Yes, I will hope that Time's broad wing
Will shed around some dews of spring:
But if his scythe must sweep the flowers
Which bloom among the fairy bowers,
While smiling Youth delights to dwell,
And hearts with early rapture swell;
If frowning Age, with cold control,
Confines the current of the soul,
Congeals the tear of Pity's eye,
Or checks the sympathetic sigh,
Or hears unmoved misfortune's groan,
And bids me feel for self alone;
Oh! may my bosom never learn
To soothe its wonted heedless flow;

Still, still despise the censor stern,
  But ne'er forget another's woe.
Yes, as you knew me in the days
O'er which Remembrance yet delays,
Still may I rove, untutor'd, wild,
And even in age at heart a child.

Though now on airy visions borne,
  To you my soul is still the same.
Oft has it been my fate to mourn,
  And all my former joys are tame.
But, hence! ye hours of sable hue!
  Your frowns are gone, my sorrows o'er:
By every bliss my childhood knew,
  I 'll think upon your shade no more.
Thus, when the whirlwind's rage is past,
  And caves their sullen roar enclose,
We heed no more the wintry blast,
  When lull'd by zephyr to repose.

Full often has my infant Muse
  Attuned to love her languid lyre;
But now, without a theme to choose,
  The strains in stolen sighs expire.
My youthful nymphs, alas! are flown;
  E—— is a wife, and C—— a mother,
And Carolina sighs alone,
  And Mary 's given to another;
And Cora's eye, which roll'd on me,
  Can now no more my love recall:
In truth, dear Long, 't was time to flee;
  For Cora's eye will shine on all.
And though the sun, with genial rays,
His beams alike to all displays,

And every lady's eye 's a *sun*,
These last should be confined to one.
The soul's meridian don't become her,
Whose sun displays a general *summer!*
Thus faint is every former flame,
And passion's self is now a name.
As, when the ebbing flames are low,
The aid which once improved their light,
And bade them burn with fiercer glow,
Now quenches all their sparks in night;
Thus has it been with passion's fires,
As many a boy and girl remembers,
While all the force of love expires,
Extinguish'd with the dying embers.

But now, dear LONG, 't is midnight's noon,
And clouds obscure the watery moon,
Whose beauties I shall not rehearse,
Described in every stripling's verse;
For why should I the path go o'er,
Which every bard has trod before?
Yet ere yon silver lamp of night
Has thrice perform'd her stated round,
Has thrice retraced her path of light,
And chased away the gloom profound,
I trust that we, my gentle friend,
Shall see her rolling orbit wend
Above the dear-loved peaceful seat,
Which once contain'd our youth's retreat
And then with those our childhood knew
We 'll mingle in the festive crew;

[1] [The two friends were both passionately attache
and sometimes made excursions thither together, t
schoolboy recollections.]

While many a tale of former day
Shall wing the laughing hours away;
And all the flow of souls shall pour
The sacred intellectual shower,
Nor cease till Luna's waning horn
Scarce glimmers through the mist of morn

TO A LADY.[1]

Oh! had my fate been join'd with thine,
As once this pledge appear'd a token,
These follies had not then been mine,
For then my peace had not been broken.[2]

To thee these early faults I owe,
To thee, the wise and old reproving:
They know my sins, but do not know
'T was thine to break the bonds of loving.

For once my soul, like thine, was pure,
And all its rising fires could smother;
But now thy vows no more endure,
Bestow'd by thee upon another.

Perhaps his peace I could destroy,
And spoil the blisses that await him;
Yet let my rival smile in joy,
For thy dear sake I cannot hate him.

1 [Mrs. Musters. See *antè*, p. 42.]

2 ["Our union would have healed feuds in which blood ha shed by our fathers — it would have joined lands broad and t would have joined at least *one* heart, and two persons matched in years (she is two years my elder), and — and — *what* has been the result?"—*Byron Diary*, 1821.]

Ah! since thy angel form is gone,
My heart no more can rest with any;
But what it sought in thee alone,
Attempts, alas! to find in many.

Then fare thee well, deceitful maid!
'T were vain and fruitless to regret thee;
Nor hope, nor Memory yield their aid,
But Pride may teach me to forget thee.

Yet all this giddy waste of years,
This tiresome round of palling pleasures;
These varied loves, these matron's fears,
These thoughtless strains to passion's measures —

If thou wert mine, had all been hush'd: —
This cheek now pale from early riot,
With passion's hectic ne'er had flush'd,
But bloom'd in calm domestic quiet.

Yes, once the rural scene was sweet,
For Nature seem'd to smile before thee; [1]
And once my breast abhorr'd deceit, —
For then it beat but to adore thee.

But now I seek for other joys:
To think would drive my soul to madness;
In thoughtless throngs and empty noise,
I conquer half my bosom's sadness.

[1] ["Our meetings," says Lord Byron in 1822, "were stolen ones and a gate leading from Mr. Chaworth's grounds to those of my mother was the place of our interviews. But the ardour was all on my side. I was serious; she was volatile: she liked me as a younger brother, and treated and laughed at me as a boy; she however, gave me her picture, and that was something to make verses upon. Had I married her, perhaps the whole tenour of my life would have been different."]

Yet, even in these a thought will steal
In spite of every vain endeavour, —
And fiends might pity what I feel, —
To know that thou art lost for ever.

I WOULD I WERE A CARELESS CHILD.

I WOULD I were a careless child,
Still dwelling in my Highland cave,
Or roaming through the dusky wild,
Or bounding o'er the dark blue wave;
The cumbrous pomp of Saxon [1] pride
Accords not with the freeborn soul,
Which loves the mountain's craggy side,
And seeks the rocks where billows roll.

Fortune! take back these cultured lands,
Take back this name of splendid sound!
I hate the touch of servile hands,
I hate the slaves that cringe around.
Place me along the rocks I love,
Which sound to Ocean's wildest roar;
I ask but this — again to rove
Through scenes my youth hath known before.

Few are my years, and yet I feel
The world was ne'er design'd for me:
Ah! why do dark'ning shades conceal
The hour when man must cease to be?

[1] Sassenach, or Saxon, a Gaelic word, signifying either Lowland or English.

Once I beheld a splendid dream,
A visionary scene of bliss:
Truth! — wherefore did thy hated beam
Awake me to a world like this?

I loved — but those I loved are gone;
And friends — my early friends are fled:
How cheerless feels the heart alone,
When all its former hopes are dead!
Though gay companions o'er the bowl
Dispel awhile the sense of ill;
Though pleasure stirs the maddening soul,
The heart — the heart — is lonely still.[1]

How dull! to hear the voice of those
Whom rank or chance, whom wealth or power,

[1] [The "imagination all compact," which the greatest poet who ever lived has assigned as the distinguishing badge of his brethren, is in every case a dangerous gift. It exaggerates, indeed, our expectations, and can often bid its possessor hope, where hope is lost to reason: but the delusive pleasure arising from these visions of imagination resembles that of a child, whose notice is attracted by a fragment of glass to which a sun-beam has given momentary splendour. He hastens to the spot with breathless impatience, and finds the object of his curiosity and expectation is equally vulgar and worthless. Such is the man of quick and exalted powers of imagination. His fancy over-estimates the object of his wishes, and pleasure, fame, distinction, are alternately pursued, attained, and despised when in his power. Like the enchanted fruit in the palace of a sorcerer, the objects of his admiration lose their attraction and value as soon as they are grasped by the adventurer's hand, and all that remains is regret for the time lost in the chase, and astonishment at the hallucination under which it was undertaken. The disproportion between hope and possession, which is felt by all men, is thus doubled to those whom nature has endowed with the power of gilding a distant prospect by the rays of imagination. These reflections, though trite and obvious, are in a manner forced from us by the poetry of Lord Byron, — by the sentiments of weariness of life and enmity with the world which they so frequently express, — and by the singular analogy which such sentiments hold with well-known incidents of his life. — SIR WALTER SCOTT.]

Have made, though neither friends nor foes,
Associates of the festive hour.
Give me again a faithful few,
In years and feelings still the same,
And I will fly the midnight crew,
Where boist'rous joy is but a name.

And woman, lovely woman! thou,
My hope, my comforter, my all!
How cold must be my bosom now,
When e'en thy smiles begin to pall!
Without a sigh would I resign
This busy scene of splendid woe,
To make that calm contentment mine,
Which virtue knows, or seems to know.

Fain would I fly the haunts of men —
I seek to shun, not hate mankind;
My breast requires the sullen glen,
Whose gloom may suit a darken'd mind.
Oh! that to me the wings were given
Which bear the turtle to her nest!
Then would I cleave the vault of heaven,
To flee away and be at rest.[1]

[1] "And I said, Oh! that I had wings like a dove; for then would I fly away and be at rest."— *Psalm* lv. 6. This verse also constitutes a part of the most beautiful anthem in our language.

WHEN I ROVED A YOUNG HIGHLANDER.

When I roved a young Highlander o'er the dark heath,
And climb'd thy steep summit, oh Morven of snow![1]
To gaze on the torrent that thunder'd beneath,
Or the mist of the tempest that gather'd below,[2]

Untutor'd by science, a stranger to fear,
And rude as the rocks where my infancy grew,
No feeling, save one, to my bosom was dear;
Need I say, my sweet Mary,[3] 't was centred in you?

[1] Morven, a lofty mountain in Aberdeenshire. "Gormal of snow," is an expression frequently to be found in Ossian.

[2] This will not appear extraordinary to those who have been accustomed to the mountains. It is by no means uncommon, on attaining the top of Ben-e-vis, Ben-y-bourd, &c. to perceive, between the summit and the valley, clouds pouring down rain, and occasionally accompanied by lightning, while the spectator literally looks down upon the storm, perfectly secure from its effects.

[4] [In Lord Byron's Diary for 1813, he says, "I have been thinking lately a good deal of Mary Duff. How very odd that I should have been so utterly, devotedly fond of that girl, at an age when I could neither feel passion, nor know the meaning of the word. And the effect! My mother used always to rally me about this childish amour; and, at last, many years after, when I was sixteen, she told me one day; 'Oh, Byron, I have had a letter from Edinburgh, from Miss Abercrombie, and your old sweetheart, Mary Duff, is married to a Mr. Cockburn.' [Robert Cockburn, Esq. of Edinburgh.] And what was my answer? I really cannot explain or account for my feelings at that moment; but they nearly threw me into convulsions — to the horror of my mother and astonishment of every body. And it is a phenomenon in my existence (for I was not eight years old), which has puzzled and will puzzle me to the latest hour of it."— Again, in January, 1815, a few days after his marriage, in a letter to his friend Captain Hay, the poet thus speaks of his childish attachment: — "Pray tell me more — or as much as you like, of your cousin Mary. I believe I told you our story some years ago. I was twenty-seven a few days ago, and I have never seen her since we were children, and young children

Yet it could not be love, for I knew not the name, —
What passion can dwell in the heart of a child?
But still I perceive an emotion the same
As I felt, when a boy, on the crag-cover'd wild:
One image alone on my bosom impress'd,
I loved my bleak regions, nor panted for new;
And few were my wants, for my wishes were bless'd;
And pure were my thoughts, for my soul was with you.

I arose with the dawn; with my dog as my guide,
From mountain to mountain I bounded along;
I breasted the billows of Dee's [1] rushing tide,
And heard at a distance the Highlander's song:
At eve, on my heath-cover'd couch of repose,
No dreams, save of Mary, were spread to my view;
And warm to the skies my devotions arose,
For the first of my prayers was a blessing on you.

I left my bleak home, and my visions are gone;
The mountains are vanish'd, my youth is no more;
As the last of my race, I must wither alone,
And delight but in days I have witness'd before:

---

too; but I never forget her, nor ever can. You will oblige me by presenting her with my best respects, and all good wishes. It may seem ridiculous — but it is at any rate, I hope, not offensive to her nor hers — in me to pretend to recollect anything about her, at so early a period of both our lives, almost, if not quite, in our nurseries; — but it was a pleasant dream, which she must pardon me for remembering. Is she pretty still? I have the most perfect idea of her person, as a child; but Time, I suppose, has played the devil with us both."]

[1] The Dee is a beautiful river, which rises near Mar Lodge, and falls into the sea at New Aberdeen.

Ah! splendour has raised, but embitter'd my lot;
More dear were the scenes which my infancy knew:
Though my hopes may have fail'd, yet they are not forgot;
Though cold is my heart, still it lingers with you.

When I see some dark hill point its crest to the sky,
I think of the rocks that o'ershadow Colbleen; [1]
When I see the soft blue of a love-speaking eye,
I think of those eyes that endear'd the rude scene;
When, haply, some light-waving locks I behold,
That faintly resemble my Mary's in hue,
I think on the long flowing ringlets of gold,
The locks that were sacred to beauty, and you.

Yet the day may arrive when the mountains once more
Shall rise to my sight in their mantles of snow: [2]

[1] Colbleen is a mountain near the verge of the Highlands, not far from the ruins of Dee Castle.

[2] [In the spring of 1807, on recovering from a severe illness, Lord Byron had projected a visit to Scotland. The plan was not put into execution; but he thus adverts to it, in a letter dated in August, and addressed to his fair correspondent of Southwell: — "On Sunday I set off for the Highlands. A friend of mine accompanies me in my carriage to Edinburgh. There we shall leave it, and proceed in a tandem through the western parts to Inverary, where we shall purchase shelties, to enable us to view places inaccessible to vehicular conveyances. On the coast we shall hire a vessel, and visit the most remarkable of the Hebrides, and, if we have time and favourable weather, mean to sail as far as Iceland, only three hundred miles from the northern extremity of Caledonia, to peep at Hecla. I mean to collect all the Erse traditior poems, &c. &c., and translate, or expand the subject to fill a volume, which may appear next spring under the denomination '*The Highland Harp*,' or some title equally *picturesque*. What would you say to some stanzas on Mount Hecla? They would be written at least with *fire*."]

But while these soar above me, unchanged as before,
Will Mary be there to receive me? — ah, no!
Adieu, then, ye hills, where my childhood was bred!
Thou sweet flowing Dee, to thy waters adieu!
No home in the forest shall shelter my head, —
Ah! Mary, what home could be mine but with you?

TO GEORGE, EARL DELAWARR.[1]

Oh! yes, I will own we were dear to each other;
The friendships of childhood, though fleeting, are true;
The love which you felt was the love of a brother,
Nor less the affection I cherish'd for you.

But Friendship can vary her gentle dominion;
The attachment of years in a moment expires:
Like Love, too, she moves on a swift-waving pinion,
But glows not, like Love, with unquenchable fires.

Full oft have we wander'd through Ida together,
And blest were the scenes of our youth, I allow:
In the spring of our life, how serene is the weather!
But winter's rude tempests are gathering now.

No more with affection shall memory blending,
The wonted delights of our childhood retrace:
When pride steels the bosom, the heart is unbending,
And what would be justice appears a disgrace.

[1] [See *antè*, p. 134.]

However, dear George, for I still must esteem you —
The few whom I love I can never upbraid —
The chance which has lost may in future redeem you,
Repentance will cancel the vow you have made.

I will not complain, and though chill'd is affection,
With me no corroding resentment shall live:
My bosom is calm'd by the simple reflection,
That both may be wrong, and that both should forgive.

You knew that my soul, that my heart, my existence,
If danger demanded, were wholly your own;
You knew me unalter'd by years or by distance,
Devoted to love and to friendship alone.

You knew, — but away with the vain retrospection!
The bond of affection no longer endures;
Too late you may droop o'er the fond recollection,
And sign for the friend who was formerly yours.

For the present, we part, — I will hope not for ever;
For time and regret will restore you at last:
To forget our dissension we both should endeavour,
I ask no atonement, but days like the past.

TO THE EARL OF CLARE.

" Tu semper amoris
Sis memor, et cari comitis ne abscedat imago." VAL. FLAC.

FRIEND of my youth! when young we roved,
Like striplings, mutually beloved,
With friendship's purest glow,
The bliss which wing'd those rosy hours
Was such as pleasure seldom showers
On mortals here below.

The recollection seems alone
Dearer than all the joys I 've known,
When distant far from you:
Though pain, 't is still a pleasing pain,
To trace those days and hours again,
And sigh again, adieu!

My pensive memory lingers o'er
Those scenes to be enjoy'd no more,
Those scenes regretted ever;
The measure of our youth is full,
Life's evening dream is dark and dull,
And we may meet — ah! never!

As when one parent spring supplies
Two streams which from one fountain rise,
Together join'd in vain;
How soon, diverging from their source,
Each, murmuring, seeks another course,
Till mingled in the main!

Our vital streams of weal or woe,
Though near, alas! distinctly flow,

Nor mingle as before:
Now swift or slow, now black or clear,
Till death's unfathom'd gulf appear,
And both shall quit the shore.

Our souls, my friend! which once supplied
One wish, nor breathed a thought beside,
Now flow in different channels:
Disdaining humbler rural sports,
'T is yours to mix in polish'd courts,
And shine in fashion's annals;

'T is mine to waste on love my time,
Or vent my reveries in rhyme,
Without the aid of reason;
For sense and reason (critics know it)
Have quitted every amorous poet,
Nor left a thought to seize on.

Poor LITTLE! sweet, melodious bard!
Of late esteem'd it monstrous hard
That he, who sang before all, —
He who the lore of love expanded, —
By dire reviewers should be branded
As void of wit and moral.[1]

And yet, while Beauty's praise is thine,
Harmonious favourite of the Nine!
Repine not at thy lot.
Thy soothing lays may still be read,
When persecution's arm is dead,
And critics are forgot

[1] These stanzas were written soon after the appearance of a severe critique in a northern review, on a new publication of the British Anacreon. — [See Edinburgh Review, July, 1807, article on "*Epistles*, Odes, and other Poems, by Thomas Little, Esq."]

Still I must yield those worthies merit,
Who chasten with unsparing spirit,
Bad rhymes and those who write them;
And though myself may be the next
By critic sarcasm to be vext,
I really will not fight them.[1]

Perhaps they would do quite as well
To break the rudely sounding shell
Of such a young beginner:
He who offends at pert nineteen,
Ere thirty may become, I ween,
A very harden'd sinner.

Now, Clare, I must return to you;
And, sure, apologies are due:
Accept, then, my concession.
In truth, dear Clare, in fancy's flight
I soar along from left to right;
My muse admires digression.

I think I said 't would be your fate
To add one star to royal state;—
May regal smiles attend you!
And should a noble monarch reign,
You will not seek his smiles in vain,
If worth can recommend you.

Yet since in danger courts abound,
Where specious rivals glitter round,
From snares may saints preserve you;

[1] A bard (horresco referens) defied his reviewer to mortal combat. If this example becomes prevalent, our periodical censors must be dipped in the river Styx: for what else can secure them from the numerous host of their enraged assailants?

And grant your love or friendship ne'er
From any claim a kindred care,
  But those who best deserve you!

Not for a moment may you stray
From truth's secure, unerring way!
  May no delights decoy!
O'er roses may your footsteps move,
Your smiles be ever smiles of love,
  Your tears be tears of joy!

Oh! if you wish that happiness
Your coming days and years may bless,
  And virtues crown your brow;
Be still as you were wont to be,
Spotless as you 've been known to me, —
  Be still as you are now.[1]

And though some trifling share of praise,
To cheer my last declining days,
  To me were doubly dear;
Whilst blessing your beloved name,
I 'd waive at once a *poet*'s fame,
  To prove a *prophet* here.

[1] ["Of all I have ever known, Clare has always been th altered in every thing from the excellent qualities and kinc tions which attached me to him so strongly at school. I hardly have thought it possible for society (or the world, called,) to leave a being with so little of the leaven of bad pa I do not speak from personal experience only, but from all ever heard of him from others, during absence and distr *Byron Diary*, 1821.]

LINES WRITTEN BENEATH AN ELM IN THE CHURCHYARD OF HARROW.[1]

Spot of my youth! whose hoary branches sigh,
Swept by the breeze that fans thy cloudless sky;
Where now alone I muse, who oft have trod,
With those I loved, thy soft and verdant sod;
With those who, scatter'd far, perchance deplore,
Like me, the happy scenes they knew before:
Oh! as I trace again thy winding hill,
Mine eyes admire, my heart adores thee still,
Thou drooping Elm! beneath whose boughs I lay,
And frequent mused the twilight hours away;
Where, as they once were wont, my limbs recline,
But, ah! without the thoughts which then were mine;
How do thy branches, moaning to the blast,
Invite the bosom to recall the past,
And seem to whisper, as they gently swell,
"Take, while thou canst, a lingering, last farewell!"

When fate shall chill, at length, this fever'd breast,
And calm its cares and passions into rest,
Oft have I thought, 't would soothe my dying hour, —
If aught may soothe when life resigns her power, —

[1] [On losing his natural daughter, Allegra, in April, 1822, Lord Byron sent her remains to be buried at Harrow, "where," he says, in a letter to Mr. Murray, "I once hoped to have laid my own." "There is," he adds, "a spot in the *churchyard*, near the footpath, on the brow of the hill looking towards Windsor, and a tomb under a large tree (bearing the name of Peachie, or Peachey), where I used to sit for hours and hours when a boy. This was my favourite spot; but as I wish to erect a tablet to her memory, the body had better be deposited in the *church*;" — and it was so accordingly.]

To know some humbler grave, some narrow cell,
Would hide my bosom where it loved to dwell;
With this fond dream, methinks 't were sweet to die —
And here it linger'd, here my heart might lie;
Here might I sleep where all my hopes arose,
Scene of my youth, and couch of my repose;
For ever stretch'd beneath this mantling shade,
Press'd by the turf where once my childhood play'd;
Wrapt by the soil that veils the spot I loved,
Mix'd with the earth o'er which my footsteps moved;
Blest by the tongues that charm'd my youthful ear,
Mourn'd by the few my soul acknowledged here;
Deplored by those in early days allied,
And unremember'd by the world beside.

September 2. 1807.

[*The "Lines written beneath an Elm at Harrow," were the last in the little volume printed at Newark in* 1807. *The reader is referred to Mr. Moore's* Notices, *for various interesting particulars respecting the impression produced on Lord Byron's mind by the celebrated Critique of his juvenile performances, put forth in the Edinburgh Review, — a journal which, at that time, possessed nearly undivided influence and authority. The poet's diaries and letters afford evidence that, in his latter days, he considered this piece as the work of Mr.* (*now Lord*) *Brougham; but on what grounds he had come to that conclusion he nowhere mentions. It forms, however, from whatever pen it may have proceeded, so important a link in Lord Byron's literary history, that we insert it at length.*]

ARTICLE FROM THE EDINBURGH REVIEW, FOR JANUARY, 1808.

Hours of Idleness; a Series of Poems, original and translated. By George Gordon, Lord Byron, a Minor. 8vo. pp. 200. Newark, 1807.

THE poesy of this young lord belongs to the class which neither gods nor men are said to permit. Indeed, we do not recollect to have seen a quantity of verse with so few deviations in either direction from that exact standard. His effusions are spread over a dead flat, and can no more get above or below the level, than if they were so much stagnant water. As an extenuation of this offence, the noble author is peculiarly forward in pleading minority. We have it in the titlepage, and on the very back of the volume; it follows his name like a favourite part of his *style*. Much stress is laid upon it in the preface; and the poems are connected with this general statement of his case, by particular dates, substantiating the age at which each was written. Now, the law upon the point of minority we hold to be perfectly clear. It is a plea available only to the defendant; no plaintiff can offer it as a supplementary ground of action. Thus, if any suit could be brought against Lord Byron, for the purpose of compelling him to put into court a certain quantity of poetry, and if judgment were given against him, it is highly probable that an exception would be taken, were he to deliver *for poetry* the contents of this volume. To this he might plead *minority*; but, as he now makes voluntary tender of the article, he hath no right to sue, on that ground, for the price in good current praise, should the goods be unmarketable. This is our view of the law on the point; and we dare to say, so will it be ruled. Perhaps, however, in reality, all that he tells us about his youth is rather with a view to increase our wonder than to soften our censures. He possibly means to say, "See how a minor can write! This poem was actually composed by a young man of eighteen, and this by one of only sixteen!" But, alas! we all remember the poetry of Cowley at ten, and Pope at twelve; and so far from hearing with any degree of surprise, that very poor verses were written by a youth from his leaving school to his leaving college, inclusive, we really believe this to be the most common of all occurrences; that it happens in the life of nine men in ten who are educated in England; and that the tenth man writes better verse than Lord Byron.

His other plea of privilege our author rather brings forward in order to waive it. He certainly, however, does allude frequently *to his family* and ancestors — sometimes in poetry, sometimes in

notes; and, while giving up his claim on the score of rank, he takes care to remember us of Dr. Johnson's saying, that when a nobleman appears as an author, his merit should be handsomely acknowledged. In truth, it is this consideration only that induces us to give Lord Byron's poems a place in our review, beside our desire to counsel him, that he do forthwith abandon poetry, and turn his talents, which are considerable, and his opportunities, which are great, to better account.

With this view, we must beg leave seriously to assure him, that the mere rhyming of the final syllable, even when accompanied by the presence of a certain number of feet, — nay, although (which does not always happen) those feet should scan regularly, and have been all counted accurately upon the fingers, — is not the whole art of poetry. We would entreat him to believe, that a certain portion of liveliness, somewhat of fancy, is necessary to constitute a poem, and that a poem in the present day, to be read, must contain at least one thought, either in a little degree different from the ideas of former writers, or differently expressed. We put it to his candour, whether there is anything so deserving the name of poetry in verses like the following, written in 1806; and whether, if a youth of eighteen could say anything so uninteresting to his ancestors, a youth of nineteen should publish it: —

"Shades of heroes, farewell! your descendant, departing
From the seat of his ancestors, bids you adieu!
Abroad or at home, your remembrance imparting
New courage, he 'll think upon glory and you.

"Though a tear dim his eye at this sad separation,
'T is nature, not fear, that excites his regret:
Far distant he goes, with the same emulation;
The fame of his fathers he ne'er can forget.

"That fame, and that memory, still will he cherish;
He vows that he ne'er will disgrace your renown;
Like you will he live, or like you will he perish;
When decay'd, may he mingle his dust with your own."

Now, we positively do assert, that there is nothing better than these stanzas in the whole compass of the noble minor's volume.

Lord Byron should also have a care of attempting what the greatest poets have done before him, for comparisons (as he must have had occasion to see at his writing-master's) are odious. Gray's Ode on Eton College should really have kept out the ten hobbling stanzas "On a distant View of the Village and School of Harrow."

"Where fancy yet joys to retrace the resemblance
Of comrades, in friendship and mischief allied,
How welcome to me your ne'er-fading remembrance,
Which rests in the bosom, though hope is denied."

In like manner, the exquisite lines of Mr. Rogers, "*On a Tear*," might have warned the noble author off those premises, and spared us a whole dozen such stanzas as the following:—

"Mild Charity's glow, to us mortals below,
Shows the soul from barbarity clear;
Compassion will melt where this virtue is felt,
And its dew is diffused in a Tear.

"The man doom'd to sail with the blast of the gale,
Through billows Atlantic to steer,
As he bends o'er the wave, which may soon be his grave,
The green sparkles bright with a Tear."

And so of instances in which former poets have failed. Thus, we do not think Lord Byron was made for translating, during his nonage, "Adrian's Address to his Soul," when Pope succeeded so indifferently in the attempt. If our readers, however, are of another opinion, they may look at it.

"Ah! gentle, fleeting, wavering sprite,
Friend and associate of this clay!
To what unknown region borne
Wilt thou now wing thy distant flight?
No more with wonted humour gay,
But pallid, cheerless, and forlorn."

However, be this as it may, we fear his translations and imitations are great favourites with Lord Byron, We have them of all kinds, from Anacreon to Ossian; and, viewing them as school excercises, they may pass. Only, why print them after they have had their day and served their turn? And why call the thing in p. 79.* a translation, where *two* words (*θέλω λέγειν*) of the original are expanded into four lines, and the other thing in p. 81.†, where *μετρονυκτιοις πεθ' ὑρμις* is rendered by means of six hobbling verses? As to his Ossianic poesy, we are not very good judges, being, in truth, so moderately skilled in that species of composition, that we should, in all probability, be criticising some bit of the genuine Macpherson itself, were we to express our opinion of Lord Byron's rhapsodies. If, then, the following beginning of a "Song of Bards" is by his lordship, we venture to object to it, as far as we can comprehend it. "What form rises on the roar of clouds, whose dark ghost gleams on the red stream of tempests? His voice rolls on the thunder; 'tis Orla, the brown chief of Othona. He was," &c. After detaining this "brown chief" some time, the bards conclude by giving him their advice to "raise his fair locks;" then to "spread them on the arch of the rainbow;" and "to smile through the tears of the storm." Of this kind of thing there are no less than *nine* pages; and we can so far ven-

* See p. 23. † See p. 24.

ture an opinion in their favour, that they look very like Macpherson; and we are positive they are pretty nearly as stupid and tiresome.

It is a sort of privilege of poets to be egotists; but they should "use it as not abusing it;" and particularly one who piques himself (though indeed at the ripe age of nineteen) on being "an infant bard,"—("The artless Helicon I boast is youth")—should either not know, or should seem not to know, so much about his own ancestry. Besides a poem above cited, on the family seat of the Byrons, we have another of eleven pages, on the self-same subject, introduced with an apology, "he certainly had no intention of inserting it," but really "the particular request of some friends," &c. &c. It concludes with five stanzas on himself, "the last and youngest of a noble line." There is a good deal also about his maternal ancestors, in a poem on Lachin y Gair, a mountain where he spent part of his youth, and might have learnt that pibroch is not a bagpipe, any more than duet means a fiddle.

As the author has dedicated so large a part of his volume to immortalise his employments at school and college, we cannot possibly dismiss it without presenting the reader with a specimen of these ingenious effusions. In an ode with a Greek motto, called Granta, we have the following magnificent stanzas:—

"There, in apartments small and damp,
The candidate for college prizes
Sits poring by the midnight lamp,
Goes late to bed, yet early rises.

"Who reads false quantities in Sele,
Or puzzles o'er the deep triangle,
Deprived of many a wholesome meal,
In barbarous Latin doom'd to wrangle:

"Renouncing every pleasing page,
From authors of historic use,
Preferring to the letter'd sage
The square of the hypothenuse.

"Still harmless are these occupations,
That hurt none but the hapless student,
Compared with other recreations,
Which bring together the imprudent."

We are sorry to hear so bad an account of the college psalmody as is contained in the following Attic stanzas:—

"Our choir would scarcely be excused
Even as a band of raw beginners;
All mercy now must be refused
To such a set of croaking sinners.

" If David, when his toils were ended,
Had heard these blockheads sing before him,
To us his psalms had ne'er descended:
In furious mood he would have tore 'em!"

But, whatever judgment may be passed on the poems of this noble minor, it seems we must take them as we find them, and be content; for they are the last we shall ever have from him. He is, at best, he says, but an intruder into the groves of Parnassus: he never lived in a garret, like thorough-bred poets; and "though he once roved a careless mountaineer in the Highlands of Scotland," he has not of late enjoyed this advantage. Moreover, he expects no profit from his publication; and, whether it succeeds or not, "it is highly improbable, from his situation and pursuits hereafter," that he should again condescend to become an author. Therefore, let us take what we get, and be thankful. What right have we poor devils to be nice? We are well off to have got so much from a man of this lord's station, who does not live in a garret, but "has the sway" of Newstead Abbey. Again we say, let us be thankful; and, with honest Sancho, bid God bless the giver, nor look the gift horse in the mouth.[1]

[1] [The *Monthly Reviewers*, in those days the next in circulation to the Edinburgh, gave a much more favourable notice of the "Hours of Idleness." "These compositions (said they) are generally of a plaintive or an amatory cast, with an occasional mixture of satire; and they display both ease and strength — both pathos and fire. It will be expected that marks of juvenility and of haste should be discovered in these productions; and we seriously advise our young bard to fulfil with submissive perseverance the duties of revision and correction. We discern, in Lord Byron, a degree of mental power, and a turn of mental disposition, which render us solicitous that both should be well cultivated and wisely directed, in his career of life. He has received talents, and is accountable for the use of them. We trust that he will render them beneficial to man, and a source of real gratification to himself in declining age. Then may he properly exclaim with the Roman orator, 'Non lubet mihi deplorare vitam, quod multi, et ii docti, sæpe fecerunt; neque me vixisse pœnitet: quoniam ita vixi, ut non frustra me natum existimem.'" — Lord Byron repaid the Edinburgh Critique with a Satire — and became himself a *Monthly Reviewer*.]

ENGLISH BARDS

AND

SCOTCH REVIEWERS:

A SATIRE.

" I had rather be a kitten, and cry mew!
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers."
SHAKSPEARE.

" Such shameless bards we have; and yet 'tis true,
There are as mad, abandon'd critics too."
POPE.

[THE first edition of this satire, which then
now the ninety-seventh line ("*Time was, ere y*
in March, 1809. A second, to which the author
followed in October of that year; and a third
called for during his first *pilgrimage*, in 1810
return to England, a fifth edition was prepared
himself, with considerable care, but suppressed,
copy, destroyed, when on the eve of publicatio
now printed from the copy that escaped; on casua
which, in 1816, he re-perused the whole, and wrot
some annotations, which also we shall preserve,
them, by the insertion of their date, from those
prior editions.

The first of these MS. notes of 1816 appears on t
runs thus:—"The binding of this volume is co
valuable for the contents; and nothing but the c
its being the property of another, prevents me fr
this miserable record of misplaced anger and indisc
mony to the flames."]

PREFACE.[1]

ALL my friends, learned and unlearned, have urged me not to publish this Satire with my name. If I were to be "turned from the career of my humour by quibbles quick, and paper bullets of the brain," I should have complied with their counsel. But I am not to be terrified by abuse, or bullied by reviewers, with or without arms. I can safely say that I have attacked none personally, who did not commence on the offensive. An author's works are public property: he who purchases may judge, and publish his opinion if he pleases; and the authors I have endeavoured to commemorate may do by me as I have done by them. I dare say they will succeed better in condemning my scribblings, than in mending their own. But my object is not to prove that I can write well, but, if possible, to make others write better.

As the poem has met with far more success than I expected, I have endeavoured in this edition to make some additions and alterations, to render it more worthy of public perusal.

[1] This preface was written for the second edition, and printed with it. The noble author had left this country previous to the publication of that edition, and is not yet returned. — *Note to the fourth edition*, 1811. — ["He is, and gone again." — B. 1816.]

In the [illegible] mously, fourteen lines [illegible] were written by, and inserted [illegible] ingenious friend of mine [1], who has now [illegible] a volume of poetry. In the present edition they erased, and some of my own substituted in their ste my only reason for this being that which I conc would operate with any other person in the same ma —a determination not to publish with my name production, which was not entirely and exclusivel own composition.

With [2] regard to the real talents of many poetical persons whose performances are mentio alluded to in the following pages, it is presume author that there can be little difference of op the public at large; though, like other secta has his separate tabernacle of proselytes, by abilities are over-rated, his faults overlooke metrical canons received without scruple ar consideration. But the unquestionable p considerable genius by several of the writer cured renders their mental prostitution [illegible]d. Imbecility may be pitied, or, at w [illegible] perverted powers dem [illegible]ne can wish

A caustic is here offered; as it is to be feared nothing short of actual cautery can recover the numerous patients afflicted with the present prevalent and distressing *rabies* for rhyming. — As to the Edinburgh Reviewers [1], it would indeed require an Hercules to crush the Hydra; but if the author succeeds in merely "bruising one of the heads of the serpent," though his own hand should suffer in the encounter, he will be amply satisfied.[2]

[1] ["I well recollect," said Lord Byron, in 1821, "the effect which the critique of the Edinburgh Reviewers, on my first poem, had upon me — it was rage, and resistance, and redress; but not despondency nor despair. A savage review is hemlock to a sucking author, and the one on me (which produced the English Bards, &c.) knocked me down — but I got up again. That critique was a master-piece of low wit, a tissue of scurrilous abuse. I remember there was a great deal of vulgar trash, about people being 'thankful for what they could get,' — 'not looking a gift horse in the mouth', and such stable expressions. But so far from their bullying me, or deterring me from writing, I was bent on falsifying their raven predictions, and determined to show them, croak as they would, that it was not the last time they should hear from me."]

[2] ["The severity of the criticism," as Sir Egerton Brydges has well observed, "touched Lord Byron in the point where his original strength lay: it wounded his pride, and roused his bitter indignation. He published 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,' and bowed down those who had hitherto held a despotic victory over the public mind. There was, after all, more in the boldness of the enterprise, in the fearlessness of the attack, than in its intrinsic force. But the moral effect of the gallantry of the assault, and of the justice of the cause, made it victorious and triumphant. This was one of those lucky developements which cannot often occur; and which fixed Lord Byron's fame. From that day he engaged the public notice as a writer of undoubted talent and energy both of intellect and temper."]

ENGLISH BARDS

AND

SCOTCH REVIEWERS.

---

nust I hear? [1]—shall hoarse Fitzgerald [2] bawl
aking couplets in a tavern hall, [3]

" Semper ego auditor tantum? nunquamne reponam,
Vexatus toties rauci Theseide Codri?"—*Juv. Sat.* 1.
rse Fitzgerald."—"Right enough; but why notice
ntebank?"—*Byron*, 1816.]

zgerald, facetiously termed by Cobbett the "Small
" inflicts his annual tribute of verse on the Literary
content with writing, he spouts in person, after the
e imbibed a reasonable quantity of bad port, to enable
ain the operation.—[For the long period of thirty-
is harmless poetaster was an attendant at the anni-
rs of the Literary Fund, and constantly honoured
with an ode, which he himself recited with most
y of emphasis. He was fortunate in having for his
nt Dudley and Ward, on whose death, without a
olent intentions towards the bard were fulfilled by
of Dudley, who generously sent him a draft for
ald died in 1829. Of his numerous loyal effusions
se has survived its author; but the characteristics
e been so happily hit off in the "Rejected Ad-
work which Lord Byron has pronounced to be
: thing of the kind since the Rolliad;")—that
the temptation of an extract:—

(confound his soul!) the houses twain,
Garden and of Drury Lane?

And I not sing, lest, haply, Scotch reviews
Should dub me scribbler, and denounce my muse?
Prepare for rhyme — I 'll publish, right or wrong:
Fools are my theme, let satire be my song.

Oh! nature's noblest gift — my grey goose-quill!
Slave of my thoughts, obedient to my will,
Torn from thy parent bird to form a pen,
That mighty instrument of little men!
The pen! foredoomed to aid the mental throes
Of brains that labour, big with verse or prose,
Though nymphs forsake, and critics may deride
The lover's solace, and the author's pride.
What wits! what poets dost thou daily raise!
How frequent is thy use, how small thy praise!
Condemn'd at length to be forgotten quite,
With all the pages which 't was thine to write.
But thou, at least, mine own especial pen!
Once laid aside, but now assumed again,

Who, while the British squadron lay off Cork,
(God bless the Regent and the Duke of York!)
With a foul earthquake ravaged the Caraccas,
And raised the price of dry-goods and tobaccos?
Who makes the quartern-loaf and Luddites rise?
Who fills the butchers' shops with large blue flies?
Who thought in flames St. James's court to pinch?
Who burnt the wardrobe of poor Lady Finch? —
Why he, who forging for this isle a yoke,
Reminds me of a line I lately spoke —
'*The tree of freedom is the British Oak.*'
Bless every man possess'd of aught to give!
Long may Long Tilney Wellesley Long Pole live!
God bless the army, bless their coats of scarlet!
God bless the navy, bless the Princess Charlotte!
God bless the Guards, though worsted Gallia scoff!
God bless their pig-tails, though they 're now cut off!
And oh! in Downing Street should Old Nick revel,
England's prime minister, then bless the Devil!"]

Our task complete, like Hamet's [1] shall be free;
Though spurn'd by others, yet beloved by me:
Then let us soar to-day; no common theme,
No eastern vision, no distemper'd dream [2]
Inspires — our path, though full of thorns, is plain;
Smooth be the verse, and easy be the strain.

When Vice triumphant holds her sov'reign sway,
Obey'd by all who nought beside obey;
When Folly, frequent harbinger of crime,
Bedecks her cap with bells of every clime;
When knaves and fools combined o'er all prevail,
And weigh their justice in a golden scale;
E'en then the boldest start from public sneers,
Afraid of shame, unknown to other fears,
More darkly sin, by satire kept in awe,
And shrink from ridicule, though not from law.

Such is the force of wit! but not belong
To me the arrows of satiric song;
The royal vices of our age demand
A keener weapon, and a mightier hand.
Still there are follies, e'en for me to chase,
And yield at least amusement in the race:
Laugh when I laugh, I seek no other fame;
The cry is up, and scribblers are my game.
Speed, Pegasus! — ye strains of great and small,
Ode, epic, elegy, have at you all!
I too can scrawl, and once upon a time
I poured along the town a flood of rhyme,

[1] Cid Hamet Benengeli promises repose to his pen, in the last chapter of Don Quixote. Oh! that our voluminous gentry would follow the example of Cid Hamet Benengeli!

[2] ["This must have been written in the spirit of prophecy." — B. 1816.]

A schoolboy freak, unworthy praise or blame;
I printed — older children do the same.
'T is pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print;
A book 's a book, although there 's nothing in't.
Not that a title's sounding charm can save
Or scrawl or scribbler from an equal grave:
This Lambe must own, since his patrician name
Fail'd to preserve the spurious farce from shame. [1]
No matter, George continues still to write, [2]
Though now the name is veiled from public sight.
Moved by the great example, I pursue
The self-same road, but make my own review:
Not seek great Jeffrey's, yet, like him, will be
Self-constituted judge of poesy.

A man must serve his time to every trade
Save censure — critics all are ready made.
Take hackney'd jokes from Miller, got by rote,
With just enough of learning to misquote;
A mind well skill'd to find or forge a fault;
A turn for punning, call it Attic salt;
To Jeffrey go, be silent and discreet,
His pay is just ten sterling pounds per sheet:
Fear not to lie, 't will seem a sharper hit;
Shrink not from blasphemy, 't will pass for wit;
Care not for feeling — pass your proper jest,
And stand a critic, hated yet caress'd.

And shall we own such judgment? no — as soon
Seek roses in December — ice in June;

[1] This ingenious youth is mentioned more particularly, with his production, in another place.

[2] In the Edinburgh Review. — ["He 's a very good fellow; *and, except* his mother and sister, the best of the set, to my mind." — *B. 1816.*

Hope constancy in wind, or corn in chaff;
Believe a woman or an epitaph,
Or any other thing that 's false, before
You trust in critics, who themselves are sore;
Or yield one single thought to be misled
By Jeffrey's heart, or Lambe's Bœotian head.
To these young tyrants, [2] by themselves misp
Combined usurpers on the throne of taste;
To these, when authors bend in humble awe,
And hail their voice as truth, their word as l
While these are censors, 't would be sin to sp
While such are critics, why should I forbear
But yet, so near all modern worthies run,
'T is doubtful whom to seek, or whom to shu
Nor know we when to spare, or where to stri
Our bards and censors are so much alike.

Then should you ask me, [3] why I venture
The path which Pope and Gifford trod befor
If not yet sicken'd, you can still proceed:
Go on; my rhyme will tell you as you read.
"But hold!" exclaims a friend,—"here 's som
This — that — and t' other line seem incorrec
What then? the self-same blunder Pope has
And careless Dryden—"Ay, but Pye has n

[1] Messrs. Jeffrey and Lambe are the alpha and ome and last of the Edinburgh Review; the others are hereafter. ["This was not just. Neither the heart r of these gentlemen are at all what they are here repr the time this was written, I was personally unacqu either."— B. 1816.]

[2] IMIT. "Stulta est Clementia, cum tot ubique
——occurras perituræ parcere chartæ."

[3] IMIT. "Cur tamen hoc libeat potius decurrere campo
Per quem magnus equos Auruncæ flexit alum
Si vacat, et placidi rationem admittitis, edam.".

Time was, ere yet in these degenerate day
Ignoble themes obtained mistaken praise,
When sense and wit with poesy allied,
No fabled graces, flourish'd side by side;
From the same fount their inspiration drew,
And, rear'd by taste, bloom'd fairer as they gr

[1] [The first edition of the Satire opened with thi
Lord Byron's original intention was to prefix the follo

" ARGUMENT.

" The poet considereth times past, and their poesy
sudden transition to times present — is incensed ag
makers — revileth Walter Scott for cupidity and ballad-
with notable remarks on Master Southey — compla
Master Southey hath inflicted three poems, epic and
on the public — inveigheth against William Words
laudeth Mister Coleridge and his elegy on a young as
posed to vituperate Mr. Lewis — and greatly rebuket
Little (the late) and the Lord Strangford — recomme
Hayley to turn his attention to prose — and exhorteth
vians to glorify Mr. Grahame — sympathiseth with the
——— Bowles — and deploreth the melancholy fate of Ja
gomery — breaketh out into invective against the
Reviewers — calleth them hard names, harpies and

Then, in this happy isle, a Pope's [1] pure strain
Sought the rapt soul to charm, nor sought in v
A polish'd nation's praise aspired to claim,
And raised the people's as the poet's fame.
Like him great Dryden pour'd the tide of song,
In stream less smooth, indeed, yet doubly stron
Then Congreve's scenes could cheer, or Otway's
For nature then an English audience felt.
But why these names, or greater still, retrace,
When all to feebler bards resign their place?
Yet to such times our lingering looks are cast,
When taste and reason with those times are pas
Now look around, and turn each trifling page,
Survey the precious works that please the age.
This truth at least let satire's self allow,
No dearth of bards can be complain'd of now.[2]
The loaded press beneath her labour groans,
And printers' devils shake their weary bones;
While Southey's epics cram the creaking shelve
And Little's lyrics shine in hot-press'd twelves.
Thus saith the Preacher: "Nought beneath th
Is new;" yet still from change to change we ru
What varied wonders tempt us as they pass!
The cow-pox, tractors, galvanism, and gas,
In turns appear, to make the vulgar stare,
Till the swoln bubble bursts — and all is air!

[1] [When Lord Byron, in the autumn of 1808, was occup this Satire, he devoted a considerable portion of his a deep study of the writings of Pope; and from that pe be dated his enthusiastic admiration of this great poet.]

[2] ["One of my notions is, that the present is not a hi English poetry. There are *more* poets (soi-disant) t there were, and proportionably *less* poetry. This thesi maintained for some years; but, strange to say, it meeteth favour from my brethren of the shell." — *Diary*, 1821.]

Nor less new schools of Poetry arise,
Where dull pretenders grapple for the prize:
O'er taste awhile these pseudo-bards prevail:
Each country book-club bows the knee to Baal,
And, hurling lawful genius from the throne,
Erects a shrine and idol of its own; [1]
Some leaden calf — but whom it matters not,
From soaring Southey down to grovelling Stott. [2]

Behold! in various throngs the scribbling crew,
For notice eager, pass in long review:
Each spurs his jaded Pegasus apace,
And rhyme and blank maintain an equal race;

[1] ["With regard to poetry in general, I am convinced that we are all upon a wrong revolutionary poetical system, not worth a damn in itself, and from which none but Rogers and Crabbe are free. I am the more confirmed in this by having lately gone over some of our classics, particularly Pope, whom I tried in this way: — I took Moore's poems, and my own, and some others, and went over them side by side with Pope's, and I was really astonished and mortified at the ineffable distance, in point of sense, learning, effect, and even imagination, passion, and invention, between the little Queen Anne's man, and us of the Lower Empire. Depend upon it, it is all Horace then, and Claudian now, among us; and if I had to begin again, I would mould myself accordingly." — *Diary*, 1817.]

[2] Stott, better known in the "Morning Post" by the name of Hafiz. This personage is at present the most profound explorer of the bathos. I remember, when the reigning family left Portugal, a special Ode of Master Stott's, beginning thus: — (*Stott loquitur quoad Hibernia.*) —

"Princely offspring of Braganza,
Erin greets thee with a stanza," &c.

Also a Sonnet to Rats, well worthy of the subject, and a most thundering Ode, commencing as follows: —

"Oh! for a Lay! loud as the surge
That lashes Lapland's sounding shore."

Lord have mercy on us! the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" was *nothing to this.*

Sonnets on sonnets crowd,
And tales of terror jostle o
Immeasurable measures m
For simpering folly loves a
To strange mysterious dul
Admires the strain she can
Thus Lays of Minstrels [1] —
On half-strung harps whin
While mountain spirits pra
That dames may listen to t
And goblin brats, of Gilpin
Decoy young border-noble
And skip at every step, Lo
And frighten foolish babes,

[1] See the "Lay of the Last M
plan so incongruous and absurd
tion. The entrance of Thunde
Bayes' tragedy, unfortunately ta
from the dialogue between Mess
in the first canto. Then we ha

While high-born ladies in their magic cell,
Forbidding knights to read who cannot spell,
Despatch a courier to a wizard's grave,
And fight with honest men to shield a knave.

Next view in state, proud prancing on his roan,
The golden-crested haughty Marmion,
Now forging scrolls, now foremost in the fight,
Not quite a felon, yet but half a knight,
The gibbet or the field prepared to grace;
A mighty mixture of the great and base.
And think'st thou, Scott![1] by vain conceit perchance,
On public taste to foist thy stale romance,
Though Murray with his Miller may combine
To yield thy muse just half-a-crown per line?
No! when the sons of song descend to trade,
Their bays are sear, their former laurels fade.
Let such forego the poet's sacred name,
Who rack their brains for lucre,[2] not for fame:

[1] ["When Byron wrote his famous satire, I had my share of flagellation among my betters. My crime was having written a poem for a thousand pounds; which was no otherwise true, than that I sold the copyright for that sum. Now, not to mention that an author can hardly be censured for accepting such a sum as the booksellers are willing to give him, especially as the gentlemen of the trade made no complaints of their bargain, I thought the interference with my private affairs was rather beyond the limits of literary satire. I was, however, so far from having any thing to do with the offensive criticism in the Edinburgh, that I remonstrated against it with the editor, because I thought the 'Hours of Idleness' treated with undue severity. They were written, like all juvenile poetry, rather from the recollection of what had pleased the author in others, than what had been suggested by his own imagination; but, nevertheless, I thought they contained passages of noble promise." — SIR WALTER SCOTT.]

[2] [Lord Byron, as is well known, set out with the determination never to receive money for his writings. For the liberty to republish this satire, he refused four hundred guineas; and the money paid for the copyright of the first and second cantos of *Childe Harold*, and of the Corsair, he presented to Mr. Dallas. In

Still for stern Mammon may they toil in vain!
And sadly gaze on gold they cannot gain!

1816, to a letter enclosing a draft of 1000 guineas, offered by M
Murray for the Siege of Corinth and Parisina, the noble poet a
this answer: — "Your offer is liberal in the extreme, and mu
more than the two poems can possibly be worth — but I can
accept it, nor will not. You are most welcome to them, as ad
tions to the collected volumes, without any demand or expectat
on my part whatever. I have enclosed your draft torn, for f
of accidents by the way. I wish you would not throw temptat
in mine; it is not from a disdain of the universal idol — nor fr
a present superfluity of his treasures — I can assure you, tha
refuse to worship him; but what is right is right, and must
yield to circumstances." The poet was afterwards induced,
Mr. Murray's earnest persuasion, to accept the thousand guine
The subjoined statement of the sums paid by him at various tir
to Lord Byron for copyright may be considered a bibliop
curiosity: —

Childe Harold, I. II.	£ 600
——— III.	1575
——— IV.	2100
Giaour	525
Bride of Abydos	525
Corsair	525
Lara	700
Siege of Corinth	525
Parisina	525
Lament of Tasso	315
Manfred	315
Beppo	525
Don Juan, I. II.	1575
——— III. IV. V.	1575
Doge of Venice	1050
Sardanapalus, Cain, and Foscari	1100
Mazeppa	525
Prisoner of Chillon	525
Sundries	450
Hours of Idleness, English Bards and Scotch Reviewers, Hints from Horace, Werner, Deformed Transformed, Heaven and Earth, &c.	3,885
Life by Thomas Moore	4,200
	£ 23,540

Such be their meed, such still the just reward
Of prostituted muse and hireling bard!
For this we spurn Apollo's venal son,
And bid a long "good night to Marmion." [1]

These are the themes that claim our plaudits now;
These are the bards to whom the muse must bow;
While Milton, Dryden, Pope, alike forgot,
Resign their hallow'd bays to Walter Scott.

The time has been, when yet the muse was young,
When Homer swept the lyre, and Maro sung,
An epic scarce ten centuries could claim,
While awe-struck nations hail'd the magic name:
The work of each immortal bard appears
The single wonder of a thousand years. [2]
Empires have moulder'd from the face of earth,
Tongues have expired with those who gave them birth
Without the glory such a strain can give,
As even in ruin bids the language live.
Not so with us, though minor bards content,
On one great work a life of labour spent:
With eagle pinion soaring to the skies,
Behold the ballad-monger Southey rise!
To him let Camoens, Milton, Tasso yield,
Whose annual strains, like armies, take the field.

[1] "Good night to Marmion"—the pathetic and also prop exclamation of Henry Blount, Esquire, on the death of h Marmion.

[2] As the Odyssey is so closely connected with the story Iliad, they may almost be classed as one grand historical In alluding to Milton and Tasso, we consider the "Pa Lost," and "Gierusalemme Liberata," as their standard e since neither the "Jerusalem Conquered" of the Italian, " Paradise Regained" of the English bard, obtained a p tionate celebrity to their former poems. Query: Which *Southey's will survive?*"

First in the ranks see Joan of Arc advance,
The scourge of England and the boast of France!
Though burnt by wicked Bedford for a witch,
Behold the statue placed in glory's niche;
Her fetters burst, and just released from prison,
A virgin phœnix from her ashes risen.
Next see tremendous Thalaba come on, [1]
Arabia's monstrous, wild, and wondrous son; [2]
Domdaniel's dread destroyer, who o'erthrew
More mad magicians than the world e'er knew.
Immortal hero! all thy foes o'ercome,
For ever reign — the rival of Tom Thumb!
Since startled metre fled before thy face,
Well wert thou doom'd the last of all thy race!
Well might triumphant genii bear thee hence,
Illustrious conqueror of common sense!
Now, last and greatest, Madoc spreads his sails,
Cacique in Mexico, and prince in Wales;
Tells us strange tales, as other travellers do,
More old than Mandeville's, and not so true.
Oh, Southey! Southey! [3] cease thy varied song!
A bard may chant too often and too long:

[1] "Thalaba," Mr. Southey's second poem, is written in open defiance of precedent and poetry. Mr. S. wished to produce something novel, and succeeded to a miracle. "Joan of Arc" was marvellous enough, but "Thalaba" was one of those poems "which," in the words of Porson, "will be read when Homer and Virgil are forgotten, but — *not till then.*"

[2] ["Of Thalaba, the wild and wondrous song." — MADOC.]

[3] We beg Mr. Southey's pardon: "Madoc disdains the degrading title of epic." See his preface. Why is epic degraded? and by whom? Certainly the late romaunts of Masters Cottle, Laureat Pye, Ogilvy, Hole, and gentle Mistress Cowley, have not exalted the epic muse; but, as Mr. Southey's poem "disdains the appellation," allow us to ask — has he substituted any thing better in its stead? or must he be content to rival Sir Richard Blackmore in the quantity as well as quality of his verse?

As thou art strong in verse, in mercy, spare!
A fourth, alas! were more than we could bear.
But if, in spite of all the world can say,
Thou still wilt verseward plod thy weary way:
If still in Berkley ballads most uncivil,[1]
Thou wilt devote old women to the devil,
The babe unborn thy dread intent may rue:
"God help thee," Southey,[2] and thy readers too.[3]

Next comes the dull disciple of thy school,
That mild apostate from poetic rule,
The simple Wordsworth, framer of a lay
As soft as evening in his favourite May,[4]

[1] See "The Old Woman of Berkeley," a ballad, by Mr. Southey, wherein an aged gentlewoman is carried away by Beelzebub, on a "high-trotting horse."

[2] The last line, "God help thee," is an evident plagiarism from the Anti-jacobin to Mr. Gifford's parody on Mr. Southey's Dactylics, here alludes to Mr. Gifford's parody on Mr. Southey's Dactylics, which ends thus:—

"Ne'er talk of ears again! look at thy spelling-book;
Dilworth and Dyche are both mad at thy quantities—
Dactylics call'st thou 'em?—'God help thee, silly one.'"]

[3] [Lord Byron on being introduced to Mr. Southey in 1813, at Holland House, describes him, "as the best-looking hard he had seen for a long time."—"To have that poet's head and shoulders I would," he says, "almost have written his Sapphics. He certainly a prepossessing person to look on, and a man of talen and all that, and there is his eulogy." In his Journal, of the sam year, he says—"Southey I have not seen much of. His appea ance is *epic*, and he is the only existing entire man of letters. the others have some pursuit annexed to their authorship. manners are mild, but not those of a man of the world, and talents of the first order. His prose is perfect. Of his po there are various opinions: there is, perhaps, too much of it the present generation—posterity will probably select. He passages equal to any thing. At present, he has a *party*, bu public—except for his prose writings. His Life of Nels beautiful." Elsewhere, and later, Lord B. pronounces Sou Don Roderick, "the first poem of our time."]

[4 ["*Unjust.*"—B. 1816.]

Who warns his friend "to shake off toil and trouble,
And quit his books, for fear of growing double;" [1]
Who, both by precept and example, shows
That prose is verse, and verse is merely prose;
Convincing all, by demonstration plain,
Poetic souls delight in prose insane;
And Christmas stories tortured into rhyme
Contain the essence of the true sublime.
Thus when he tells the tale of Betty Foy,
The idiot mother of "an idiot boy;"
A moon-struck, silly lad, who lost his way,
And, like his bard, confounded night with day; [2]
So close on each pathetic part he dwells,
And each adventure so sublimely tells,
That all who view the "idiot in his glory"
Conceive the bard the hero of the story.

Shall gentle Coleridge pass unnoticed here,
To turgid ode and tumid stanza dear?
Though themes of innocence amuse him best,
Yet still obscurity's a welcome guest.
If Inspiration should her aid refuse
To him who takes a pixy for a muse, [3]

[1] Lyrical Ballads, p. 4.—"The Tables Turned." Stanza 1.

"Up, up, my friend, and clear your looks;
Why all this toil and trouble?
Up, up, my friend, and quit your books,
Or surely you'll grow double."

[2] Mr. W. in his preface labours hard to prove, that prose and verse are much the same; and certainly his precepts and practice are strictly conformable:—

"And thus to Betty's questions he
Made answer, like a traveller bold.
The cock did crow, to-whoo, to-whoo,
And the sun did shine so cold," &c. &c., p. 129.

[3] Coleridge's Poems, p. 11., Songs of the Pixies, i.e. Devonshire fairies; p. 42. we have, "Lines to a young Lady;" and, p. 52., "Lines to a young Ass."

Yet none in lofty numbers can surpass
The bard who soars to elegise an ass.
So well the subject suits his noble mind,
He brays,[1] the laureat of the long-ear'd kind.[2]

Oh! wonder-working Lewis![3] monk, or bard,
Who fain wouldst make Parnassus a church-yard!

[1] [Thus altered by Lord Byron, in his last revision of the satire. In all former editions the lines stood,

"A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind."]

[2] ["*Unjust*," B. 1816. — In a letter to Mr. Coleridge, written in 1815, Lord Byron says, — "You mention my 'Satire,' lampoon, or whatever you or others please to call it. I can only say, that it was written when I was very young and very angry, and has been a thorn in my side ever since: more particularly as almost all the persons animadverted upon became subsequently my acquaintances, and some of them my friends; which is 'heaping fire upon an enemy's head,' and forgiving me too readily to permit me to forgive myself. The part applied to you is pert, and petulant, and shallow enough; but, although I have long done every thing in my power to suppress the circulation of the whole thing, I shall always regret the wantonness or generality of many of its attempted attacks."]

[3] [Matthew Gregory Lewis, M. P. for Hindon, never distinguished himself in Parliament, but, mainly in consequence of the clever use he made of his knowledge of the German language, then a rare accomplishment, attracted much notice in the literary world, at a very early period of his life. His Tales of Terror; the drama of the Castle Spectre; and the romance called the Bravo of Venice (which is, however, little more than a version from the Swiss Zschocke); but, above all, the libidinous and impious novel of the Monk, invested the name of Lewis with an extraordinary degree of celebrity, during the poor period which intervened between the obscuration of Cowper, and the full display of Sir Walter Scott's talents in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," — a period which is sufficiently characterised by the fact, that Hayley then passed for a Poet. Next to that solemn coxcomb, Lewis was for several years the fashionable versifier of his time; but his plagiarisms, perhaps more audacious than had ever before been resorted to by a man of real talents, were by degrees unveiled, and writers of greater original genius, as well as of purer taste and morals, successively emerging, *Monk Lewis*, dying young, had *already outlived* his reputation. In society he was to the last a

Lo! wreaths of yew, not laurel, bind thy brow,
Thy muse a sprite, Apollo's sexton thou!
Whether on ancient tombs thou tak'st thy stand,
By gibb'ring spectres hail'd, thy kindred band;
Or tracest chaste descriptions on thy page,
To please the females of our modest age;
All hail, M. P.![1] from whose infernal brain
Thin sheeted phantoms glide, a grisly train;
At whose command "grim women" throng in crowds,
And kings of fire, of water, and of clouds,
With "small gray men," "wild yagers," and what not,
To crown with honour thee and Walter Scott;
Again all hail! if tales like thine may please,
St. Luke alone can vanquish the disease;
Even Satan's self with thee might dread to dwell,
And in thy skull discern a deeper hell.

Who in soft guise, surrounded by a choir
Of virgins melting, not to Vesta's fire,

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favourite; and Lord Byron, who had become well acquainted with him during his experience of London life, thus notices his death, which occurred at sea in 1818:—"Lewis was a good man, a clever man, but a bore. My only revenge or consolation used to be setting him by the ears with some vivacious person who hated bores especially,—Madame de Staël or Hobhouse, for example. But I liked Lewis; he was a jewel of a man, had he been better set;—I don't mean *personally*, but less *tiresome*, for he was tedious, as well as contradictory to every thing and every body. Poor fellow! he died a martyr to his new riches—of a second visit to Jamaica:—

"I'd give the lands of Deloraine,
Dark Musgrave were alive again!"

That is,—

"I would give many a sugar-cane,
Mat Lewis were alive again!"]

[1] "For every one knows little Matt's an M. P."—See a poem to Mr Lewis, in 'The Statesman,' supposed to be written by Mr. Jekyll.

With sparkling eyes, and cheek by passion flus
Strikes his wild lyre, whilst listening dames are
'T is Little ! young Catullus of his day,
As sweet, but as immoral, in his lay !
Grieved to condemn,[1] the muse must still be jus
Nor spare melodious advocates of lust.
Pure is the flame which o'er her altar burns ;
From grosser incense with disgust she turns :
Yet kind to youth, this expiation o'er,
She bids thee "mend thy line, and sin no more.

For thee, translator of the tinsel song,
To whom such glittering ornaments belong,
Hibernian Strangford ! with thine eyes of blue,[3]
And boasted locks of red or auburn hue,
Whose plaintive strain each love-sick miss admi
And o'er harmonious fustian half expires,
Learn, if thou canst, to yield thine author's sens
Nor vend thy sonnets on a false pretence.
Think'st thou to gain thy verse a higher place,
By dressing Camoëns[4] in a suit of lace ?
Mend, Strangford ! mend thy morals and thy ta
Be warm, but pure ; be amorous, but be chaste
Cease to deceive ; thy pilfer'd harp restore,
Nor teach the Lusian bard to copy Moore.

[1] [In very early life, "Little's Poems" were Lord Byr vourite study: "Heigho !" he exclaims in 1820, in a l Moore, "I believe all the mischief I have ever done, or s been owing to that confounded book of yours."]

[2] [Originally, "mend thy life, and sin no more."]

[3] The reader, who may wish for an explanation of th refer to "Strangford's Camoëns," p. 127. note to p. 56., last page of the Edinburgh Review of Strangford's Camoë

[4] It is also to be remarked, that the things given to th *as poems* of Camoëns are no more to be found in the origi *tuguese*, than in the Song of Solomon.

Behold! — ye tarts! one moment spare the text
Hayley's last work, and worst — until his next;
Whether he spin poor couplets into plays,
Or damn the dead with purgatorial praise,
His style in youth or age is still the same,
For ever feeble and for ever tame.
Triumphant first see "Temper's Triumphs" shine!
At least I 'm sure they triumph'd over mine.
Of "Music's Triumphs," all who read may swear
That luckless music never triumph'd there. [1]

Moravians, rise! bestow some meet reward
On dull devotion — Lo! the Sabbath bard,
Sepulchral Grahame, [2] pours his notes sublime
In mangled prose, nor e'en aspires to rhyme;
Breaks into blank the Gospel of St. Luke,
And boldly pilfers from the Pentateuch;
And, undisturb'd by conscientious qualms,
Perverts the Prophets, and purloins the Psalms.

[1] Hayley's two most notorious verse productions are "Triumphs of Temper," and "The Triumph of Music." He has also written much comedy in rhyme, epistles, &c. &c. As he is rather an elegant writer of notes and biography, let us recommend Pope's advice to Wycherley to Mr. H.'s consideration, viz. "to convert his poetry into prose," which may be easily done by taking away the final syllable of each couplet. — [The only performance for which Hayley is now remembered is his Life of Cowper. His personal history has been sketched by Mr. Southey in the Quarterly Review, vol. xxxi. p. 263.]

[2] Mr. Grahame has poured forth two volumes of cant, under the name of "Sabbath Walks," and "Biblical Pictures."— [This very amiable man, and pleasing poet, published subsequently "The Birds of Scotland," and other pieces; but his reputation rests on his "Sabbath." He began life as an advocate at the Edinburgh bar; but he had little success there, and being of a melancholy and very devout temperament, entered into holy orders, and retired to a curacy near Durham, where he died in 1811.]

Hail, Sympathy! thy soft idea brings [1]
A thousand visions of a thousand things,
And shows, still whimpering through threes
years,
The maudlin prince of mournful sonneteers.
And art thou not their prince, harmonious Bow
Thou first, great oracle of tender souls?
Whether thou sing'st with equal ease, and grief,
The fall of empires, or a yellow leaf;
Whether thy muse most lamentably tells
What merry sounds proceed from Oxford bells,
Or, still in bells delighting, finds a friend
In every chime that jingled from Ostend;
Ah! how much juster were thy muse's hap,
If to thy bells thou wouldst but add a cap!
Delightful Bowles! still blessing and still blest,
All love thy strain, but children like it best.
'T is thine, with gentle Little's moral song,
To soothe the mania of the amorous throng!

[1] [Immediately before this line, we find, in the origin
script, the following, which Lord Byron good-naturedly c
to omit, at the request of Mr. Dallas, who was, no doubt,
of the scribbler they refer to:—

"In verse most stale, unprofitable, flat—
Come, let us change the scene, and '*glean*' with Pr
In him an author's luckless lot behold,
Condemn'd to make the books which once he sold;
Degraded man! again resume thy trade—
The votaries of the Muse are ill repaid,
Though daily puffs once more invite to buy
A new edition of thy 'Sympathy.'"

To which this note was appended:—"Mr. Pratt, onc
bookseller, now a London author, has written as muc
little purpose, as any of his scribbling cotemporaries.
'Sympathy' is in rhyme; but his prose productions are
voluminous." The more popular of these last were
"Gleanings."]

[2] See Bowles's "Sonnet to Oxford," and "Stanzas on
the Bells of Ostend."

With thee our nursery damsels shed their tears,
Ere miss as yet completes her infant years:
But in her teens thy whining powers are vain;
She quits poor Bowles for Little's purer strain.
Now to soft themes thou scornest to confine
The lofty numbers of a harp like thine;
"Awake a louder and a loftier strain," [1]
Such as none heard before, or will again!
Where all Discoveries jumbled from the flood,
Since first the leaky ark reposed in mud,
By more or less, are sung in every book,
From Captain Noah down to Captain Cook.
Nor this alone; but, pausing on the road,
The bard sighs forth a gentle episode; [2]
And gravely tells — attend, each beauteous miss! —
When first Madeira trembled to a kiss.
Bowles! in thy memory let this precept dwell,
Stick to thy sonnets, man! — at least they sell.[3]

[1] "Awake a louder," &c., is the first line in Bowles's "Spirit of Discovery;" a very spirited and pretty dwarf-epic. Among other exquisite lines we have the following: —

——— "A kiss
Stole on the list'ning silence, never yet
Here heard; they trembled even as if the power," &c. &c.

That is, the woods of Madeira trembled to a kiss; very much astonished, as well they might be, at such a phenomenon. — ["Misquoted and misunderstood by me; but not intentionally. It was not the "woods," but the people in them who trembled — why, Heaven only knows — unless they were overheard making the prodigious smack." — B. 1816.]

[2] The episode above alluded to is the story of "Robert à Machin" and "Anna d'Arfet," a pair of constant lovers, who performed the kiss above mentioned, that startled the woods of Madeira.

[3] ["Although," says Lord Byron, in 1821, "I regret having published 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,' the part which I regret the least is that which regards Mr. Bowles, with reference to Pope. Whilst I was writing that publication, in 1807 and

But if some new-born whim, or larger bribe,
Prompt thy crude brain, and claim thee for a scribe;
If chance some bard, though once by dunces fear'd,
Now, prone in dust, can only be revered;
If Pope, whose fame and genius, from the first,
Have foil'd the best of critics, needs the worst,
Do thou essay: each fault, each failing scan;
The first of poets was, alas! but man.
Rake from each ancient dunghill ev'ry pearl,
Consult Lord Fanny, and confide in Curll;[1]
Let all the scandals of a former age
Perch on thy pen, and flutter o'er thy page;

1808, Mr. Hobhouse was desirous that I should express our mutual opinion of Pope, and of Mr. Bowles's edition of his works. As I had completed my outline, and felt lazy, I requested that *he* would do so. He did it. His fourteen lines on Bowles's Pope are in the first edition of 'English Bards,' and are quite as severe, and much more poetical, than my own, in the second. On reprinting the work, as I put my name to it, I omitted Mr. Hobhouse's lines, by which the work gained less than Mr. Bowles."—The following are the lines written by Mr. Hobhouse:—

"Stick to thy sonnets, man!—at least they sell;
Or take the only path that open lies
For modern worthies who would hope to rise:
Fix on some well-known name, and, bit by bit,
Pare off the merits of his worth and wit;
On each alike employ the critic's knife,
And when a comment fails, prefix a life;
Hint certain failings, faults before unknown,
Review forgotten lies, and add your own;
Let no disease, let no misfortune 'scape,
And print, if luckily deform'd, his shape:
Thus shall the world, quite undeceived at last,
Cleave to their present wits, and quit their past;
Bards once revered no more with favour view,
But give their modern sonneteers their due;
Thus with the dead may living merit cope,
Thus Bowles may triumph o'er the shade of Pope."]

[1] Curll is one of the heroes of the Dunciad, and was a bookseller. Lord Fanny is the poetical name of Lord Hervey, author *of "Lines* to the Imitator of Horace."

Affect a candour which thou canst not feel,
Clothe envy in the garb of honest zeal;
Write, as if St. John's soul could still inspire,
And do from hate what Mallet[1] did for hire.
Oh! hadst thou lived in that congenial time,
To rave with Dennis, and with Ralph to rhyme;[2]
Throng'd with the rest around his living head,
Not raised thy hoof against the lion dead;[3]
A meet reward had crown'd thy glorious gains,
And link'd thee to the Dunciad for thy pains.[4]

Another epic! Who inflicts again
More books of blank upon the sons of men?
Bœotian Cottle, rich Bristowa's boast,
Imports old stories from the Cambrian coast,
And sends his goods to market — all alive!
Lines forty thousand, cantos twenty-five!

[1] Lord Bolingbroke hired Mallet to traduce Pope after his decease, because the poet had retained some copies of a work by Lord Bolingbroke — the "Patriot King," — which that splendid, but malignant, genius had ordered to be destroyed. — ["Bolingbroke's thirst of vengeance," says Dr. Johnson, "incited him to blast the memory of the man over whom he had wept in his last struggles; and he employed Mallet, another friend of Pope, to tell the tale to the public, with all its aggravations."]

[2] Dennis the critic, and Ralph the rhymester. —

"Silence, ye wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia howls,
Making night hideous: answer him, ye owls!" — *Dunciad.*

[3] See Bowles's late edition of Pope's works, for which he received three hundred pounds. Thus Mr. B. has experienced how much easier it is to profit by the reputation of another, than to elevate his own.

[4] [Lord Byron's MS. note of 1816 on this passage is, — "Too savage all this on Bowles:" and well might he say so. That venerable person is still living; and in spite of all the criticism to which his injudicious edition of Pope exposed him afterwards, there can be no doubt that Lord B., in his calmer moments, did justice to that exquisite poetical genius which, by their own confession, originally inspired both Wordsworth and Coleridge.]

The precio[illegible]
Your turtle-feeder's ve[illegible]
Though Bristol bloat him with [illegible]
If Commerce fills the purse, she clogs the [illegible]
And Amos Cottle strikes the lyre in vain.
In him an author's luckless lot behold,
Condemn'd to make the books which once he sold
Oh, Amos Cottle! — Phœbus! what a name
To fill the speaking trump of future fame! —
Oh, Amos Cottle! for a moment think
What meagre profits spring from pen and ink!
When thus devoted to poetic dreams,
Who will peruse thy prostituted reams?
Oh pen perverted! paper misapplied!
Had Cottle[2] still adorn'd the counter's side,
Bent o'er the desk, or, born to useful toils,
Been taught to make the paper which he soi
Plough'd, delved, or plied the oar with lusty
He had not sung of Wales, nor I of him.[3]

[1] ["Fresh fish from Helicon!" — "Helicon" is a
not a fish-pond. It should have been "Hippocrene
[illegible]tle. Amos, Joseph, I don't know wh
[illegible] books they did not write, an
[illegible]blished a pair of e

As Sisyphus against the infernal steep
Rolls the huge rock whose motions ne'er may sleep,
So up thy hill, ambrosial Richmond, heaves
Dull Maurice [1] all his granite weight of leaves:
Smooth, solid monuments of mental pain!
The petrifactions of a plodding brain,
That, ere they reach the top, fall lumbering back again.

With broken lyre and cheek serenely pale,
Lo! sad Alcæus wanders down the vale;
Though fair they rose, and might have bloom'd at last,
His hopes have perished by the northern blast:
Nipp'd in the bud by Caledonian gales,
His blossoms wither as the blast prevails!
O'er his lost works let *classic* Sheffield weep;
May no rude hand disturb their early sleep! [2]

Yet say! why should the bard at once resign
His claim to favour from the sacred nine?
For ever startled by the mingled howl
Of northern wolves, that still in darkness prowl;

[1] Mr. Maurice hath manufactured the component parts of a ponderous quarto, upon the beauties of "Richmond Hill," and the like: — it also takes in a charming view of Turnham Green, Hammersmith, Brentford, Old and New, and the parts adjacent. — [The Rev. Thomas Maurice also wrote "Westminster Abbey," and other poems, the "History of Ancient and Modern Hindostan," &c., and his own "Memoirs; comprehending Anecdotes of Literary Characters, during a period of thirty years;" — a very amusing piece of autobiography. He died in 1824, at his apartments in the British Museum; where he had been for some years assistant keeper of MSS.]

[2] Poor Montgomery, though praised by every English Review, has been bitterly reviled by the Edinburgh. After all, the bard of Sheffield is a man of considerable genius. His "Wanderer of Switzerland" is worth a thousand "Lyrical Ballads," and at least fifty "degraded epics."

A coward brood, which mangle as they prey,
By hellish instinct, all that cross their way;
Aged or young, the living or the dead,
No mercy find — these harpies [1] must be fed.
Why do the injured unresisting yield
The calm possession of their native field?
Why tamely thus before their fangs retreat,
Nor hunt the blood-hounds back to Arthur's Se

Health to immortal Jeffrey! [3] once, in name,
England could boast a judge almost the same;
In soul so like, so merciful, yet just,
Some think that Satan has resign'd his trust,
And given the spirit to the world again,
To sentence letters, as he sentenced men.

[1] [In a MS. critique on this satire, by the late Rev. Crowe, public orator at Oxford, the incongruity of these m is thus noticed: — "Within the space of three or four co transforms a man into as many different animals: allow the compass of three lines, and he will metamorphose hi wolf into a harpy, and in three more he will make him hound." On seeing Mr. Crowe's remarks, Lord Byron Mr. Murray to substitute, in the copy in his possess "*hellish* instinct" "*brutal* instinct," for "*harpies*" " and for "*blood-hounds*" "*hell-hounds*."]

[2] Arthur's Seat; the hill which overhangs Edinburgh.

[3] [Mr. Jeffrey, who, after the first Number or two, st the Rev. Sydney Smith in the editorship of the Edinbu view, retired from his critical post some little time befor appointed Lord Advocate for Scotland. "I have often, s return to England," says Lord Byron, (*Diary*, 1814,) Jeffrey most highly commended by those who knew things independent of his talents. I admire him for th because he has praised me, but because he is, perhaps, man who, under the relations in which he and I stand, c with regard to each other, would have had the liberalit *thus: none* but a great soul dared hazard it — a little s *would have* gone on cavilling to the end of the chapter."]

With hand less mighty, but with heart as black,
With voice as willing to decree the rack;
Bred in the courts betimes, though all that law
As yet hath taught him is to find a flaw;
Since well instructed in the patriot school
To rail at party, though a party tool,
Who knows, if chance his patrons should restore
Back to the sway they forfeited before,
His scribbling toils some recompense may meet,
And raise this Daniel to the judgment-seat? [1]
Let Jeffries' shade indulge the pious hope,
And greeting thus, present him with a rope:
"Heir to my virtues! man of equal mind!
Skill'd to condemn as to traduce mankind,
This cord receive, for thee reserved with care,
To wield in judgment, and at length to wear."

Health to great Jeffrey! Heaven preserve his life,
To flourish on the fertile shores of Fife,
And guard it sacred in its future wars,
Since authors sometimes seek the field of Mars!
Can none remember that eventful day, [2]
That ever glorious, almost fatal fray,
When Little's leadless pistol met his eye,
And Bow Street myrmidons stood laughing by? [3]

[1] ["Too ferocious — this is mere insanity." — B. 1816.]

[2] ["All this is bad, because personal." — B. 1816.]

[3] In 1806, Messrs. Jeffrey and Moore met at Chalk-Farm. The duel was prevented by the interference of the magistracy; and, on examination, the balls of the pistols were found to have evaporated. This incident gave occasion to much waggery in the daily prints. [The preceding note was struck out of the fifth edition, and the following, after being submitted to Mr. Moore, substituted in its place. — "I am informed that Mr. Moore published at the time a disavowal of the statements in the newspapers, as far as regarded himself; and, in justice to him,

Oh, day disastrous! on her firm-set rock,
Dunedin's castle felt a secret shock;
Dark roll'd the sympathetic waves of Forth,
Low groan'd the startled whirlwinds of the north;
Tweed ruffled half his waves to form a tear,
The other half pursued its calm career;[1]
Arthur's steep summit nodded to its base,
The surly Tolbooth scarcely kept her place.
The Tolbooth felt — for marble sometimes can,
On such occasions, feel as much as man —
The Tolbooth felt defrauded of his charms,
If Jeffrey died, except within her arms: [2]
Nay last, not least, on that portentous morn,
The sixteenth story, where himself was born,
His patrimonial garret, fell to ground,
And pale Edina shuddered at the sound:
Strew'd were the streets around with milk-white reams,
Flow'd all the Canongate with inky streams;
This of his candour seem'd the sable dew,
That of his valour show'd the bloodless hue;
And all with justice deem'd the two combined
The mingled emblems of his mighty mind.

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mention this circumstance. As I never heard of it before, I cannot state the particulars, and was only made acquainted with the fact very lately. — November 4. 1811."]

[1] The Tweed here behaved with proper decorum; it would have been highly reprehensible in the English half of the river to have shown the smallest symptom of apprehension.

[2] This display of sympathy on the part of the Tolbooth (the principal prison in Edinburgh), which truly seems to have been most affected on this occasion, is much to be commended. It was to be apprehended, that the many unhappy criminals executed in the front might have rendered the edifice more callous. She is said to be of the softer sex, because her delicacy of feeling on this *day was truly* feminine, though, like most feminine impulses, *perhaps a little* selfish.

But Caledonia's goddess hover'd o'er
The field, and saved him from the wrath of Moore;
From either pistol snatch'd the vengeful lead,
And straight restored it to her favourite's head;
That head, with greater than magnetic pow'r,
Caught it, as Danaë caught the golden show'r,
And, though the thickening dross will scarce refine,
Augments its ore, and is itself a mine.
"My son," she cried, "ne'er thirst for gore again,
Resign the pistol and resume the pen;
O'er politics and poesy preside,
Boast of thy country, and Britannia's guide!
For long as Albion's heedless sons submit,
Or Scottish taste decides on English wit,
So long shall last thine unmolested reign,
Nor any dare to take thy name in vain.
Behold, a chosen band shall aid thy plan,
And own thee chieftain of the critic clan.
First in the oat-fed phalanx shall be seen
The travell'd thane, Athenian Aberdeen.[1]
Herbert shall wield Thor's hammer[2], and sometimes,
In gratitude, thou 'lt praise his rugged rhymes.

[1] His lordship has been much abroad, is a member of the Athenian Society, and reviewer of "Gell's Topography of Troy."—[George Hamilton Gordon, fourth Earl of Aberdeen, K.T., F.R.S., and P.S.A. In 1822, his lordship published an "Inquiry into the Principles of Beauty in Grecian Architecture."]

[2] Mr. Herbert is a translator of Icelandic and other poetry. One of the principal pieces is a "Song on the Recovery of Thor's Hammer:" the translation is a pleasant chant in the vulgar tongue, and endeth thus:—

"Instead of money and rings, I wot,
The hammer's bruises were her lot.
Thus Odin's son his hammer got."

[The Hon. William Herbert, brother to the Earl of Carnarvon. He also published, in 1811, "Helga," a poem in seven cantos.]

Smug Sydney [1] too thy bitter page shall seek,
And classic Hallam,[2] much renown'd for Greek;
Scott may perchance his name and influence lend,
And paltry Pillans [3] shall traduce his friend;
While gay Thalia's luckless votary, Lambe, [4]
Damn'd like the devil, devil-like will damn.

[1] The Rev. Sydney Smith, the reputed author of Peter Plymley's Letters, and sundry criticisms. — [Now (1832) one of the Canons Residentiary of St. Paul's, &c. &c. "Dyson's Address to his Constituents on the Reform Bill," and many other pieces published anonymously, or pseudonomously, are generally ascribed to this eminently witty person, who has put forth nothing, it is believed, in his own name, except a volume of Sermons."]

[2] Mr. Hallam reviewed Payne Knight's "Taste," and was exceedingly severe on some Greek verses therein. It was not discovered that the lines were Pindar's till the press rendered it impossible to cancel the critique, which still stands an everlasting monument of Hallam's ingenuity. — *Note added to second edition.* The said Hallam is incensed because he is falsely accused, seeing that he never dineth at Holland House. If this be true, I am sorry — not for having said so, but on his account, as I understand his lordship's feasts are preferable to his compositions. If he did not review Lord Holland's performance, I am glad; because it must have been painful to read, and irksome to praise it. If Mr. Hallam will tell me who did review it, the real name shall find a place in the text; provided, nevertheless, the said name be of two orthodox musical syllables, and will come into the verse: till then, Hallam must stand for want of a better. — [It cannot be necessary to vindicate the great author of the "Middle Ages" and the "Constitutional History of England" from the insinuations of the juvenile poet.]

[3] Pillans is a tutor at Eton. — [Mr. Pillans became afterwards Rector of the High School of Edinburgh, and has now been for some years Professor of Humanity at that University. There was not, it is believed, the slightest foundation for the charge in the text.]

[4] The Hon. George Lambe reviewed "Beresford's Miser and is, moreover, author of a farce enacted with much appl the Priory, Stanmore; and damned with great expeditio late theatre, Covent Garden. It was entitled, "Whistle f [Mr. Lambe was, in 1818, the successful candidate for sentation of Westminster, in opposition to Mr. Hobh *however, defeated* him in the following year. In 1821

Known be thy name, unbounded be thy sway!
Thy Holland's banquets shall each toil repay;
While grateful Britain yields the praise she owes
To Holland's hirelings and to learning's foes.
Yet mark one caution ere thy next Review
Spread its light wings of saffron and of blue,
Beware lest blundering Brougham [1] destroy the sale,
Turn beef to bannocks, cauliflowers to kail."
Thus having said, the kilted goddess kist
Her son, and vanish'd in a Scottish mist.[2]

Then prosper, Jeffrey! pertest of the train
Whom Scotland pampers with her fiery grain!
Whatever blessing wait a genuine Scot,
In double portion swells thy glorious lot;

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published a translation of Catullus; and, in 1832, was appointed Under Secretary of State for the Home Department, his chief being his brother, Lord Melbourne. He died in 1833.]

[1] Mr. Brougham, in No. XXV. of the Edinburgh Review, throughout the article concerning Don Pedro de Cevallos, has displayed more politics than policy; many of the worthy burgesses of Edinburgh being so incensed at the infamous principles it evinces, as to have withdrawn their subscriptions. — [Here followed, in the first edition, — "The name of this personage is pronounced Broom in the south, but the truly northern and *musical* pronunciation is BROUGH-AM, in two syllables;" but for this, Lord B. substituted in the second edition: — "It seems that Mr. Brougham is not a Pict, as I supposed, but a Borderer, and his name is pronounced Broom, from Trent to Tay: — so be it."]

[2] I ought to apologise to the worthy deities for introducing a new goddess with short petticoats to their notice: but, alas! what was to be done? I could not say Caledonia's genius, it being well known there is no such genius to be found from Clackmanan to Caithness; yet, without supernatural agency, how was Jeffrey to be saved? The national "kelpies" are too unpoetical, and the "brownies" and "gude neighbours" (spirits of a good disposition) refused to extricate him. A goddess, therefore, has been called for the purpose; and great ought to be the gratitude of Jeffrey, seeing it is the only communication he ever held, or is likely to hold, with any thing heavenly.

For thee Edina culls her evening sweets,
And showers their odours on thy candid sheets,
Whose hue and fragrance to thy work adhere —
This scents its pages, and that gilds its rear. [1]
Lo! blushing Itch, coy nymph, enamour'd grown,
Forsakes the rest, and cleaves to thee alone;
And, too unjust to other Pictish men,
Enjoys thy person, and inspires thy pen! [2]

Illustrious Holland! hard would be his lot,
His hirelings mention'd, and himself forgot! [3]
Holland, with Henry Petty [4] at his back,
The whipper-in and huntsman of the pack.
Blest be the banquets spread at Holland House, [5]
Where Scotchmen feed, and critics may carouse!

[1] See the colour of the back binding of the Edinburgh Review.

[2] [In the tenth canto of Don Juan, Lord Byron pays the following pretty compliment to his quondam antagonist:—

"And all our little feuds — at least all mine —
Dear Jeffrey, once my most redoubted foe,
(As far as rhyme and criticism combine
To make such puppets of us things below,)
Are over; here's a health to 'Auld Lang Syne;'
I do not know you, and may never know
Your face — but you have acted on the whole
Most nobly, and I own it from my soul."]

[3] ["Bad enough, and on mistaken grounds too." — B. 1816.]

[4] [Lord Henry Petty; — now (1837) Marquess of Lansdowne.]

[5] [In 1813, Lord Byron dedicated the Bride of Abydos to Lord Holland; and we find in his Journal (Nov. 17th) this passage:— "I have had a most kind letter from Lord Holland on the Bride of Abydos, which he likes, and so does Lady H. This is very good-natured in both, from whom I don't deserve any quarter. Yet I *did* think at the time that my cause of enmity proceeded from Holland House, and am glad I was wrong, and wish I had not been in such a hurry with that confounded Satire, of which I would *suppress* even the memory; but people, now they can't get it, make a *fuss*, I verily believe out of contradiction."]

Long, long beneath that hospitable roof
Shall Grub-street dine, while duns are kept aloof.
See honest Hallam lay aside his fork,
Resume his pen, review his Lordship's work,
And, grateful for the dainties on his plate,
Declare his landlord can at least translate![1]
Dunedin! view thy children with delight,
They write for food — and feed because they write:
And lest, when heated with the unusual grape,
Some glowing thoughts should to the press escape,
And tinge with red the female reader's cheek,
My lady skims the cream of each critique;
Breathes o'er the page her purity of soul,
Reforms each error, and refines the whole.[2]

Now to the Drama turn — Oh! motley sight!
What precious scenes the wondering eyes invite!
Puns, and a prince within a barrel pent,[3]
And Dibdin's nonsense yield complete content.

[1] Lord Holland has translated some specimens of Lope de Vega, inserted in his life of the author. Both are bepraised by his *disinterested* guests. — [We are not aware that Lord Holland has subsequently published any verses, except an universally admired version of the 28th canto of the Orlando Furioso, which is given by way of appendix to one of Mr. W. Stewart Rose's volumes.]

[2] Certain it is, her ladyship is suspected of having displayed her matchless wit in the Edinburgh Review. However that may be, we know, from good authority, that the manuscripts are submitted to her perusal — no doubt, for correction.

[3] In the melo-drama of Tekeli, that heroic prince is clapt into a barrel on the stage; a new asylum for distressed heroes. — [In the original MS. the note stands thus: — "In the melo-drama of Tekeli, that heroic prince is clapt into a barrel on the stage, and Count Evrard in the fortress hides himself in a green-house built expressly for the occasion. 'T is a pity that Theodore Hook, who is really a man of talent, should confine his genius to such paltry productions as the 'Fortress,' 'Music Mad,' &c. &c." — This extraordinary humorist, who was a mere boy at the date of Lord

Though now, thank Heaven! the Rosciomania's o'er,
And full-grown actors are endured once more;
Yet what avail their vain attempts to please,
While British critics suffer scenes like these;
While Reynolds vents his "dammes!" "poohs!" and "zounds!"[1]
And common-place and common sense confounds?
While Kenney's "World" — ah! where is Kenney's[2] wit? —
Tires the sad gallery, lulls the listless pit;
And Beaumont's pilfer'd Caratach affords
A tragedy complete in all but words?[3]
Who but must mourn, while these are all the rage,
The degradation of our vaunted stage!
Heavens! is all sense of shame and talent gone?
Have we no living bard of merit? — none!

Byron's satire, has since distinguished himself by works more worthy of his abilities — nine volumes of highly popular novels, entitled "Sayings and Doings" — a world of political *jeux d'esprit*, &c. &c.]

[1] All these are favourite expressions of Mr. Reynolds, and prominent in his comedies, living and defunct. — [The reader is referred to Mr. Reynolds's Autobiography, published in 1826, for a full account of his voluminous writings for the stage.]

[2] [Mr. Kenney has since written many successful dramas.]

[3] Mr. T. Sheridan, the new manager of Drury Lane theatre, stripped the tragedy of Bonduca of the dialogue, and exhibited the scenes as the spectacle of Caractacus. Was this worthy of his sire? or of himself? — [Thomas Sheridan, who united much of the convivial wit of his parent to many amiable qualities, received, after the termination of his theatrical management, the appointment of colonial paymaster at the Cape of Good Hope, where he died in September, 1817, leaving a widow, whose novel of "Carwell" has obtained much approbation, and several children; among others, the accomplished authoress of "Rosalie" and *other* poems, now the Honourable Mrs. Norton.]

Awake, George Colman ![1] Cumberland,[2] awake!
Ring the alarum bell! let folly quake!
Oh, Sheridan! if aught can move thy pen,
Let Comedy assume her throne again;
Abjure the mummery of the German schools;
Leave new Pizarros to translating fools;
Give, as thy last memorial to the age,
One classic drama, and reform the stage.
Gods! o'er those boards shall Folly rear her head,
Where Garrick trod, and Siddons lives to tread?[3]
On those shall Farce display Buffoon'ry's mask,
And Hook conceal his heroes in a cask?
Shall sapient managers new scenes produce
From Cherry, Skeffington, and Mother Goose?
While Shakspeare, Otway, Massinger, forgot,
On stalls must moulder, or in closets rot?
Lo! with what pomp the daily prints proclaim
The rival candidates for Attic fame!

[1] [Lord Byron entertained a high opinion of George Colman's convivial powers. — "If I had," he says, "to choose, and could not have both at a time, I should say, 'Let me begin the evening with Sheridan, and finish it with Colman.' Sheridan for dinner, and Colman for supper; Sheridan for claret or port, but Colman for every thing. Sheridan was a grenadier company of life-guards, but Colman a whole regiment — of *light infantry*, to be sure, but still a regiment." Mr. Colman died in December, 1836.]

[2] [Richard Cumberland, the well-known author of the "West Indian," the "Observer," and one of the most amusing of auto-biographies, died in 1811.]

[3] [In all editions previous to the fifth, it was, "Kemble lives to tread." Lord Byron used to say, that, "of actors, Cooke was the most natural, Kemble the most supernatural, Kean the medium between the two; but that Mrs. Siddons was worth them all put together." Such effect, however, had Kean's acting on his mind, that once, on seeing him play Sir Giles Overreach, he was seized with a sort of convulsive fit. John Kemble died in 1823, — his illustrious sister in 1830, and Edmund Kean in 1834.]

In grim array though Lewis' spectres rise,
Still Skeffington and Goose divide the prize. [1]
And sure *great* Skeffington must claim our praise,
For skirtless coats and skeletons of plays
Renown'd alike; whose genius ne'er confines
Her flight to garnish Greenwood's gay designs; [2]
Nor sleeps with "Sleeping Beauties," but anon
In five facetious acts comes thundering on, [3]
While poor John Bull, bewilder'd with the scene,
Stares, wondering what the devil it can mean;
But as some hands applaud, a venal few!
Rather than sleep, why John applauds it too.

Such are we now. Ah! wherefore should we turn
To what our fathers were, unless to mourn?
Degenerate Britons! are ye dead to shame,
Or, kind to dulness, do you fear to blame?
Well may the nobles of our present race
Watch each distortion of a Naldi's face;
Well may they smile on Italy's buffoons,
And worship Catalani's pantaloons, [4]
Since their own drama yields no fairer trace
Of wit than puns, of humour than grimace. [5]

[1] [Dibdin's pantomime of Mother Goose had a run of nearly a hundred nights, and brought more than twenty thousand pounds to the treasury of Covent Garden theatre.]

[2] Mr. Greenwood is, we believe, scene-painter to Drury Lane theatre — as such, Mr. Skeffington is much indebted to him.

[3] Mr. [now Sir Lumley] Skeffington is the illustrious author of the "Sleeping Beauty;" and some comedies, particularly "Maids and Bachelors:" Baccalaurii baculo magis quam lauro digni.

[4] Naldi and Catalani require little notice; for the visage of the one, and the salary of the other, will enable us long to recollect these amusing vagabonds. Besides, we are still black and blue from the squeeze on the first night of the lady's appearance in *trousers*.

[5] [*The following* twenty lines were struck off one night when

Then let Ausonia, skill'd in every art
To soften manners, but corrupt the heart,
Pour her exotic follies o'er the town,
To sanction Vice, and hunt Decorum down:
Let wedded strumpets languish o'er Deshayes,
And bless the promise which his form displays;
While Gayton bounds before th' enraptured looks
Of hoary marquises, and stripling dukes:
Let high-born lechers eye the lively Prêsle
Twirl her light limbs, that spurn the needless veil;
Let Angiolini bare her breast of snow,
Wave the white arm, and point the pliant toe;
Collini trill her love-inspiring song,
Strain her fair neck, and charm the listening throng!
Whet not your scythe, suppressors of our vice!
Reforming saints! too delicately nice!
By whose decrees, our sinful souls to save,
No Sunday tankards foam, no barbers shave;
And beer undrawn, and beards unmown, display
Your holy reverence for the Sabbath-day.

Or hail at once the patron and the pile
Of vice and folly, Greville and Argyle![1]

Lord Byron's return from the Opera, and sent the next morning to the printer, with a request to have them placed where they now appear.]

[1] To prevent any blunder, such as mistaking a street for a man, I beg leave to state, that it is the institution, and not the duke of that name, which is here alluded to. A gentleman, with whom I am slightly acquainted, lost in the Argyle Rooms several thousand pounds at backgammon.* It is but justice to the manager in this instance to say, that some degree of disapprobation was mani-

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* ["True. It was Billy Way who lost the money. I knew him, and was a subscriber to the Argyle at the time of the event."—B. 1816.]

Where yon proud palace, Fashion's hallow'd fane,
Spreads wide her portals for the motley train,
Behold the new Petronius[1] of the day,
Our arbiter of pleasure and of play!
There the hired eunuch, the Hesperian choir,
The melting lute, the soft lascivious lyre,
The song from Italy, the step from France,
The midnight orgy, and the mazy dance,
The smile of beauty, and the flush of wine,
For fops, fools, gamesters, knaves, and lords combine:
Each to his humour — Comus all allows;
Champaign, dice, music, or your neighbour's spouse.
Talk not to us, ye starving sons of trade!
Of piteous ruin, which ourselves have made;
In Plenty's sunshine Fortune's minions bask,
Nor think of poverty, except "en masque,"
When for the night some lately titled ass
Appears the beggar which his grandsire was,
The curtain dropp'd, the gay burletta o'er,
The audience take their turn upon the floor;

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fested: but why are the implements of gaming allowed in a place devoted to the society of both sexes? A pleasant thing for the wives and daughters of those who are blest or cursed with such connections, to hear the billiard-tables rattling in one room, and the dice in another! That this is the case I myself can testify, as a late unworthy member of an institution which materially affects the morals of the higher orders, while the lower may not even move to the sound of a tabor and fiddle, without a chance of indictment for riotous behaviour. — [Conceiving the foregoing note, together with the lines in the text, to convey a reflection upon his conduct, as manager of the Argyle institution, Colonel Greville demanded an explanation of Lord Byron. The matter was referred to Mr. Leckie (the author of a work on Sicilian affairs) on the part of Colonel Greville, and to Mr. Moore on the part of Lord Byron; by whom it was amicably settled.]

[1] [Petronius "Arbiter elegantiarum" to Nero, "and a very pretty fellow in his day," as Mr. Congreve's "Old Bachelor" *saith of* Hannibal.]

Now round the room the circling dow'gers sweep,
Now in loose waltz the thin-clad daughters leap;
The first in lengthen'd line majestic swim,
The last display the free unfetter'd limb!
Those for Hibernia's lusty sons repair
With art the charms which nature could not spare;
These after husbands wing their eager flight,
Nor leave much mystery for the nuptial night.

Oh! blest retreats of infamy and ease,
Where, all forgotten but the power to please,
Each maid may give a loose to genial thought,
Each swain may teach new systems, or be taught:
There the blithe youngster, just return'd from Spain,
Cuts the light pack, or calls the rattling main;
The jovial caster 's set, and seven 's the nick,
Or — done! — a thousand on the coming trick!
If, mad with loss, existence 'gins to tire,
And all your hope or wish is to expire,
Here 's Powell's pistol ready for your life,
And, kinder still, two Pagets for your wife; [1]
Fit consummation of an earthly race
Begun in folly, ended in disgrace;
While none but menials o'er the bed of death,
Wash thy red wounds, or watch thy wavering breath
Traduced by liars, and forgot by all,
The mangled victim of a drunken brawl,
To live like Clodius, and like Falkland fall. [2]

[1] [The original reading was, "a Paget for your wife."]

[2] I knew the late Lord Falkland well. On Sunday night I b
held him presiding at his own table, in all the honest pride
hospitality; on Wednesday morning, at three o'clock, I sa
stretched before me all that remained of courage, feeling, and
host of passions. He was a gallant and successful officer: h
faults were the faults of a sailor — as such, Britons will forgi

Truth! rouse some genuine bard, and guide hi
To drive this pestilence from out the land.
E'en I — least thinking of a thoughtless throng,
Just skill'd to know the right and choose the wro
Freed at that age when reason's shield is lost,
To fight my course through passion's countless h
Whom every path of pleasure's flow'ry way
Has lured in turn, and all have led astray —
E'en I must raise my voice, e'en I must feel
Such scenes, such men, destroy the public weal:
Although some kind, censorious friend will say,
"What art thou better, meddling fool, [2] than the
And every brother rake will smile to see
That miracle, a moralist in me.
No matter — when some bard in virtue strong,
Gifford perchance, shall raise the chastening song
Then sleep my pen for ever! and my voice
Be only heard to hail him, and rejoice;
Rejoice, and yield my feeble praise, though I
May feel the lash that Virtue must apply.

As for the smaller fry, who swarm in shoals
From silly Hafiz up to simple Bowles, [3]

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them. He died like a brave man in a better cause; for
fallen in like manner on the deck of the frigate to which
just appointed, his last moments would have been held up
countrymen as an example to succeeding heroes. — [Lor
land was killed in a duel by Mr. Powell, in 1809. It was
words only that Lord Byron gave proof of sympathy on t
lancholy occasion. Though his own difficulties pressed
at the time, he contrived to administer relief to the wid
children of his friend.]

[1] ["Yes: and a precious chase they led me." — B. 1816.]

[2] ["*Fool* enough, certainly, then, and no wiser since." — B

[3] What would be the sentiments of the Persian Anacreon,
could he rise from his splendid sepulchre at Sheeraz (wh

Why should we call them from their dark abode,
In broad St. Giles's or in Tottenham-road?
Or (since some men of fashion nobly dare
To scrawl in verse) from Bond-street or the Square?
If things of ton their harmless lays indite,
Most wisely doom'd to shun the public sight,
What harm? in spite of every critic elf,
Sir T. may read his stanzas to himself;
Miles Andrews [1] still his strength in couplets try,
And live in prologues, though his dramas die.
Lords too are bards, such things at times befall,
And 't is some praise in peers to write at all.
Yet, did or taste or reason sway the times,
Ah! who would take their titles with their rhymes? [2]
Roscommon! Sheffield! with your spirits fled,
No future laurels deck a noble head;
No muse will cheer, with renovating smile,
The paralytic puling of Carlisle. [3]

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reposes with Ferdousi and Sadi, the oriental Homer and Catullus), and behold his name assumed by one Stott of Dromore, the most impudent and execrable of literary poachers for the daily prints?

[1] [Miles Peter Andrews, many years M.P. for Bewdley, Colonel of the Prince of Wales's Volunteers, proprietor of a gunpowder manufactory at Dartford, author of numerous prologues, epilogues, and farces, and one of the heroes of the Baviad. He died in 1814.]

[2] [In the original manuscript we find these lines:—

"In these, our times, with daily wonders big,
A lettered peer is like a lettered pig;
Both know their alphabet, but who, from thence
Infers that peers or pigs have manly sense?
Still less that such should woo the graceful nine;
Parnassus was not made for lords and swine."]

[3] [On being told that it was believed he alluded to Lord Carlisle's nervous disorder in this line, Lord Byron exclaimed,—"I thank Heaven I did not know it; and would not, could not, if I had. I must naturally be the last person to be pointed on [illegible] fects or maladies."]

The puny schoolboy and his early lay
Men pardon, if his follies pass away;
But who forgives the senior's ceaseless verse,
Whose hairs grow hoary as his rhymes grow worse?
What heterogeneous honours deck the peer!
Lord, rhymester, petit-maître, pamphleteer![1]
So dull in youth, so drivelling in his age,
His scenes alone had damn'd our sinking stage;
But managers for once cried, "Hold, enough!"
Nor drugg'd their audience with the tragic stuff.
Yet at their judgment let his lordship laugh,
And case his volumes in congenial calf;
Yes! doff that covering, where morocco shines,
And hang a calf-skin[2] on these recreant lines.[3]

[1] The Earl of Carlisle has lately published an eighteen-penny pamphlet on the state of the stage, and offers his plan for building a new theatre. It is to be hoped his lordship will be permitted to bring forward any thing for the stage — except his own tragedies.

[2] 'Doff that lion's hide,
And hang a calf-skin on those recreant limbs."
Shak. King John.

Lord Carlisle's works, most resplendently bound, form a conspicuous ornament to his book-shelves: —

"The rest is all but leather and prunella."

[3] ["Wrong also — the provocation was not sufficient to justify the acerbity." — B. 1816. Lord Byron greatly regretted the sarcasms he had published against his noble relation, under the mistaken impression that Lord Carlisle had intentionally slighted him. In a letter to Mr. Rogers, written in 1814, he asks, — "Is there any chance or possibility of making it up with Lord Carlisle, as I feel disposed to do any thing reasonable or unreasonable to effect it?" And in the third canto of Childe Harold, he thus adverts to the fate of the Hon. Frederick Howard, Lord Carlisle's youngest son, one of those who fell gloriously at Waterloo: —

"Their praise is hymn'd by loftier harps than mine;
Yet one I would select from that proud throng,
Partly because they blend me with his line,
And partly that I did his Sire some wrong,
And partly that bright names will hallow song;

With you, ye Druids! rich in native lead,
Who daily scribble for your daily bread;
With you I war not: Gifford's heavy hand
Has crush'd, without remorse, your numerous band.
On "all the talents" vent your venal spleen;
Want is your plea, let pity be your screen.
Let monodies on Fox regale your crew,
And Melville's Mantle [1] prove a blanket too!
One common Lethe waits each hapless bard,
And, peace be with you! 'tis your best reward
Such damning fame as Dunciads only give
Could bid your lines beyond a morning live;
But now at once your fleeting labours close,
With names of greater note in blest repose.
Far be 't from me unkindly to upbraid
The lovely Rosa's prose in masquerade,

And his was of the bravest, and when shower'd,
The death-bolts deadliest the thinn'd files along,
Even where the thickest of war's tempest lower'd,
They reach'd no nobler breast than thine, young, gallant Howard!"

In the following extracts from two unpublished letters, written when Lord B. was at Harrow, may possibly be traced the origin of his conduct towards his guardian, — "Nov. 11. 1804. You mistake me if you think I dislike Lord Carlisle. I respect him, and might like him did I know him better. For him *my mother has an antipathy* — why, I know not. I am afraid he could be but of little use to me; but I dare say he would assist me if he could; so I take the will for the deed, and am obliged to him, exactly in the same manner as if he succeeded in his efforts." — "Nov. 21. 1804. To Lord Carlisle make my warmest acknowledgments. I feel more gratitude than I can well express. I am truly obliged to him for his endeavours, and am perfectly satisfied with your explanation of his reserve, though I was hitherto afraid it might proceed from personal dislike. For the future I shall consider him as more my friend than I have hitherto been *taught* to think."]

[1] "Melville's Mantle," a parody on "Elijah's Mantle," a poem...

Whose strains, the faithful echoes of her mind,
Leave wondering comprehension far behind. [1]
Though Crusca's bards no more our journals fill,
Some stragglers skirmish round the columns still;
Last of the howling host which once was Bell's,
Matilda snivels yet, and Hafiz yells;
And Merry's metaphors appear anew,
Chain'd to the signature of O. P. Q. [2]

When some brisk youth, the tenant of a stall, [3]
Employs a pen less pointed than his awl,
Leaves his snug shop, forsakes his store of shoes,
St. Crispin quits, and cobbles for the muse,

[1] This lovely little Jessica, the daughter of the noted Jew King, seems to be a follower of the Della Crusca school, and has published two volumes of very respectable absurdities in rhyme, as times go; besides sundry novels in the style of the first edition of the Monk. — ["She since married the Morning Post — an exceeding good match; and is now dead — which is better." — B. 1816.]

[2] These are the signatures of various worthies who figure in the poetical departments of the newspapers.

[3] [Joseph Blackett, the shoemaker. He died at Seaham, in 1810. His poems were afterwards collected by Pratt; and, oddly enough, his principal patroness was Miss Milbank, then a perfect stranger to Lord Byron. In a letter written to Dallas, on board the Volage frigate, at sea, in June 1811, he says, — "I see that yours and Pratt's protégé, Blackett the cobbler, is dead, in spite of his rhymes, and is probably one of the instances where death has saved a man from damnation. You were the ruin of that poor fellow amongst you: had it not been for his patrons, he might now have been in very good plight, shoe- (not verse-) making; but you have made him immortal with a vengeance: who would think that any body would be such a blockhead as to sin against an express proverb — 'Ne sutor ultra crepidam!'

'But spare him, ye Critics, his follies are past,
For the Cobbler is come, as he ought, to his *last*.' —

Which two lines, with a scratch under *last*, to show where the joke lies, I beg that you will prevail on Miss Milbank to have *inserted on the* tomb of her departed Blackett."]

Heavens! how the vulgar stare! how crowds applaud!
How ladies read, and literati laud![1]
If chance some wicked wag should pass his jest,
'T is sheer ill-nature — don't the world know best?
Genius must guide when wits admire the rhyme,
And Capel Lofft[2] declares 't is quite sublime.
Hear, then, ye happy sons of needless trade!
Swains! quit the plough, resign the useless spade!
Lo! Burns[3] and Bloomfield, nay, a greater far,
Gifford was born beneath an adverse star,
Forsook the labours of a servile state,
Stemm'd the rude storm, and triumph'd over fate:
Then why no more? if Phœbus smiled on you,
Bloomfield! why not on brother Nathan too?[4]
Him too the mania, not the muse, has seized;
Not inspiration, but a mind diseased:

[1] ["This was meant for poor Blackett, who was then patronised by A. J. B." (Lady Byron); "but *that* I did not know, or this would not have been written, at least I think not."— B. 1816.]

[2] Capel Lofft, Esq., the Mæcenas of shoemakers, and preface-writer-general to distressed versemen; a kind of gratis accoucheur to those who wish to be delivered of rhyme, but do not know how to bring forth. — [The poet Bloomfield owed his first celebrity to the notice of Capel Lofft and Thomas Hill, Esquires, who read his "Farmer's Boy," in manuscript, recommended it to a publisher, and by their influence in society and literature, soon drew general attention to its merits. It is distressing to remember that, after all that had been done by the zeal of a few friends, the public sympathy did not rest permanently on the amiable Bloomfield, who died in extreme poverty, in 1823.]

[3] ["Read Burns to-day. What would he have been if a patrician? We should have had more polish — less force — just as much verse, but no immortality — a divorce and a duel or two, the which had he survived, as his potations must have been less spirituous, he might have lived as long as Sheridan, and outlived as much as poor Brinsley."— *B. Journal*, 1813.]

[4] See Nathaniel Bloomfield's ode, elegy, or whatever he or any one else chooses to call it, on the enclosures of "Honington Green."

And now no boor can seek his last abode,
No common be inclosed without an ode.
Oh! since increased refinement deigns to smile
On Britain's sons, and bless our genial isle,
Let poesy go forth, pervade the whole,
Alike the rustic, and mechanic soul!
Ye tuneful cobblers! still your notes prolong,
Compose at once a slipper and a song;
So shall the fair your handywork peruse,
Your sonnets sure shall please — perhaps your shoes.
May Moorland weavers [1] boast Pindaric skill,
And tailors' lays be longer than their bill!
While punctual beaux reward the grateful notes,
And pay for poems — when they pay for coats.

To the famed throng now paid the tribute due,
Neglected genius! let me turn to you.
Come forth, oh Campbell! [2] give thy talents scope;
Who dares aspire if thou must cease to hope?
And thou, melodious Rogers! [3] rise at last,
Recall the pleasing memory of the past;

[1] Vide "Recollections of a Weaver in the Moorlands of Staffordshire."

[2] It would be superfluous to recall to the mind of the reader the authors of "The Pleasures of Memory" and "The Pleasures of Hope," the most beautiful didactic poems in our language, if we except Pope's "Essay on Man:" but so many poetasters have started up, that even the names of Campbell and Rogers are become strange. — [Beneath this note Lord Byron scribbled, in 1816, —

"Pretty Miss Jaqueline
Had a nose aquiline,
And would assert rude
Things of Miss Gertrude,
While Mr. Marmion
Led a great army on,
Making Kehama look
Like a fierce Mameluke."]

[3] ["I have been reading," says Lord Byron, in 1813, "Memory

Arise! let blest remembrance still inspire,
And strike to wonted tones thy hallow'd lyre;
Restore Apollo to his vacant throne,
Assert thy country's honour and thine own. [1]
What! must deserted Poesy still weep
Where her last hopes with pious Cowper sleep?
Unless, perchance, from his cold bier she turns,
To deck the turf that wraps her minstrel, Burns!
No! though contempt hath mark'd the spurious brood,
The race who rhyme from folly, or for food,
Yet still some genuine sons 'tis hers to boast,
Who, least affecting, still affect the most:
Feel as they write, and write but as they feel —
Bear witness Gifford, [2] Sotheby, [3] Macneil. [4]

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again, and Hope together, and retain all my preference of the former. His elegance is really wonderful — there is no such a thing as a vulgar line in his book."]

[1] [" Rogers has not fulfilled the promise of his first poems, but has still very great merit." — B. 1886.]

[2] Gifford, author of the Baviad and Mæviad, the first satires of the day, and translator of Juvenal. — [The opinion of Mr. Gifford had always great weight with Lord Byron. " Any suggestion of yours," he says in a letter written in 1813, even were it conveyed in the less tender shape of the text of the Baviad, or a Monk Mason note in Massinger, would be obeyed." A few weeks before his death, on hearing from England of a report that he had written a satire on Mr. Gifford, he wrote instantly to Mr. Murray: — " Whoever asserts that I am the author or abettor of any thing of the kind lies in his throat. It is not true that I ever *did*, *will*, *would*, *could*, or *should* write a satire against Gifford, or a hair of his head. I always considered him as my literary father, and myself as his 'prodigal' son; and if I have allowed his 'fatted calf' to grow to an ox before he kills it on my return, it is only because I prefer beef to veal."]

[3] Sotheby, translator of Wieland's Oberon and Virgil's Georgics, and author of " Saul," an epic poem. — [Mr. Sotheby has since essentially raised his reputation by various original poems, and a translation of the Iliad.]

[4] Macneil, whose poems are deservedly popular, particularly " Scotland's Scaith," and the " Waes of War," of which ten thousand copies were sold in one month. — [Hector Macneil died in 1818.]

"Why slumbers Gifford?" once was asked in vain;[1]
Why slumbers Gifford? let us ask again.
Are there no follies for his pen to purge?[2]
Are there no fools whose backs demand the scourge?
Are there no sins for satire's bard to greet?
Stalks not gigantic Vice in every street?
Shall peers or princes tread pollution's path,
And 'scape alike the law's and muse's wrath?
Nor blaze with guilty glare through future time,
Eternal beacons of consummate crime?
Arouse thee, Gifford! be thy promise claim'd,
Make bad men better, or at least ashamed.

Unhappy White![3] while life was in its spring,
And thy young muse just waved her joyous wing,

[1] [Lord Byron here alludes to the masterly poem of "New Morality" (the joint production of Mr. Canning and Mr. Frere), in the Antijacobin, in which Gifford is thus apostrophised:—

"Bethink thee, Gifford, when some future age
Shall trace the promise of thy playful page;
'The hand which brush'd a swarm of fools away,
'Should rouse to grasp a more reluctant prey!'
Think, then, will pleaded ignorance excuse
The tame secession of thy languid muse?
Ah! where is now that promise? why so long
Sleep the keen shafts of satire and of song?
Oh! come, with taste and virtue at thy side,
With ardent zeal inflamed, and patriot pride;
With keen poetic glance direct the blow,
And empty all thy quiver on the foe—
No pause—no rest—till weltering on the ground,
The poisonous hydra lies, and pierced with many a wound."]

[2] Mr. Gifford promised publicly that the Baviad and Maviad should not be his last original works: let him remember, "Mox in reluctantes dracones."—[Mr. Gifford became the editor of the Quarterly Review,—which thenceforth occupied most of his time,—a few months after the first appearance of this satire.]

[3] Henry Kirke White died at Cambridge, in October, 1806, in consequence of too much exertion in the pursuit of studies that *would* have matured a mind which disease and poverty could not

The spoiler swept that soaring lyre away,
Which else had sounded an immortal lay.
Oh! what a noble heart was here undone,
When Science' self destroy'd her favourite son!
Yes, she too much indulged thy fond pursuit,
She sow'd the seeds, but death hath reap'd the fruit.
'T was thine own genius gave the final blow,
And help'd to plant the wound that laid thee low:
So the struck eagle, stretch'd upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
View'd his own feather on the fatal dart,
And wing'd the shaft that quiver'd in his heart;
Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel
He nursed the pinion which impell'd the steel;
While the same plumage that had warm'd his nest
Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast. [1]

There be who say, in these enlighten'd days,
That splendid lies are all the poet's praise;

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impair, and which death itself destroyed rather than subdued. His poems abound in such beauties as must impress the reader with the liveliest regret that so short a period was allotted to talents, which would have dignified even the sacred functions he was destined to assume.—[In a letter to Mr. Dallas, in 1811, Lord Byron says,—"I am sorry you don't like Harry White; with a great deal of cant, which in him was sincere (indeed it killed him, as you killed Joe Blackett), certes there is poesy and genius. I don't say this on account of my simile and rhymes; but surely he was beyond all the Bloomfields and Blacketts, and their collateral cobblers, whom Lofft and Pratt have or may kidnap from their calling into the service of the trade. Setting aside bigotry, he surely ranks next to Chatterton. It is astonishing how little he was known; and at Cambridge no one thought or heard of such a man till his death rendered all notices useless. For my part, I should have been most proud of such an acquaintance: his very prejudices were respectable."]

[1] [Mr. Southey's delightful Life of Kirke White is in every one's hands.]

That strain'd invention, ever on the wing,
Alone impels the modern bard to sing:
'Tis true, that all who rhyme — nay, all who write,
Shrink from that fatal word to genius — trite;
Yet Truth sometimes will lend her noblest fires,
And decorate the verse herself inspires:
This fact in Virtue's name let Crabbe [1] attest;
Though nature's sternest painter, yet the best. [2]

And here let Shee [3] and Genius find a place,
Whose pen and pencil yield an equal grace;
To guide whose hand the sister arts combine,
And trace the poet's or the painter's line;
Whose magic touch can bid the canvass glow,
Or pour the easy rhyme's harmonious flow;
While honours, doubly merited, attend
The Poet's rival, but the painter's friend.

Blest is the man who dares approach the bower,
Where dwelt the muses at their natal hour;
Whose steps have press'd, whose eye has mark'd afar,
The clime that nursed the sons of song and war,

[1] ["I consider Crabbe and Coleridge as the first of these tim in point of power and genius."—B. 1816.]

[2] [This eminent poet and excellent man died at his rectory Trowbridge, in February, 1832, aged seventy-eight. With the ception of the late Lord Stowell, he was the last surviving ce brated man mentioned by Boswell in connection with Johns who revised his poem of the "Village." His other works are t "Library," the "Newspaper," the "Borough," a collection "Poems," which Charles Fox read in manuscript on his dea bed; "Tales," and, lastly, "Tales of the Hall." He besides l various poetical pieces in MS.; and a collective edition of his wor preceded by an interesting memoir written by his eldest son, w published in 1834.]

[3] Mr. Shee, author of "Rhymes on Art," and "Elements *Art*"—[Now (1837) Sir Martin Shee, and President of the Ro *Academy*.]

The scenes which glory still must hover o'er,
Her place of birth, her own Achaian shore.
But doubly blest is he whose heart expands
With hallow'd feelings for those classic lands;
Who rends the veil of ages long gone by,
And views their remnants with a poet's eye!
Wright![1] 't was thy happy lot at once to view
Those shores of glory, and to sing them too;
And sure no common muse inspired thy pen,
To hail the land of gods and godlike men.

And you, associate bards![2] who snatch to light
Those gems too long withheld from modern sight;
Whose mingling taste combined to cull the wreath
Where attic flowers Aonian odours breathe,
And all their renovated fragrance flung,
To grace the beauties of your native tongue;
Now let those minds, that nobly could transfuse
The glorious spirit of the Grecian muse,
Though soft the echo, scorn a borrow'd tone:
Resign Achaia's lyre, and strike your own.

[1] Waller Rodwell Wright, late consul-general for the Seven Islands, is author of a very beautiful poem, just published: it is entitled "Horæ Ionicæ," and is descriptive of the isles and the adjacent coast of Greece.—[To the third edition, which came out in 1816, was added an excellent translation of the "Oreste" of Alfieri. After his return to England, Mr. Wright was chosen Recorder of Bury St. Edmunds.]

[2] The translators of the Anthology, Bland and Merivale, have since published separate poems, which evince genius that only requires opportunity to attain eminence.—[The late Rev. Robert Bland published, in conjunction with Mr. Merivale, "Collections from the Greek Anthology." He also wrote "Edwy and Elgiva," the "Four Slaves of Cythera," &c. In 1814, Mr. Merivale published "Orlando in Roncevalles;" and in the following year, "An Ode on the Delivery of Europe." He is now one of the Commissioners of the new Bankruptcy Court.]

Let these, or such as these, with just applause,
Restore the muse's violated laws;
But not in flimsy Darwin's pompous chime,
That mighty master of unmeaning rhyme,
Whose gilded cymbals, more adorn'd than clear,
The eye delighted, but fatigued the ear;
In show the simple lyre could once surpass,
But now, worn down, appear in native brass;
While all his train of hovering sylphs around
Evaporate in similes and sound:
Him let them shun, with him let tinsel die:
False glare attracts, but more offends the eye. [1]

Yet let them not to vulgar Wordsworth stoop,
The meanest object of the lowly group,
Whose verse, of all but childish prattle void,
Seems blessed harmony to Lamb and Lloyd: [2]
Let them — but hold, my muse, nor dare to teach
A strain far, far beyond thy humble reach:
The native genius with their being given
Will point the path, and peal their notes to heaven

And thou, too, Scott! [3] resign to minstrels rude
The wilder slogan of a border feud:

[1] The neglect of the "Botanic Garden" is some proof of re ing taste. The scenery is its sole recommendation.

[2] Messrs. Lamb and Lloyd, the most ignoble followe Southey and Co.—[In 1798, Charles Lamb and Charles l published in conjunction a volume, entitled, "Poems in l Verse." Mr. Lamb was also the author of "John Woodv "Tales from Shakspeare," the "Essays of Elia," &c. He in 1834. Mr. Lloyd has since published "Edward Olive novel, "Nugæ Canoræ," and a translation of Alfieri's Trage

[3] By the bye, I hope that in Mr. Scott's next poem, his he heroine will be less addicted to "Gramarye," and more to (mar, than the Lady of the Lay and her bravo, William of I raine.

Let others spin their meagre lines for hire;
Enough for genius if itself inspire!
Let Southey sing, although his teeming muse,
Prolific every spring, be too profuse;
Let simple Wordsworth [1] chime his childish verse,
And brother Coleridge lull the babe at nurse;
Let spectre-mongering Lewis aim, at most,
To rouse the galleries, or to raise a ghost;
Let Moore still sigh; let Strangford steal from Moore,
And swear that Camoëns sang such notes of yore;
Let Hayley hobble on, Montgomery rave,
And godly Grahame chant a stupid stave;
Let sonneteering Bowles his strains refine,
And whine and whimper to the fourteenth line;
Let Stott, Carlisle, [2] Matilda, and the rest
Of Grub Street, and of Grosvenor Place the best,

[1] [" Unjust."—B. 1816.]

[2] It may be asked, why I have censured the Earl of Carlisle, my guardian and relative, to whom I dedicated a volume of puerile poems a few years ago?—The guardianship was nominal, at least as far as I have been able to discover; the relationship I cannot help, and am very sorry for it; but as his lordship seemed to forget it on a very essential occasion to me, I shall not burden my memory with the recollection. I do not think that personal differences sanction the unjust condemnation of a brother scribbler; but I see no reason why they should act as a preventive, when the author, noble or ignoble, has, for a series of years, beguiled a "discerning public" (as the advertisements have it) with divers reams of most orthodox, imperial nonsense. Besides, I do not step aside to vituperate the earl: no—his works come fairly in review with those of other patrician literati. If, before I escaped from my teens, I said any thing in favour of his lordship's paper books, it was in the way of dutiful dedication, and more from the advice of others than my own judgment, and I seize the first opportunity of pronouncing my sincere recantation. I have heard that some persons conceive me to be under obligations to Lord Carlisle: if so, I shall be most particularly happy to learn what they are, and when conferred, that they may be duly appreciated and publicly acknowledged. What I have humbly advanced as an opinion on his printed things, I am prepared to support, if neces-

Scrawl on, 'till death release us from the strain,
Or Common Sense assert her rights again.
But thou, with powers that mock the aid of praise,
Shouldst leave to humbler bards ignoble lays:
Thy country's voice, the voice of all the nine,
Demand a hallow'd harp — that harp is thine.
Say! will not Caledonia's annals yield
The glorious record of some nobler field,
Than the vile foray of a plundering clan,
Whose proudest deeds disgrace the name of man?
Or Marmion's acts of darkness, fitter food
For Sherwood's outlaw tales of Robin Hood?
Scotland! still proudly claim thy native bard,
And be thy praise his first, his best reward!
Yet not with thee alone his name should live,
But own the vast renown a world can give;
Be known, perchance, when Albion is no more,
And tell the tale of what she was before;
To future times her faded fame recall,
And save her glory, though his country fall.

Yet what avails the sanguine poet's hope,
To conquer ages, and with time to cope?
New eras spread their wings, new nations rise,
And other victors fill the applauding skies;
A few brief generations fleet along,
Whose sons forget the poet and his song:
E'en now, what once-loved minstrels scarce may cla
The transient mention of a dubious name!

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sary, by quotations from elegies, eulogies, odes, episodes, an
tain facetious and dainty tragedies bearing his name and m
"What can ennoble knaves, or fools, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards."

So says Pope. Amen!—["Much too savage, whatever the
ation might be."—B. 1816.]

fame's loud trump hath blown its noblest blast,
ı long the sound, the echo sleeps at last;
ory, like the phœnix [1] midst her fires,
s her odours, blazes, and expires.

l hoary Granta call her sable sons,
in science, more expert at puns?
ıese approach the muse? ah, no! she flies,
rom the tempting ore of Seaton's prize;
ı printers condescend the press to soil
hyme by Hoare, [2] and epic blank by Hoyle: [3]
n whose page, if still upheld by whist,
es no sacred theme to bid us list. [4]
ho in Granta's honours would surpass,
nount her Pegasus, a full-grown ass;
well worthy of her ancient dam,
Helicon is duller than her Cam.

·e Clarke, still striving piteously "to please,"
ting doggrel leads not to degrees,
ld-be satirist, a hired buffoon,
thly scribbler of some low lampoon, [5]
nn'd to drudge, the meanest of the mean,
ırbish falsehoods for a magazine,

'he devil take that phœnix! How came it there?"—B.

e Rev. Charles James Hoare published, in 1808, the "Ship-f St. Paul," a Seatonian prize poem.]

e Rev. Charles Hoyle, author of "Exodus," an epic in books, and several other Seatonian prize poems.]

"Games of Hoyle," well known to the votaries of whist, c., are not to be superseded by the vagaries of his poe-ıesake, whose poem comprised, as expressly stated in the ɔment, all the "plagues of Egypt."

ight enough: this was well deserved, and well laid on."—]

Devotes to scandal his congenial mind;
Himself a living libel on mankind. [1]

Oh! dark asylum of a Vandal race! [2]
At once the boast of learning, and disgrace!
So lost to Phœbus, that nor Hodgson's [3] verse
Can make thee better, nor poor Hewson's [4] worse.
But where fair Isis rolls her purer wave,
The partial muse delighted loves to lave;
On her green banks a greener wreath she wove,
To crown the bards that haunt her classic grove;
Where Richards wakes a genuine poet's fires,
And modern Britons glory in their sires. [5]

[1] This person, who has lately betrayed the most rabid symptoms of confirmed authorship, is writer of a poem denominated the "Art of Pleasing," as "lucus a non lucendo," containing little pleasantry and less poetry. He also acts as monthly stipendiary and collector of calumnies for the "Satirist." If this unfortunate young man would exchange the magazines for the mathematics, and endeavour to take a decent degree in his university, it might eventually prove more serviceable than his present salary.—[Mr. Hewson Clarke was also the author of "The Saunterer," and a "History of the Campaign in Russia."]

[2] "Into Cambridgeshire the Emperor Probus transported a considerable body of Vandals."—Gibbon's Decline and Fall, vol. ii. p. 83. There is no reason to doubt the truth of this assertion; the breed is still in high perfection.

[3] This gentleman's name requires no praise: the man who is translation displays unquestionable genius may be well expected to excel in original composition, of which it is to be hoped we shall soon see a splendid specimen.—[Besides a translation of Juvenal, Mr. Hodgson has published "Lady Jane Grey," "Sir Edgar," and "The Friends," a poem in four books. He also translated, in conjunction with Dr. Butler, Lucien Bonaparte's unreadable epic of "Charlemagne."]

[4] Hewson Clarke, *esq.* as it is written.

[5] The "Aboriginal Britons," an excellent poem, by Richards. [The Rev. George Richards, D.D. has also sent from the press "*Songs* of the Aboriginal Bards of Britain," "Modern France,"

For me, who, thus unask'd, have dared to tell
My country, what her sons should know too well,
Zeal for her honour bade me here engage
The host of idiots that infest her age;
No just applause her honour'd name shall lose,
As first in freedom, dearest to the muse.
Oh! would thy bards but emulate thy fame,
And rise more worthy, Albion, of thy name!
What Athens was in science, Rome in power,
What Tyre appear'd in her meridian hour,
'T is thine at once, fair Albion! to have been —
Earth's chief dictatress, ocean's lovely queen:
But Rome decay'd, and Athens strew'd the plain,
And Tyre's proud piers lie shatter'd in the main;
Like these, thy strength may sink, in ruin hurl'd,
And Britain fall, the bulwark of the world.
But let me cease, and dread Cassandra's fate,
With warning ever scoff'd at, till too late;
To themes less lofty still my lay confine,
And urge thy bards to gain a name like thine. [1]

Then, hapless Britain! be thy rulers blest,
The senate's oracles, the people's jest!
Still hear thy motley orators dispense
The flowers of rhetoric, though not of sense,
While Canning's colleagues hate him for his wit,
And old dame Portland [2] fills the place of Pitt.

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two volumes of Miscellaneous Poems, and Bampton Lectures "On the Divine Origin of Prophecy." This gentleman is now Rector of St. Martin's in the Fields.]

[1] [With this verse the satire originally ended.]

[2] A friend of mine being asked, why his Grace of Portland was likened to an old woman? replied, "he supposed it was because he was past bearing." — His Grace is now gathered to his grandmothers, where he sleeps as sound as ever; but even his sleep was better than his colleagues' waking. 1811.

Yet once again, adieu! ere this the sail
That wafts me hence is shivering in the gale;
And Afric's coast and Calpe's adverse height,
And Stamboul's minarets must greet my sight:
Thence shall I stray through beauty's native clime, [1]
Where Kaff [2] is clad in rocks, and crown'd with snow
sublime.
But should I back return, no tempting press [3]
Shall drag my journal from the desk's recess;
Let coxcombs, printing as they come from far,
Snatch his own wreath of ridicule from Carr; [4]

[1] Georgia. [2] Mount Caucasus.

[3] [These four lines originally stood,—

"But should I back return, no letter'd sage
Shall drag my common-place book on the stage;
Let vain Valentia* rival luckless Carr,†
And equal him whose work he sought to mar."]

[4] [In a letter written from Gibraltar to his friend Hodgso
Lord Byron says,—"I have seen Sir John Carr at Seville a
Cadiz, and, like Swift's barber, have been down on my knees
beg he would not put me into black and white."]

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* Lord Valentia (whose tremendous travels are forthcomi
with due decorations, graphical, topographical, typographical) d
posed, on Sir John Carr's unlucky suit, that Mr. Dubois's sati
prevented his purchase of the "Stranger in Ireland."—Oh, f
my lord! has your lordship no more feeling for a fellow-tourist
—but "two of a trade," they say, &c.

† [From the many tours he made, Sir John was called "T
Jaunting Car." A wicked wit having severely lashed him in
publication called "My Pocket Book; or Hints for a Ryg
Merrie and Conceited Tour," he brought an action of damag
against the publisher; but as the work contained only what t
court deemed legitimate criticism, the knight was nonsuited. E
ward Dubois, Esq. the author of this pleasant satire, has also pu
lished "The Wreath," consisting of translations from Sapph
Bion, and Moschus, "Old Nick," a satirical story, and an editi
of the Decameron of Boccaccio.]

Let Aberdeen and Elgin [1] still pursue
The shade of fame through regions of virtù;
Waste useless thousands on their Phidian freaks,
Misshapen monuments and maim'd antiques;
And make their grand saloons a general mart
For all the mutilated blocks of art,
Of Dardan tours let dilettanti tell,
I leave topography to rapid [2] Gell; [3]

[1] Lord Elgin would fain persuade us that all the figures, with and without noses, in his stoneshop are the work of Phidias! "Credat Judæus!"

[2] [The original epithet was "classic." Lord Byron altered it in the fifth edition, and added this note — "'Rapid,' indeed! He topographised and typographised King Priam's dominions in three days! I called him 'classic' before I saw the Troad, but since have learned better than to tack to his name what don't belong to it."]

[3] Mr. Gell's Topography of Troy and Ithaca cannot fail to ensure the approbation of every man possessed of classical taste, as well for the information Mr. Gell conveys to the mind of the reader, as for the ability and research the respective works display. — ["Since seeing the plain of Troy, my opinions are somewhat changed as to the above note. Gell's survey was hasty and superficial." — B. 1816.]

[Shortly after his return from Greece, in 1811, Lord Byron wrote a review of Mr. (now Sir William) Gell's works for the Monthly Review. In his Diary of 1821 there is this passage: — "In reading, I have just chanced upon an expression of Tom Campbell's; — speaking of Collins, he says that 'no reader cares any more about the *characteristic manners* of his eclogues than about the authenticity of the tale of Troy.' 'T is false — we *do* care about 'the authenticity of the tale of Troy.' I have stood upon that plain, *daily*, for more than a month, in 1810; and if any thing diminished my pleasure, it was that the blackguard Bryant had impugned its veracity. It is true, I read 'Homer Travestied,' because Hobhouse and others bored me with their learned localities, and I love quizzing. But I still venerated the grand original as the truth of *history* (in the material *facts*) and of *place*. Otherwise it would have given me no delight. Who will persuade me, when I reclined upon a mighty tomb, that it did not contain a hero? — its very magnitude proved this. Men do not labour over the ignoble and petty dead: — and why should not the *dead* be *Homer's* dead?"]

And, quite content, no more shall interpose
To stun the public ear — at least with prose. [1]

Thus far I 've held my undisturb'd career,
Prepared for rancour, steel'd 'gainst selfish fear;
This thing of rhyme I ne'er disdain'd to own —
Though not obtrusive, yet not quite unknown:
My voice was heard again, though not so loud,
My page, though nameless, never disavow'd;
And now at once I tear the veil away: —
Cheer on the pack! the quarry stands at bay,
Unscared by all the din of Melbourne house, [2]
By Lambe's resentment, or by Holland's spouse,
By Jeffrey's harmless pistol, Hallam's rage,
Edina's brawny sons and brimstone page.
Our men in buckram shall have blows enough,
And feel they too are "penetrable stuff:"
And though I hope not hence unscathed to go,
Who conquers me shall find a stubborn foe.
The time hath been, when no harsh sound would fall
From lips that now may seem imbued with gall; [3]
Nor fools nor follies tempt me to despise
The meanest thing that crawl'd beneath my eyes:
But now, so callous grown, so changed since youth,
I 've learn'd to think, and sternly speak the truth;

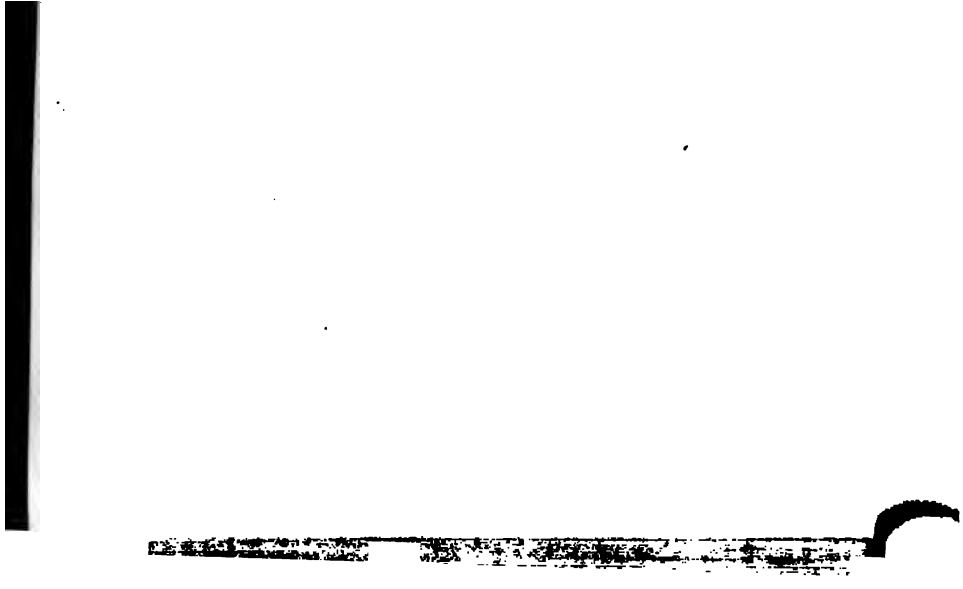
[1] [Lord Byron set out on his travels with the determination to keep no journal. In a letter to his friend Henry Drury, when on the point of sailing, he pleasantly says, — "Hobhouse has made woundy preparations for a book on his return: — one hundred pens, two gallons of japan ink, and several volumes of best blank, is no bad provision for a discerning public. I have laid down my pen, but have promised to contribute a chapter on the state of morals, &c. &c."]

[2] ["Singular enough, and *dis* enough, God knows." — B. 1816.]

[3] [In this passage, hastily thrown off as it is, "we find," says Moore, "the strongest trace of that wounded feeling, which *bleeds, as it were*, through all his subsequent writings."]

Learn'd to deride the critic's starch decree,
And break him on the wheel he meant for me;
To spurn the rod a scribbler bids me kiss,
Nor care if courts and crowds applaud or hiss:
Nay more, though all my rival rhymesters frown,
I too can hunt a poetaster down;
And, arm'd in proof, the gauntlet cast at once
To Scotch marauder, and to southern dunce.
Thus much I 've dared; if my incondite lay
Hath wrong'd these righteous times, let others say:
This, let the world, which knows not how to spare,
Yet rarely blames unjustly, now declare. [1]

[1] ["The greater part of this satire I most sincerely wish had never been written — not only on account of the injustice of much of the critical, and some of the personal part of it — but the tone and temper are such as I cannot approve." — BYRON. July 14. 1816. *Diodati, Geneva.*]



POSTSCRIPT

TO THE SECOND EDITION.

I HAVE been informed, since the present edition went to the press, that my trusty and well-beloved cousins, the Edinburgh Reviewers, are preparing a most vehement critique on my poor, gentle, *unresisting*, Muse, whom they have already so be-devilled with their ungodly ribaldry:

"Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ!"

I suppose I must say of Jeffrey as Sir Andrew Aguecheek saith, "an I had known he was so cunning of fence, I had seen him damned ere I had fought him." What a pity it is that I shall be beyond the Bosphorus before the next number has passed the Tweed! But I yet hope to light my pipe with it in Persia.

My northern friends have accused me, with justice, of personality towards their great literary anthropophagus, Jeffrey; but what else was to be done with him and his dirty pack, who feed by "lying and slandering," and slake their thirst by "evil speaking?" I have adduced facts already well known, and of Jeffrey's mind I have stated my free opinion, nor has he thence sustained any injury;—what scavenger was ever soiled by being pelted with mud? It may be said that I quit England because I have censured there "persons of honour and wit about town;" but I am coming back again, and their vengeance will keep hot till my return. Those who know me can testify that my motives for leaving England are very different from fears, literary or personal: those who do not, may one day be convinced. Since the publication of this thing, my name has not been concealed; I have been mostly in London, ready to answer for my transgressions, and in daily expectation of sundry cartels; but, alas! "the age of chilvalry is over," or, in the vulgar tongue, there is no spirit now-a-days.

There is a youth ycleped Hewson Clarke (subaudi *esquire*), a sizer of Emanuel College, and, I believe, a denizen of Berwick-upon-Tweed, whom I have introduced in these pages to much better company than he has been accustomed to meet; he is, notwithstanding, a very sad dog, and for no reason that I can discover,

POSTSCRIPT.

personal quarrel with a bear, kept by me at Cambridge
· a fellowship, and whom the jealousy of his Trinity cos-
ries prevented from success, has been abusing me, and,
vorse, the defenceless innocent above mentioned, in "The
' for one year and some months. I am utterly unconscious
g given him any provocation; indeed, I am guiltless of
ieard his name, till coupled with "The Satirist." He has
e no reason to complain, and I dare say that, like Sir Fret-
iary, he is rather *pleased* than otherwise. I have now
ed all who have done me the honour to notice me and
at is, my bear and my book, except the editor of "The
" who, it seems, is a gentleman — God wot! I wish he
ipart a little of his gentility to his subordinate scribblers.
iat Mr. Jerningham is about to take up the cudgels for his
s, Lord Carlisle. I hope not: he was one of the few, who,
·ry short intercourse I had with him, treated me with kind-
en a boy; and whatever he may say or do, "pour on, I will
' I have nothing further to add, save a general note of
iving to readers, purchasers, and publishers, and, in the
f Scott, I wish

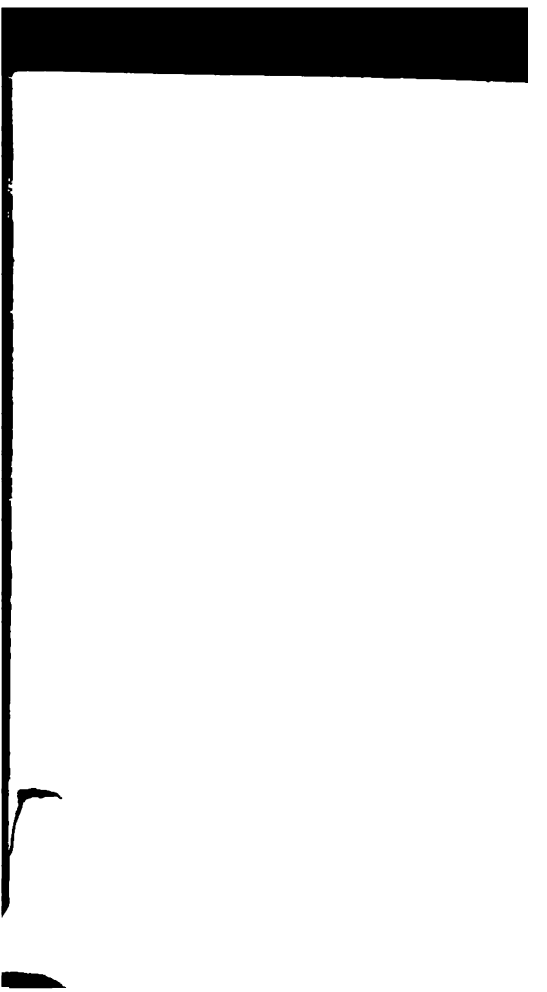
"To all and each a fair good night,
And rosy dreams and slumbers light."

HINTS FROM HORACE:

BEING AN ALLUSION IN ENGLISH VERSE TO THE EPISTLE "AD PISONES, DE ARTE POETICA," AND INTENDED AS A SEQUEL TO "ENGLISH BARDS AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS."

—— "Ergo fungar vice cotis, acutum
Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exsors ipsa secandi."
HOR. *De Arte Poet.*

"Rhymes are difficult things—they are stubborn things, sir."
FIELDING'S *Amelia.*



rs are apt, it is said, to estimate their performances
ording to the trouble they have cost themselves, than the
they afford to the public; and it is only in this way that
etend to account for the extraordinary value which Lord
ached, even many long years after they were written, to
lnts from Horace." The business of *translating* Horace
rto been a hopeless one;—and notwithstanding the bril-
erness of some passages, in both Pope's and Swift's
s of him, there had been, on the whole, very little to
e any one to meddle seriously even with that less difficult
nt. It is, comparatively, an easy affair to transfer the
something like the effect, of the majestic declamations of
but the Horatian satire is cast in a mould of such exqui-
acy—uniting perfect ease with perfect elegance through-
has hitherto defied all the skill of the moderns. Lord
owever, having composed this piece at Athens, in 1811,
ght it home in the same desk with the two first cantos of
Harold," appears to have, on his arrival in London, con-
l its publication as far more likely to increase his reputa-
that of his original poem. Perhaps Milton's preference
Paradise Regained" over the "Paradise Lost" is not a
sive example of the extent to which a great author may
he source of his greatness. Lord Byron was prevented
lishing these lines, by a feeling which, considering his
on of their merit, does him honour. By accident, or
the "Harold" came out before the "Hints;"—and the
of the former was so flattering to Lord Byron, that it
:cely fail to take off, for the time, the edge of his appetite
:y bitterness. In short, he found himself mixing con-
society with persons who had—from good sense, or good-
from both—overlooked the petulancies of his "English
l Scotch Reviewers," and felt, as he said, that he should
ding coals of fire on his head" if he were to persist in
orth a continuation of his juvenile lampoon. Nine years
d ere he is found writing thus to Mr. Murray:—"Get
Hobhouse, and send me a proof of my 'Hints from
it has now the *nonum prematur in annum* complete
duction. I have a notion that, with some omissions of
d passages, it will do; and I could put my late observ-
Pope amongst the notes. As far as versification goes,
; and, in looking back at what I wrote about that period,
nished to see how little I have trained on. I wrote better
now; but that comes of my having fallen into the atro-
taste of the times." On hearing, however, that, in Mr.
's opinion, the Iambics would require "a good deal of
to suit the times, the notion of printing them was once
ndoned. They were first published, therefore, in 1831,
rs after the poet's death.]

HINTS FROM HORACE.

Athens. Capuchin Convent, March 12. 1811.

WHO would not laugh, if Lawrence, hired to grace
His costly canvass with each flatter'd face,
Abused his art, till Nature, with a blush,
Saw cits grow centaurs underneath his brush?
Or, should some limner join, for show or sale,
A maid of honour to a mermaid's tail?
Or low Dubost [1] — as once the world has seen —
Degrade God's creatures in his graphic spleen?

> Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam
> Jungere si velit, et varias inducere plumas,
> Undique collatis membris, ut turpiter atrum
> Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne:

[1] In an English newspaper, which finds its way abroad wherever there are Englishmen, I read an account of this dirty dauber's caricature of Mr. H—— as a "beast," and the consequent action, &c. The circumstance is, probably, too well known to require further comment. — [The gentleman here alluded to was Thomas Hope, Esq., the author of "Anastasius," and one of the most munificent patrons of art this country ever possessed. Having, somehow, offended an unprincipled French painter, by name Dubost, that adventurer revenged himself by a picture called "Beauty and the Beast," in which Mr. Hope and his lady were represented according to the well-known fairy story. The picture had too much malice not to succeed; and, to the disgrace of John Bull, the exhibition of it is said to have fetched thirty pounds in a day. A brother of Mrs. Hope thrust his sword through the canvass; and M. Dubost had the consolation to get five pounds damages. The affair made much noise at the time; though Mr. Hope had not then placed himself on that seat of literary eminence,

Not all that forced politeness, which defends
Fools in their faults, could gag his grinning friends.
Believe me, Moschus [1], like that picture seems
The book which, sillier than a sick man's dreams,
Displays a crowd of figures incomplete,
Poetic nightmares, without head or feet. [2]

Poets and painters, as all artists [3] know,
May shoot a little with a lengthen'd bow;
We claim this mutual mercy for our task,
And grant in turn the pardon which we ask;
But make not monsters spring from gentle dams —
Birds breed not vipers, tigers nurse not lambs.

A labour'd, long exordium, sometimes tends
(Like patriot speeches) but to paltry ends;
And nonsense in a lofty note goes down,
As pertness passes with a legal gown:

Spectatum admissi risum teneatis, amici?
Credite, Pisones, isti tabulæ fore librum
Persimilem, cujus, velut ægri somnia, vanæ
Fingentur species, ut nec pes, nec caput uni
Reddatur formæ. Pictoribus atque poetis
Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas,
Scimus, et hanc veniam petimusque damusque vicissim;
Sed non ut placidis coëant immitia; non ut
Serpentes avibus geminentur, tigribus agni.
Incœptis gravibus plerumque et magna professis
Purpureus, late qui splendeat, unus et alter

---

which he afterwards attained. Probably, indeed, no man's repu
ation in the world was ever so suddenly and completely altere
as his was by the appearance of his magnificent romance. H
died in 1833.]

[1] ["Moschus."—In the original MS., "Hobhouse."]

[2] [The opening of the poem is, with reference to the origin
ingenious.—Moore.]

[3] ["*All artists.*"—Originally, "We scribblers."]

Thus many a bard describes in pompous strain
The clear brook babbling through the goodly plain:
The groves of Granta, and her gothic halls,
King's Coll., Cam's stream, stain'd windows, and old walls:
Or, in advent'rous numbers, neatly aims
To paint a rainbow, or — the river Thames. [1]

You sketch a tree, and so perhaps may shine —
But daub a shipwreck like an alehouse sign;
You plan a *vase* — it dwindles to a *pot*;
Then glide down Grub-street — fasting and forgot;
Laugh'd into Lethe by some quaint Review,
Whose wit is never troublesome till — true. [2]

In fine, to whatsoever you aspire,
Let it at least be simple and entire.

The greater portion of the rhyming tribe
(Give ear, my friend, for thou hast been a scribe)
Are led astray by some peculiar lure.
I labour to be brief — become obscure;

Assuitur pannus; cum lucus et ara Dianæ,
Et properantis aquæ per amœnos ambitus agros,
Aut flumen Rhenum, aut pluvius describitur arcus.
Sed nunc non erat his locus: et fortasse cupressum
Scis simulare: quid hoc, si fractis enatat exspes
Navibus, ære dato qui pingitur? amphora cœpit
Institui; currente rotâ cur urceus exit?
Denique sit quod vis, simplex duntaxat et unum.
Maxima pars vatum, pater, et juvenes patre digni,
Decipimur specie recti. Brevis esse laboro,
Obscurus fio: sectantem levia, nervi

1 "Where pure description held the place of sense."— POPE.

2 ["This is pointed and felicitously expressed."— MOORE.]

One falls while following elegance too fast;
Another soars, inflated with bombast;
Too low, a third crawls on, afraid to fly,
He spins his subject to satiety;
Absurdly varying, he at last engraves
Fish in the woods, and boars beneath the wave

Unless your care 's exact, your judgment nic
The flight from folly leads but into vice;
None are complete, all wanting in some part,
Like certain tailors, limited in art.
For galligaskins Slowshears is your man;
But coats must claim another artisan. [1]
Now this to me, I own, seems much the same
As Vulcan's feet to bear Apollo's frame; [2]
Or, with a fair complexion, to expose
Black eyes, black ringlets, but — a bottle nose

Dear authors! suit your topics to your stren
And ponder well your subject, and its length;

Deficiunt animique: professus grandia, turget:
Serpit humi, tutus nimium, timidusque procellæ:
Qui variare cupit rem prodigialiter unam,
Delphinum sylvis appingit fluctibus aprum.
In vitium ducit culpæ fuga, si caret arte.
Æmilium circa ludum faber unus et ungues
Exprimet, et molles imitabitur ære capillos;
Infelix operis summa, quia ponere totum
Nesciet. Hunc ego me, si quid componere curem,
Non magis esse velim, quam pravo vivere naso,
Spectandum nigris oculis nigroque capillo.
Sumite materiem vestris, qui scribitis, equam
Viribus; et versate diu quid ferre recusent

[1] Mere common mortals were commonly content with
and with one bill, but the more particular gentlemen fo
possible to confide their lower garments to the make
body clothes. I speak of the beginning of 1809: what re
have since taken place I neither know, nor desire to kno

[2] ["*As one leg* perfect, and the other lame."—MS.]

Nor lift your load, before you 're quite aware
What weight your shoulders will, or will not, bear.
But lucid Order, and Wit's siren voice,
Await the poet, skilful in his choice;
With native eloquence he soars along,
Grace in his thoughts, and music in his song.

Let judgment teach him wisely to combine
With future parts the now omitted line:
This shall the author choose, or that reject,
Precise in style, and cautious to select;
Nor slight applause will candid pens afford
To him who furnishes a wanting word.
Then fear not if 't is needful to produce
Some term unknown, or obsolete in use,
(As Pitt [1] has furnish'd us a word or two,
Which lexicographers declined to do;)
So you indeed, with care, — (but be content
To take this license rarely) — may invent.
New words find credit in these latter days,
If neatly grafted on a Gallic phrase.

Quid valeant humeri. Cui lecta potenter erit res,
Nec facundia deseret hunc nec lucidus ordo.
Ordinis hæc virtus erit et venus, aut ego fallor,
Ut jam nunc dicat, jam nunc debentia dici
Pleraque differat, et præsens in tempus omittat;
Hoc amet, hoc spernat promissi carminis auctor.
In verbis etiam tenuis cautusque serendis:
Dixeris egregie, notum si callida verbum
Reddiderit junctura novum. Si forte necesse est
Indicis monstrare recentibus abdita rerum,
Fingere cinctutis non exaudita Cethegis
Continget; dabiturque licentia sumpta pudenter;
Et nova factaque nuper habebunt verba fidem, si
Græco fonte cadant, parce detorta. Quid autem

[1] Mr. Pitt was liberal in his additions to our parliamentary tongue; as may be seen in many publications, particularly the Edinburgh Review.

What Chaucer, Spenser did, we scarce refuse
To Dryden's or to Pope's maturer muse.
If you can add a little, say why not,
As well as William Pitt, and Walter Scott?
Since they, by force of rhyme and force of lungs
Enrich'd our island's ill-united tongues;
'T is then — and shall be — lawful to present
Reform in writing, as in parliament.

As forests shed their foliage by degrees,
So fade expressions which in season please;
And we and ours, alas! are due to fate,
And works and words but dwindle to a date.
Though as a monarch nods, and commerce calls
Impetuous rivers stagnate in canals;
Though swamps subdued, and marshes drain'd,
The heavy ploughshare and the yellow grain,
And rising ports along the busy shore
Protect the vessel from old Ocean's roar,
All, all, must perish; but, surviving last,
The love of letters half preserves the past.

Cæcilio Plautoque dabit Romanus, ademptum
Virgilio Varioque? ego cur, acquirere pauca
Si possum, invideor; cum lingua Catonis et Enni
Sermonem patrium ditaverit, et nova rerum
Nomina protulerit? Licuit, semperque licebit,
Signatum præsente nota producere nomen.
Ut silvæ foliis pronos mutantur in annos;
Prima cadunt: ita verborum vetus interit ætas,
Et juvenum ritu florent modo nata, vigentque.
Debemur morti nostraque: sive receptus
Terra Neptunus classes aquilonibus arcet,
Regis opus; sterilisve diu palus, aptaque remis
Vicinas urbes alit, et grave sent t aratrum:
Seu cursum mutavit iniquum frugibus amnis,
Doctus iter melius; mortalia facta peribunt:
Nedum sermonum stet honos, et gratia vivax.

True, some decay, yet not a few revive; [1]
Though those shall sink, which now appear to thrive,
As custom arbitrates, whose shifting sway
Our life and language must alike obey.

The immortal wars which gods and angels wage,
Are they not shown in Milton's sacred page?
His strain will teach what numbers best belong
To themes celestial told in epic song.

The slow, sad stanza will correctly paint
The lover's anguish, or the friend's complaint.
But which deserves the laurel — rhyme or blank?
Which holds on Helicon the higher rank?
Let squabbling critics by themselves dispute
This point, as puzzling as a Chancery suit.

Satiric rhyme first sprang from selfish spleen.
You doubt — see Dryden, Pope, St. Patrick's dean. [2]

Multa renascentur, quæ jam cecidere; cadentque,
Quæ nunc sunt in honore vocabula, si volet usus;
Quem penes arbitrium est, et jus, et norma loquendi.
Res gestæ regumque ducumque et tristia bella,
Quo scribi possent numero, monstravit Homerus.
Versibus impariter junctis querimonia primum;
Post etiam inclusa est voti sententia compos.
Quis tamen exiguos elegos emiserit auctor,
Grammatici certant, et adhuc sub judice lis est.
Archilocum proprio rabies armavit iambo;
Hunc socci cepere pedem grandesque cothurni,

[1] Old ballads, old plays, and old women's stories, are at present in as much request as old wine or new speeches. In fact, this is the millennium of black letter: thanks to our Hebers, Webers, and Scotts! — [There was considerable malice in thus putting *Weber*, a poor German hack, a mere amanuensis of Sir Walter Scott, between the two other names.]

[2] "Mac Flecknoe," the "Dunciad," and all Swift's lampooning ballads. Whatever their other works may be, these originated in

Blank verse [1] is now, with one consent, allied
To Tragedy, and rarely quits her side.
Though mad Almanzor rhymed in Dryden's days,
No sing-song hero rants in modern plays;
Whilst modest Comedy her verse foregoes
For jest and *pun* [2] in very middling prose.

Alternis aptum sermonibus, et populares
Vincentem strepitus, et natum rebus agendis.
Musa dedit fidibus divos, puerosque deorum,
Et pugilem victorem, et equum certamine primum,
Et juvenum curas, et libera vina referre.

---

personal feelings, and angry retort on unworthy rivals; a
the ability of these satires elevates the poetical, their
detracts from the personal character of the writers.—
culars of Dryden's feud with his successor in the la
Shadwell, whom he has immortalised under the n
Flecknoe, and, also as Og, in the second part of "
Achitophel;" and for the literary squabbles in whi
Pope were engaged, the reader must turn to the liv
of these three great writers. See also Mr. D'Isra
interesting book on "The Quarrels of Authors."]

[1] [Like Dr. Johnson, Lord Byron maintained th
rhyme over blank verse in English poetry. "B
says, in his long-lost letter to the editor of Milton ever
"unless in the drama, no one except Milton has said, after
rhyme. I am aware that Johnson himself to wish
that he could not 'prevail upon himself to decry, wi
been a rhymer.' The opinions of that truly g
like Pope, it is the present fashion to decry, wi
by me with that deference which time will resto
but, with all humility, I am not persuaded t
Lost,' would not have been more nobly conve
perhaps in heroic couplets,—although even th
subject, if well balanced,—but in the stan
could easily have grafted on our language
Tasso, or in the terza rima of Dante, which
Thomson would have been better in rhyme
to his 'Castle of Indolence;' and Mr. Sout
worse."]

[2] With all the vulgar applause and crit
they have Aristotle on their side; who

Not that our Bens or Beaumonts show the worse.
Or lose one point, because they wrote in verse.
But so Thalia pleases to appear,
Poor virgin! damn'd some twenty times a year!

Whate'er the scene, let this advice have weight: —
Adapt your language to your hero's state.
At times Melpomene forgets to groan,
And brisk Thalia takes a serious tone;
Nor unregarded will the act pass by
Where angry Townly [1] lifts his voice on high.
Again, our Shakspeare limits verse to kings,
When common prose will serve for common things;

Descriptas servare vices, operumque colores,
Cur ego, si nequeo ignoroque, poeta salutor?
Cur nescire, pudens prave, quam discere malo?
Versibus exponi tragicis res comica non vult;
Indignatur item privatis, ac prope socco
Dignis carminibus narrari cœna Thyestæ.
Singula quæque locum teneant sortita decenter.
Interdum tamen et vocem comœdia tollit,
Iratusque Chremes tumido delitigat ore:
Et tragicus plerumque dolet sermone pedestri.
Telephus et Peleus, cum pauper et exul, uterque

---

and gives them consequence by a grave disquisition. ["Cicero also," says Addison, "has sprinkled several of his works with them; and, in his book on Oratory, quotes abundance of sayings as pieces of wit, which, upon examination, prove arrant puns. But the age in which the pun chiefly flourished was in the reign of James the First, who was himself a tolerable punster, and made very few bishops or privy councillors that had not some time or other signalised themselves by a clinch, or a conundrum. The sermons of Bishop Andrews, and the tragedies of Shakspeare, are full of them. The sinner was punned into repentance by the former; as in the latter, nothing is more usual than to see a hero weeping and quibbling for a dozen lines together."]

[1] [In Vanbrugh's comedy of the "Provoked Husband."]

And lively Hal resigns heroic ire,
To "hollowing Hotspur[1]" and his sceptred sire.

'T is not enough, ye bards, with all your art,
To polish poems; — they must touch the heart:
Where'er the scene be laid, whate'er the song,
Still let it bear the hearer's soul along;
Command your audience or to smile or weep,
Whiche'er may please you — any thing but sleep.
The poet claims our tears; but, by his leave,
Before I shed them, let me see him grieve.

If banish'd Romeo feign'd nor sigh nor tear,
Lull'd by his languor, I should sleep or sneer.
Sad words, no doubt, become a serious face,
And men look angry in the proper place.
At double meanings folks seem wondrous sly,
And sentiment prescribes a pensive eye;
For nature form'd at first the inward man,
And actors copy nature — when they can.
She bids the beating heart with rapture bound,
Raised to the stars, or levell'd with the ground;

Projicit ampullas, et sesquipedalia verba;
Si curat cor spectantis tetigisse querela.
Non satis est pulchra esse poemata; dulcia sunto,
Et quocunque volent, animum auditoris agunto.
Ut ridentibus arrident, ita flentibus adflent
Humani vultus; si vis me flere dolendum est
Primum ipsi tibi; tunc tua me infortunia lædent.
Telephe, vel Peleu, male si mandata loqueris,
Aut dormitabo, aut ridebo: tristia mœstum
Vultum verba decent; iratum, plena minarum;
Ludentem, lasciva; severum, seria dictu.
Format enim natura prius nos intus ad omnem
Fortunarum habitum; juvat, aut impellet ad iram;
Aut ad humum mœrore gravi deducit, et angit;

[1] "*And in his* ear I'll hollow, Mortimer!" — 1 *Henry IV.*

nd for expression's aid, 't is said, or sung,
he gave our mind's interpreter — the tongue,
/ho, worn with use, of late would fain dispense
At least in theatres) with common sense;
'erwhelm with sound the boxes, gallery, pit,
nd raise a laugh with any thing — but wit.

To skilful writers it will much import,
/hence spring their scenes, from common life or court;
/hether they seek applause by smile or tear,
'o draw a "Lying Valet," or a "Lear,"
. sage, or rakish youngster wild from school,
. wandering "Peregrine," or plain "John Bull;"
ll persons please when nature's voice prevails,
cottish or Irish, born in Wilts or Wales.

Or follow common fame, or forge a plot.
/ho cares if mimic heroes lived or not?
ne precept serves to regulate the scene: —
ake it appear as if it *might* have *been*.

If some Drawcansir [1] you aspire to draw,
resent him raving, and above all law:

Post effert animi motus interprete lingua.
Si dicentis erunt fortunis absona dicta,
Romani tollent equites, peditesque cachinnum.
Intererit multum, Davusne loquatur an heros;
Maturusne senex, an adhuc florente juventa
Fervidus; an matrona potens, an sedula nutrix;
Mercatorne vagus, cultorne virentis agolli;
Colchus an Assyrius; Thebis nutritus, an Argis.
Aut famam sequere, aut sibi convenientia finge,
Scriptor. Honoratum si forte reponis Achillem;
Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis acer,
Jura neget sibi nata, nihil non arroget armis.

[1] ["*Johnson.* Pray, Mr. Bayes, who is that Drawcansir?
Bayes. Why, Sir, a great hero, that frights his mistress,

If female furies in your scheme are plann'd,
Macbeth's fierce dame is ready to your hand;
For tears and treachery, for good and evil,
Constance, King Richard, Hamlet and the Devil!
But if a new design you dare essay,
And freely wander from the beaten way,
True to your characters, till all be past,
Preserve consistency from first to last.

'T is hard to venture where our betters fail,
Or lend fresh interest to a twice-told tale;

Sit Medea ferox invictaque; flebilis Ino;
Perfidus Ixion; Io vaga; tristis Orestes;
Si quid inexpertum scenæ committis, et audes
Personam formare novam; servetur ad imum
Qualis ab incepto processerit, et sibi constet.
Difficile est proprie communia dicere *; tuque
Rectius Iliacum carmen deducis in actus,

---

snubs up kings, baffles armies, and does what he will, without regard to numbers, good sense, or justice." — *Rehearsal.*]

* "*Difficile est proprie communia dicere.*" — Mde Dacier, Mde. de Sévigné, Boileau, and others, have left their dispute on the meaning of this passage in a tract considerably longer than the poem of Horace. It is printed at the close of the eleventh volume of Madame de Sévigné's Letters, edited by Grouvelle, Paris, 1806. Presuming that all who *can* construe may venture an opinion on such subjects, particularly as so many who can *not* have taken the same liberty, I should have held my "farthing candle" as awkwardly as another, had not my respect for the wits of Louis the Fourteenth's Augustan siècle induced me to subjoin these illustrious authorities. 1st, Boileau: "Il est difficile de traiter des sujets qui sont à la portée de tout le monde d'une manière qui vous les rende propres, ce qui s'appelle s'approprier un sujet par le tour qu'on y donne." 2dly, Batteux: "Mais il est bien difficile de donner des traits propres et individuels aux êtres purement possibles." 3dly, Dacier: "Il est difficile de traiter convenablement ces caractères que tout le monde peut inventer." Mde. de *Sévigné's* opinion and translation, consisting of some thirty pages,

And yet, perchance, 't is wiser to prefer
A hackney'd plot, then choose a new, and err;
Yet copy not too closely, but record,
More justly, thought for thought than word for word;
Nor trace your prototype through narrow ways,
But only follow where he merits praise.

> Quam si proferres ignota indictaque primus.
> Publica materies privati juris erit, si
> Nec circa vilem patulumque moraberis orbem;
> Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus
> Interpres, nec desilies imitator in arctum
> Unde pedem proferre pudor vetet, aut operis lex.

I omit, particularly as M. Grouvelle observes, "La chose est bien remarquable, aucune de ces diverses interpretations ne parait être la véritable." But, by way of comfort, it seems, fifty years afterwards, "Le lumineux Dumarsais" made his appearance, to set Horace on his legs again, "dissiper tous les nuages, et concilier tous les dissentimens;" and some fifty years hence, somebody, still more luminous, will doubtless start up and demolish Dumarsais and his system on this weighty affair, as if he were no better than Ptolemy and Tycho, or his comments of no more consequence than astronomical calculations on the present comet. I am happy to say, "la longueur de la dissertation" of M. D. prevents M. G. from saying any more on the matter. A better poet than Boileau, and at least as good a scholar as Sévigné, has said,

> "A little learning is a dangerous thing."

And, by this comparison of comments, it may be perceived how a good deal may be rendered as perilous to the proprietors. — [Dr. Johnson gave the interpretation thus — "He means that it is difficult to appropriate to particular persons qualities which are common to all mankind, as Homer has done." — "It seems to result from the whole discussion," says Mr. Croker, "that, in the ordinary meaning of the words, the passage is obscure, and that, to make sense, we must either alter the words, or assign to them an unusual interpretation. All commentators are agreed, by the help of the context, what the general meaning must be; but no one seems able 'verbum verbo reddere fidus interpres.'" (*Boswell*, vol. vi. p. 342.) — But, in our humble opinion, Boileau's translation is precisely that of this "fidus interpres."]

For you, young bard! whom luckless fate may lead
To tremble on the nod of all who read,
Ere your first score of cantos time unrolls,
Beware — for God's sake, don't begin like Bowles![1]

Nec sic incipies, ut scriptor Cyclicus olim:

[1] About two years ago a young man, named Townsend, was announced by Mr. Cumberland *, in a review † since deceased) as being engaged in an epic poem to be entitled "Armageddon." The plan and specimen promise much; but I hope neither to offend Mr. Townsend, nor his friends, by recommending to his attention the lines of Horace to which these rhymes allude. If

* [On the original MS. we find, — "This note was written" [at Athens] "before the author was apprized of Mr. Cumberland's death." The old littérateur died in May 1811, and had the honour to be buried in Westminster Abbey, and to be eulogised, while the company stood round the grave, in the following manly style by the then dean, Dr. Vincent, his schoolfellow, and through life his friend. — "Good people! the person you see now deposited is Richard Cumberland, an author of no small merit: his writings were chiefly for the stage, but of strict moral tendency: they were not without faults, but they were not gross, abounding with oaths and libidinous expressions, as, I am shocked to observe, is the case of many of the present day. He wrote as much as any one: few wrote better; and his works will be held in the highest estimation, as long as the English language will be understood. He considered the theatre a school for moral improvement, and his remains are truly worthy of mingling with the illustrious dead which surround us. Read his prose subjects on divinity! there you will find the true Christian spirit of the man who trusted in our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. May God forgive him his sins; and, at the resurrection of the just, receive him into everlasting glory!"]

† [The "London Review," set up in 1809, under Mr. Cumberland's editorial care, did not outlive many numbers. He spoke great things in the prospectus, about the distinguishing feature of the journal; viz. its having the writer's name affixed to the articles. This plan has succeeded pretty well both in France and Germany, but has failed utterly as often as it has been tried in this country. It is needless, however, to go into any speculation on the principle *here*; for the "London Review," whether sent into the world *with or* without names, must soon have died of the original disease *of dulness.*]

" Awake a louder and a loftier strain," —
And pray, what follows from his boiling brain? —

" Fortunam Priami cantabo, et nobile bellum."
Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatu?

Mr. Townsend succeeds in his undertaking, as there is reason to hope, how much will the world be indebted to Mr. Cumberland for bringing him before the public! But, till that eventful day arrives, it may be doubted whether the premature display of his plan (sublime as the ideas confessedly are) has not, — by raising expectation too high, or diminishing curiosity, by developing his argument, — rather incurred the hazard of injuring Mr. Townsend's future prospects. Mr. Cumberland (whose talents I shall not depreciate by the humble tribute of my praise) and Mr. Townsend must not suppose me actuated by unworthy motives in this suggestion. I wish the author all the success he can wish himself, and shall be truly happy to see epic poetry weighed up from the bathos where it lies sunken with Southey, Cottle, Cowley (Mrs. or Abraham), Ogilvy, Wilkie, Pye, and all the " dull of past and present days." Even if he is not a *Milton*, he may be better than *Blackmore;* if not a *Homer*, an *Antimachus*. I should deem myself presumptuous, as a young man, in offering advice, were it not addressed to one still younger. Mr. Townsend has the greatest difficulties to encounter: but in conquering them he will find employment; in having conquered them, his reward. I know too well " the scribbler's scoff, the critic's contumely;" and I am afraid time will teach Mr. Townsend to know them better. Those who succeed, and those who do not, must bear this alike, and it is hard to say which have most of it. I trust that Mr. Townsend's share will be from *envy;* — he will soon know mankind well enough not to attribute this expression to malice. — [This was penned at Athens. On his return to England Lord B. wrote to a friend: — " There is a sucking epic poet at Granta, a Mr. Townsend, protégé of the late Cumberland. Did you ever hear of him and his 'Armageddon?' I think his plan (the man I don't know) borders on the sublime; though, perhaps, the anticipation of the 'Last Day' is a little too daring; at least, it looks like telling the Almighty what he is to do; and might remind an ill-natured person of the line —

'And fools rush in where angels fear to tread.'

But I don't mean to cavil — only other folks will; and he may bring all the lambs of Jacob Behmen about his ears. However I hope he will bring it to a conclusion, though Milton is in his way." — All Lord Byron's anticipations, with regard to this poem, were realised to the very letter. To gratify the curiosity

He sinks to Southey's level in a trice,
Whose epic mountains never fail in mice!
Not so of yore awoke your mighty sire
The temper'd warblings of his master-lyre;
Soft as the gentler breathing of the lute,
"Of man's first disobedience and the fruit"
He speaks, but, as his subject swells along,
Earth, heaven, and Hades echo with the song.[1]
Still to the midst of things he hastens on,
As if we witness'd all already done;
Leaves on his path whatever seems too mean
To raise the subject, or adorn the scene;
Gives, as each page improves upon the sight,
Not smoke from brightness, but from darkness — light

Parturiunt montes: nascetur ridiculus mus.
Quanto rectius hic, qui nil molitur inepte!
"Dic mihi, Musa, virum captæ post tempora Trojæ,
Qui mores hominum multorum vidit, et urbes."
Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem
Cogitat, ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat,
Antiphaten, Scyllamque, et cum Cyclope Charybdim.
Nec reditum Diomedis ab interitu Meleagri,
Nec gemino bellum Trojanum orditur ab ovo.
Semper ad eventum festinat; et in medias res
Non secus ac notas, auditorem rapit, et quæ
Desperat tractata nitescere posse, relinquit:

---

which had been excited, Mr. Townsend, in 1815, was induced to publish eight out of the twelve books of which it was to consist. "In the benevolence of his heart, Mr. Cumberland," he says, "bestowed praise on me, certainly too abundantly and prematurely; but I hope that any deficiency on my part may be imputed to the true cause — my own inability to support a subject, under which the greatest mental powers must inevitably sink. My talents were neither equal to my own ambition, nor his zeal to serve me."]

[1] [There is more of poetry in these verses upon Milton than in *any other passage* throughout the paraphrase. — MOORE.]

And truth and fiction with such art compounds,
We know not where to fix their several bounds.
If you would please the public, deign to hear
What soothes the many-headed monster's ear;
If your heart triumph when the hands of all
Applaud in thunder at the curtain's fall,
Deserve those plaudits — study nature's page,
And sketch the striking traits of every age;
While varying man and varying years unfold
Life's little tale, so oft, so vainly told:
Observe his simple childhood's dawning days,
His pranks, his prate, his playmates, and his plays;
Till time at length the mannish tyro weans,
And prurient vice outstrips his tardy teens!

Behold him Freshman! forced no more to groan
O'er Virgil's [1] devilish verses and — his own;
Prayers are too tedious, lectures too abstruse,
He flies from Tavell's frown to "Fordham's Mews;"

Atque ita mentitur, sic veris falsa remiscet,
Primo ne medium, medio ne discrepet imum.
Tu, quid ego et populus mecum desideret, audi.
Si plausoris eges aulæa manentis, et usque
Sessuri, donec cantor, Vos plaudite, dicat;
Ætatis cujusque notandi sunt tibi mores,
Mobilibusque decor naturis dandus et annis.
Reddere qui voces jam scit puer, et pede certo
Signat humum; gestit paribus colludere, et iram
Colligit ac ponit temere, et mutatur in horas.
Imberbis juvenis, tandem custode remoto,
Gaudet equis canibusque, et aprici gramine campi;

[1] Harvey, the *circulator* of the *circulation* of the blood, used to fling away Virgil in his ecstasy of admiration, and say, "the book had a devil." Now, such a character as I am copying would probably fling it away also, but rather wish that the devil had the book; not from dislike to the poet, but a well founded horror of hexameters. Indeed, the public school penance of "Long and Short" is enough to beget an antipathy to poetry for the residue of a man's life, and, perhaps, so far may be an advantage.

(Unlucky Tavell![1] doom'd to daily cares
By pugilistic pupils, and by bears,)[2]
Fines, tutors, tasks, conventions threat in vain,
Before hounds, hunters, and Newmarket plain.
Rough with his elders, with his equals rash,
Civil to sharpers, prodigal of cash;
Constant to nought — save hazard and a whore,
Yet cursing both — for both have made him sore;
Unread (unless, since books beguile disease,
The p—x becomes his passage to degrees);
Fool'd, pillaged, dunn'd, he wastes his term away,
And unexpell'd perhaps, retires M. A.;
Master of arts! as *hells* and *clubs*[3] proclaim,
Where scarce a blackleg bears a brighter name!

Launch'd into life, extinct his early fire,
He apes the selfish prudence of his sire;
Marries for money, chooses friends for rank,
Buys land, and shrewdly trusts not to the Bank;

Cereus in vitium flecti, monitoribus asper,
Utilium tardus provisor, prodigus æris,
Sublimis, cupidusque, et amata relinquere pernix
Conversis studiis, ætas animusque virilis
Quærit opes, et amicitias inservit honori;
Commisisse cavet quod mox mutare laboret.

[1] "Infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem." I
Mr. Tavell (to whom I mean no affront) will understan
it is no matter whether any one else does or no. — T
events, "quæque ipse miserrima vidi, et quorum pars
all *times* and *terms* bear testimony.

[2] [The Rev. G. F. Tavell was a fellow and tutor of
lege, Cambridge, during Lord Byron's residence, a
notice to the zeal with which he had protested again
nile vagaries, sufficiently explained in Mr. Moore's
p. 210.]

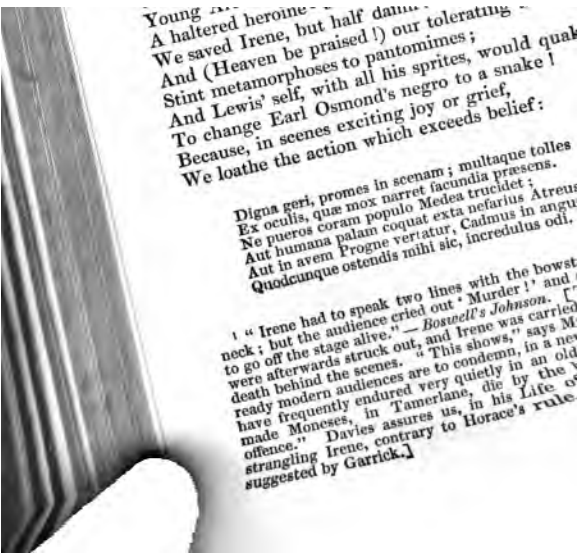
[3] "Hell," a gaming-house so called, where you
are cheated a good deal. "Club," a pleasant pu
you lose more, and are not supposed to be cheated

Sits in the Senate; gets a son and heir;
Sends him to Harrow, for himself was there.
Mute, though he votes, unless when call'd to cheer,
His son's so sharp — he 'll see the dog a peer!

Manhood declines — age palsies every limb;
He quits the scene — or else the scene quits him;
Scrapes wealth, o'er each departing penny grieves,
And avarice seizes all ambition leaves;
Counts cent per cent, and smiles, or vainly frets,
O'er hoards diminish'd by young Hopeful's debts;
Weighs well and wisely what to sell or buy,
Complete in all life's lessons — but to die;
Peevish and spiteful, doating, hard to please,
Commending every time, save times like these;
Crazed, querulous, forsaken, half forgot,
Expires unwept — is buried — let him rot!

But from the Drama let me not digress,
Nor spare my precepts, though they please you less.
Though woman weep, and hardest hearts are stirr'd,
When what is done is rather seen than heard,
Yet many deeds preserved in history's page
Are better told than acted on the stage;

Multa senem conveniunt incommoda; vel quod
Quærit, et inventis miser abstinet, ac timet uti;
Vel quod res omnes timide gelideque ministrat,
Dilator, spe longus, iners, avidusque futuri;
Difficilis, querulus, laudator temporis acti
Se puero, castigator censorque minorum.
Multa ferunt anni venientes commoda secum,
Multa recedentes adimunt. Ne forte seniles
Mandentur juveni partes, pueroque viriles,
Semper in adjunctis, ævoque morabimur aptis.
Aut agitur res in scenis, aut acta refertur.
Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, et quæ
Ipse sibi tradit spectator. Non tamen intus



Young
A haltered heroine
We saved Irene, but half dam
And (Heaven be praised!) our tolerating
Stint metamorphoses to pantomimes;
And Lewis' self, with all his sprites, would qual
To change Earl Osmond's negro to a snake!
Because, in scenes exciting joy or grief,
We loathe the action which exceeds belief:

Digna geri, promes in scenam; multaque tolles
Ex oculis, quæ mox narret facundia præsens.
Ne pueros coram populo Medea trucidet;
Aut humana palam coquat exta nefarius Atreus
Aut in avem Progne vertatur, Cadmus in angu
Quodcunque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.

[1] "Irene had to speak two lines with the bowst
neck; but the audience cried out 'Murder!' and
to go off the stage alive." — *Boswell's Johnson.* ["
were afterwards struck out, and Irene was carried
death behind the scenes. "This shows," says M
ready modern audiences are to condemn, in a ne
have frequently endured very quietly in an old
made Moneses, in Tamerlane, die by the
offence." Davies assures us, in his Life of
strangling Irene, contrary to Horace's rule
suggested by Garrick.]

yet, God knows! what may not authors do,
se postscripts prate of dyeing "heroines blue?" [1]

bove all things, *Dan* Poet, if you can,
: out your acts, I pray, with mortal man;
: call a ghost, unless some cursed scrape
st open ten trap-doors for your escape.
all the monstrous things I'd fain forbid,
oathe an opera worse than Dennis did; [2]
here good and evil persons, right or wrong,
age, love, and aught but moralise, in song.
ail, last memorial of our foreign friends,
/hich Gaul allows, and still Hesperia lends!
[apoleon's edicts no embargo lay
)n whores, spies, singers, wisely shipp'd away.
)ur giant capital, whose squares are spread
Where rustics earn'd, and now may beg, their bread,
In all iniquity is grown so nice,
It scorns amusements which are not of price.
Hence the pert shopkeeper, whose throbbing ear
Aches with orchestras which he pays to hear,
Whom shame, not sympathy, forbids to snore,
His anguish doubling by his own "encore;"

Neve minor, neu sit quinto productior actu
Fabula, quæ posci vult, et spectata reponi.
Nec Deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit. * * * *

[1] In the postscript to the "Castle Spectre," Mr. Lewis tells us, that though blacks were unknown in England at the period of his action, yet he has made the anachronism to set off the scene: and if he could have produced the effect "by making his heroine blue," — I quote him — "blue he would have made her!"

[2] [In 1706, Dennis, the critic, wrote an "Essay on the Operas after the Italian manner, which are about to be established on the English Stage;" in which he endeavours to show, that it is a diversion of more pernicious consequence than the most licentious play that ever appeared upon the stage.]

Squeezed in "Fop's Alley," jostled by the beaux,
Teased with his hat, and trembling for his toes;
Scarce wrestles through the night, nor tastes of ease,
Till the dropp'd curtain gives a glad release:
Why this, and more, he suffers — can ye guess? —
Because it costs him dear, and makes him dress!

So prosper eunuchs from Etruscan schools;
Give us but fiddlers, and they 're sure of fools!
Ere scenes were play'd by many a reverend clerk [1]
What harm, if David danced before the ark?) [2]
In Christmas revels, simple country folks
Were pleased with morrice-mumm'ry and coarse jokes.

[1] "The first theatrical representations, entitled 'Mysteries and Moralities,' were generally enacted at Christmas, by monks (as the only persons who could read), and latterly by the clergy and students of the universities. The dramatis personæ were usually Adam, Pater, Cœlestis, Faith, Vice," &c. &c. — See Warton's History of English Poetry. [These, to modern eyes, wild, uncouth, and generally profane performances, were thought to contribute so much to the information and instruction of the people, that one of the popes granted a pardon of one thousand days to every person who resorted peaceably to the plays acted in the Whitsunweek at Chester, beginning with the "Creation," and ending with the "General Judgment." These were performed at the expense of the different trading companies of that city. The "Creation," was performed by the drapers; the "Deluge" by the dyers; "Abraham, Melchisedec, and Lot" by the barbers; the "Purification" by the blacksmiths; the "Last Supper" by the bakers; the "Resurrection" by the skinners; and the "Ascension" by the tailors. "In Mr. Payne Collier's recent work on English Dramatic Poetry, the reader will find an abstract of the several collections of these mystery-plays, which is not only interesting for the light it throws on the early days of our drama, but instructive and valuable for the curious information it preserves with respect to the strangely debased notions of Scripture history that prevailed, almost universally, before translations of the Bible were in common use. See also the Quarterly Review, vol. xlvi. p. 477.]

[2] [Here follows, in the original MS. —

"Who did what Vestris — yet, at least, — cannot,
And cut his kingly capers sans culotte."]

Improving years, with things no longer known,
Produced blithe Punch and merry Madame Joan,
Who still frisk on with feats so lewdly low,
'T is strange Benvolio [1] suffers such a show; [2]
Suppressing peer! to whom each vice gives place,
Oaths, boxing, begging, — all, save rout and race.

Farce followed Comedy, and reach'd her prime,
In ever-laughing Foote's fantastic time:
Mad wag! who pardon'd none, nor spared the best
And turn'd some very serious things to jest.
Nor church nor state escaped his public sneers,
Arms nor the gown, priests, lawyers, volunteers:
"Alas, poor Yorick!" now for ever mute!
Whoever laughs a laugh must sigh for Foote.

We smile, perforce, when histrionic scenes
Ape the swoln dialogue of kings and queens,
When "Chrononhotonthologos must die,"
And Arthur struts in mimic majesty.

Moschus! with whom once more I hope to sit,
And smile at folly, if we can't at wit;

[1] Benvolio does not bet; but every man who maintains race-horses is a promoter of all the concomitant evils of the turf. Avoiding to bet is a little pharisaical. Is it an exculpation? I think not. I never yet heard a bawd praised for chastity, because *she herself* did not commit fornification.

[2] [For Benvolio we have, in the original MS., "Earl Grosvenor;" and for the next couplet—

"Suppressing peer! to whom each vice gives place,
Save gambling — for his Lordship loves a race."

But we cannot trace the exact propriety of the allusions. Lord Grosvenor, now Marquis of Westminster, no doubt distinguished himself by some attack on the Sunday Newspapers, or the like, at the same time that he was known to keep a stud at Newmarket — but why a long note on a subject certainly insignificant, and perhaps mistaken?]

Yes, friend! for thee I 'll quit my cynic cell,
And bear Swift's motto, "Vive la bagatelle!"
Which charm'd our days in each Ægean clime,
As oft at home, with revelry and rhyme.[1]
Then may Euphrosyne, who sped the past,
Soothe thy life's scenes, nor leave thee in the last;
But find in thine, like pagan Plato's bed,[2]
Some merry manuscript of mimes, when dead.

Now to the Drama let us bend our eyes,
Where fetter'd by whig Walpole low she lies;[3]

[1] [In dedicating the fourth canto of "Childe Harold" fellow traveller, Lord Byron describes him as "one to wh was indebted for the social advantages of an enlightened f ship; one whom he had long known, and accompanied far, he had found wakeful over his sickness and kind in his s glad in his prosperity and firm in his adversity, true in c and trusty in peril:"—while Mr. Hobhouse, in describing a tour to Negroponte, in which his noble friend was unable company him, regrets the absence of a companion, "who, to ness of observation and ingenuity of remark, united that ga humour which keeps alive the attention under the press fatigue, and softens the aspect of every difficulty and danger

[2] Under Plato's pillow a volume of the *Mimes* of Sophro found the day he died.—*Vide* Barthélémi, De Pauw, or Di Laërtius, if agreeable. De Pauw calls it a jest-book. Cu land, in his Observer, terms it moral, like the sayings of P Syrus.

[3] [The following is a brief sketch of the origin of the Play Bill:—In 1735, Sir John Barnard brought in a bill "to re the number of houses for playing of interludes, and for the regulating of common players." The minister, Sir Robert pole, conceiving this to be a favourable opportunity of che the abuse of theatrical representation, proposed to insert a to ratify and confirm, if not enlarge, the power of the Lord C berlain in licensing plays; and at the same time insinuated unless this addition was made the king would not pass it. Sir John Barnard strongly objected to this clause; conte that the power of that officer was already too great, and has often wantonly exercised. He therefore withdrew his bill, *than* establish by law a power in a single officer so much *the direction* of the Crown. In the course, however, of the s

Corruption foil'd her, for she fear'd her glance;
Decorum left her for an opera dance!
Yet Chesterfield, [1] whose polish'd pen inveighs
'Gainst laughter, fought for freedom to our plays;

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of 1737, an opportunity offered, which Sir Robert did not fail to seize. The manager of Goodman's Fields Theatre having brought to him a farce called "The Golden Rump," which had been proffered for exhibition, the minister paid the profits which might have accrued from the performance, and detained the copy. He then made extracts of the most exceptionable passages, abounding in profaneness, sedition, and blasphemy, read them to the house, and obtained leave to bring in a bill to limit the number of playhouses; to subject all dramatic writings to the inspection of the Lord Chamberlain; and to compel the proprietors to take out a license for every production before it could appear on the stage.]

[1] His speech on the Licensing Act is one of his most eloquent efforts. — [Though the Playhouse Bill is generally said to have been warmly opposed in both Houses, this speech of the Earl of Chesterfield is the only trace of that opposition to be found in the periodical publications of the times. The following passage, which relates to the powers of the Lord Chamberlain, will show the style of the oration: — "The bill is not only an encroachment upon liberty, but it is likewise an encroachment on property. Wit, my Lords, is a sort of property: it is the property of those who have it, and too often the only property they have to depend on. Thank God! my Lords, we have a dependence of another kind; we have a much less precarious support, and, therefore, cannot feel the inconveniences of the bill now before us: but it is our duty to encourage and protect wit, whosoever's property it may be. Those gentlemen who have any such property are all, I hope, our friends: do not let us subject them to any unnecessary or arbitrary restraint. I must own, I cannot easily agree to the laying of any tax upon wit; but by this bill it is to be heavily taxed, it is to be excised: for, if this bill passes, it cannot be retailed in a proper way without a permit; and the Lord Chamberlain is to have the honour of being chief gauger, supervisor, commissioner, judge, and jury. But, what is still more hard, though the poor author, — the proprietor, I should say, — cannot, perhaps, dine till he has found out and agreed with a purchaser, yet, before he can propose to seek for a purchaser, he must patiently submit to have his goods rummaged at this new excise-office; where they may be detained for fourteen days, and even then he may find them returned as prohibited goods, by which his chief and best market will be for ever shut against him, without the least shadow

HINTS FROM HORACE.

d by megrims of patrician brains,
ning dulness of lord chamberlains.
iat act![1] again let Humour roam
the stage — we 've time for tears at hom
er plant the horns on Sullen's brows,
fania gull her Copper[2] spouse;
al 's scant — but that may be excused,
iot to be lectured, but amused.
ı our plays dispose to good or ill
ır a head in want of Willis' skill;[3]

---

either from the laws of his country or the laws
ese hardships, this hazard, which every gentlem
. to who writes any thing for the stage, must ce
ery man of a generous and free spirit from atter
n that way; and as the stage has always been the
r wit and humour, therefore, my Lords, when I
s bill, I must think I plead the cause of wit, I ple
umour, I plead the cause of the British stage,
leman of taste in the kingdom. The stage a
Lords, are two of our out-sentries: If we remove
wink them, if we throw them in fetters, the enem
. Therefore, I must look upon the bill now be
ır introducing arbitrary power into this kingdom.

eal that Act!" — After a lapse of nearly a centu
s laws affecting dramatic literature, and the pe
drama, has again become the subject of parliam
l report.]

:l Perez, the Copper Captain, in "Rule a Wi
fe."

is "skill," Reynolds, in his "Life and Times," i
ble instance. The doctor had, it seems, an "
:hreaten and command." *Threaten*, in every s
for his numerous patients stood as much in awe
weapon as of bars, chains, or strait waistcoats.
ks' attendance on the King, he allowed his Ma
have himself, and a penknife to cut his nails. F
evening charged by the other physicians, before
he House of Commons, with rashness and impr
was very severe on this point, and authoritativ
know, "If the royal patient had become outrag
at, what power the doctor possessed of instanta

but Macheath's example — psha! — no more!
rm'd no thieves — the thief was form'd before; [1]
l spite of puritans and Collier's curse, [2]
ys make mankind no better, and no worse.
en spare our stage, ye methodistic men!
r burn damn'd Drury if it rise again. [3]
it why to brain-scorch'd bigots thus appeal?
n heavenly mercy dwell with earthly zeal?
or times of fire and faggot let them hope!
imes dear alike to puritan or pope.

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terrifying him into obedience?" "Place the candles between us, Mr. Burke," replied the doctor, in an equally authoritative tone, "and I'll give you an answer. There, Sir! by the *eye*. I should have looked at him *thus*, Sir — *thus!*" Mr. Burke instantaneously averted his head; and, making no reply, evidently acknowledged this *basilisk* authority. This story was often related by the doctor himself.]

[1] [Dr. Johnson was of the like opinion. Of the "Beggar's Opera" he says, in his Life of Gay: — "The play, like many others, was plainly written only to divert, without any moral purpose, and is, therefore, not likely to do good; nor can it be conceived, without more speculation than life requires or admits, to be productive of much evil. Highwaymen and housebreakers seldom frequent the playhouse, or mingle in any elegant diversion; nor is it possible for any one to imagine that he may rob with safety, because he sees Macheath reprieved upon the stage." On another occasion, the common question with regard to this opera having been introduced, he said: — "As to this matter, which has been very much contested, I myself am of opinion, that more influence has been ascribed to it than in reality it ever had; for I do not believe that any man was ever made a rogue by being present at that representation." — See Croker's Boswell, vol. iii. p. 242.]

[2] Jerry Collier's controversy with Congreve, &c. on the subject of the drama, is too well known to require further comment.

[3] ["*If it rise again.*" — When Lord Byron penned this couplet at Athens, he little imagined that he should so soon be called on to write an Address to be spoken on the opening of New Drury, and become one of the committee for managing its concerns.]

As pious Calvin saw Servetus blaze,
So would new sects on newer victims gaze.
E'en now the songs of Solyma begin;
Faith cants, perplex'd apologist of sin!
While the Lord's servant chastens whom he loves,
And Simeon [1] kicks, where Baxter only "shoves." [2]

Whom nature guides, so writes, that every dunce,
Enraptured, thinks to do the same at once;
But after inky thumbs and bitten nails,
And twenty scatter'd quires, the coxcomb fails.

Let pastoral be dumb; for who can hope
To match the youthful eclogues of our Pope?

> Ex noto fictum carmen sequar, ut sibi quivis
> Speret idem: sudet multum, frustraque laboret
> Ausus idem: tantum series juncturaque pollet:
> Tantum de medio sumptis accedit honoris.

[1] Mr. Simeon is the very bully of beliefs, and castigator of "good works." He is ably supported by John Stickles, a labourer in the same vineyard: — but I say no more, for, according to Johnny in full congregation, "*No hopes for them as laughs.*" — [The Rev. Charles Simeon, fellow of King's College, Cambridge, — a zealous Calvinist, who, in consequence of his zeal, became engaged in sundry warm disputations with other divines of the university. Besides many single sermons, he published "Helps to Composition, or 500 Skeleton Sermons," in five volumes; and "Horæ Homileticæ, or Discourses (in the form of skeletons) upon the whole Scripture," in eleven volumes. He died in 1836.]

[2] "Baxter's Shove to heavy-a—d Christians," the veritable title of a book once in good repute, and likely enough to be so again. [Richard Baxter is described by Granger as "a man famous for weakness of body and strength of mind; for having the strongest sense of religion himself, and exciting a sense of it in the thoughtless and profligate; for preaching more sermons, engaging in more controversies, and writing more books, than any other non-conformist of his age." Dr. Barrow says that "his practical writings were never mended, his controversial seldom confuted." On Boswell's asking Johnson which of them he *should* read, the Doctor replied, "Any of them; they are all *good.*"]

Yet his and Phillips' faults, of different kind,
For art too rude, for nature too refined,
Instruct how hard the medium 't is to hit
'Twixt too much polish and too coarse a wit.

A vulgar scribbler, certes, stands disgraced
In this nice age, when all aspire to taste;
The dirty language, and the noisome jest,
Which pleased in Swift of yore, we now detest;
Proscribed not only in the world polite,
But even too nasty for a city knight!

Peace to Swift's faults! his wit hath made them pass,
Unmatch'd by all, save matchless Hudibras!
Whose author is perhaps the first we meet,
Who from our couplet lopp'd two final feet;
Nor less in merit than the longer line,
This measure moves a favourite of the Nine.
Though at first view eight feet may seem in vain
Form'd, save in ode, to bear a serious strain,
Yet Scott has shown our wondering isle of late
This measure shrinks not from a theme of weight,

Silvis deducti caveant, me judice, Fauni,
Ne velut innati triviis, ac pene forenses,
Aut nimium teneris juvenentur versibus unquam,
Aut immunda crepent, ignominiosaque dicta.
Offenduntur enim, quibus est equus, et pater, et res:
Nec, si quid fricti ciceris probat et nucis emtor,
Æquis accipiunt animis, donantve corona.
Syllaba longa brevi subjecta, vocatur iambus,
Pes citus: unde etiam trimetris accrescere jussit.
Nomen iambeis, cum senos redderet ictus,
Primus ad extremum similis sibi: non ita pridem,
Tardior et paulo graviorque veniret ad aures,
Spondeos stabiles in jura paterna recepit
Commodus et patiens; non ut de sede secundâ
Cederet aut quarta socialiter. Hic et in Acci
Nobilibus trimetris apparet rarus, et Enni.
In scenam missos magno cum pondere versus,

And, varied skilfully, surpasses far
Heroic rhyme, but most in love and war,
Whose fluctuations, tender or sublime,
Are curb'd too much by long-recurring rhyme.

But many a skilful judge abhors to see,
What few admire — irregularity.
This some vouchsafe to pardon; but 'tis hard
When such a word contents a British bard.

And must the bard his glowing thoughts confine,
Lest censure hover o'er some faulty line?
Remove whate'er a critic may suspect,
To gain the paltry suffrage of "*correct?*"
Or prune the spirit of each daring phrase,
To fly from error, not to merit praise?

Ye, who seek finish'd models, never cease,
By day and night, to read the works of Greece.
But our good fathers never bent their brains
To heathen Greek, content with native strains.
The few who read a page, or used a pen,
Were satisfied with Chaucer and old Ben;
The jokes and numbers suited to their taste
Were quaint and careless, any thing but chaste;

Aut operæ celeris nimium, curaque carentis,
Aut ignoratæ premit artis crimine turpi.
Non quivis videt immodulata poemata judex;
Et data Romanis venia est indigna poetis.
Idcircone vager, scribamque licenter? an omnes
Visuros peccata putem mea; tutus, et intra
Spem veniæ cautus? vitavi denique culpam,
Non laudem merui. Vos exemplaria Græca
Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna.
At vestri proavi Plautinos et numeros et
Laudavere sales; nimium patienter utrumque,
Ne dicam stulte, mirati; si modo ego et vos

Yet whether right or wrong the ancient rules,
It will not do to call our fathers fools!
Though you and I, who eruditely know
To separate the elegant and low,
Can also, when a hobbling line appears,
Detect with fingers, in default of ears.

In sooth I do not know, or greatly care
To learn, who our first English strollers were;
Or if, till roofs received the vagrant art,
Our Muse, like that of Thespis, kept a cart;
But this is certain, since our Shakspeare's days,
There's pomp enough, if little else, in plays;
Nor will Melpomene ascend her throne
Without high heels, white plume, and Bristol stone.

Old comedies still meet with much applause,
Though too licentious for dramatic laws;
At least, we moderns, wisely, 't is confest,
Curtail, or silence, the lascivious jest.

Whate'er their follies, and their faults beside,
Our enterprising bards pass nought untried;

Scimus inurbanum lepido seponere dicto,
Legitimumque sonum digitis callemus et aure.
Ignotum tragicæ genus invenisse Camœnæ
Dicitur, et plaustris vexisse poemata Thespis,
Quæ canerent agerentque peruncti fæcibus ora.
Post hunc personæ pallæque repertor honestæ
Æschylus, et modicis instravit pulpita tignis,
Et docuit magnumque loqui, nitique cothurno.
Successit vetus his comœdia, non sine multa
Laude; sed in vitium libertas excidit, et vim
Dignam lege regi: lex est accepta; chorusque
Turpiter obticuit, sublato jure nocendi.
Nil intentatum nostri liquere poetæ;
Nec minimum meruere decus, vestigia Græca

Nor do they merit slight applause who choose
An English subject for an English muse,
And leave to minds which never dare invent
French flippancy and German sentiment.
Where is that living language which could claim
Poetic more, as philosophic, fame,
If all our bards, more patient of delay,
Would stop, like Pope,[1] to polish by the way?

> Ausi deserere, et celebrare domestica facta;
> Vel qui prætextas, vel qui docuere togatas.

[1] ["They support Pope, I see, in the Quarterly," — wrote L. Byron in 1820, from Ravenna — "it is a sin, and a shame, an *damnation*, that Pope!! should require it: but he does. Th miserable mountebanks of the day, the poets, disgrace themsel and deny God, in running down Pope, the most faultless of poet Again in the same year: — "I have at last lost all patience with atrocious cant and nonsense about Pope, with which our pres * * *s are overflowing, and am determined to make such h against it, as an individual can by prose or verse, and I will at l do it with good will. There is no bearing it any longer, and, goes on, it will destroy what little good writing or taste rem amongst us. I hope there are still a few men of taste to see me; but if not I'll battle it alone, convinced that it is the l cause of English literature." And again in 1821: — "Neit time, nor distance, nor grief, nor age, can ever diminish veneration for him who is the great moral poet of all times, of climes, of all feelings, and of all stages of existence. The del of my boyhood, the study of my manhood, perhaps (if allowe me to attain it) he may be the consolation of my age. His po is the book of life. Without canting, and yet without neglect religion, he has assembled all that a good and great man gather together of moral wisdom clothed in consummate beau Sir William Temple observes, 'that of all the members of m kind that live within the compass of a thousand years, for man that is born capable of making a *great poet*, there may a *thousand* born capable of making as great generals and minis of state as any in story.' Here is a statesman's opinion of poet It is honourable to him and to the art. Such a poet 'of a thous *years*' was Pope. A thousand years will roll away before s *another* can be hoped for in our literature. But it can *want* th *he is himself* a literature."]

HINTS FROM HORACE.

Lords of the quill, whose critical assault
O'erthrow whole quartos with their quires
Who soon detect, and mark where'er we fa
And prove our marble with too nice a nail
Democritus himself was not so bad;
He only *thought*, but *you* would make, us m

But truth to say, most rhymers rarely gua
Against that ridicule they deem so hard;
In person negligent, they wear, from sloth,
Beards of a week, and nails of annual growth
Reside in garrets, fly from those they meet,
And walk in alleys, rather than the street.

With little rhyme, less reason, if you please,
The name of poet may be got with ease,
So that not tuns of helleboric juice
Shall ever turn your head to any use;
Write but like Wordsworth, live beside a Lake
And keep your bushy locks a year from Blake

Nec virtute foret clarisve potentius armis,
Quam lingua, Latium, si non offenderet unum-
quemque poetarum limæ labor, et mora. Vos, ô
Pompilius sanguis, carmen reprehendite, quod nor
Multa dies et multa litura coercuit, atque
Præsectum decies non castigavit, ad unguem.
Ingenium misera quia fortunatius arte
Credit, et excludit sanos Helicone poetas
Democritus; bona pars non ungues ponere curat,
Non barbam: secreta petit loca, balnea vitat.
Nanciscetur enim pretium nomenque poetæ,
Si tribus Anticyris caput insanabile nunquam
Tonsori Licino commiserit. O ego lævus,

[1] ["That this is the age of the decline of English pc
be doubted by few who have calmly considered the subje

[2] As famous a tonsor as Licinus himself, and better
may, like him, be one day a senator, having a better qu
than one half of the heads he crops, viz. — independence

Then print your book, once more return to town,
And boys shall hunt your bardship up and down.

Am I not wise, if such some poets' plight,
To purge in spring — like Bayes [1] — before I write?

Qui purgor bilem sub verni temporis horam!
Non alius faceret meliora poemata: verum

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there are men of genius among the present poets, makes little against the fact: because it has been well said, that, 'next to him who forms the taste of his country, the greatest genius is he who corrupts it.' No one has ever denied genius to Marini, who corrupted, not merely the taste of Italy, but that of all Europe, for nearly a century. The great cause of the present deplorable state of English poetry is to be attributed to that absurd and systematic depreciation of Pope, in which, for the last few years, there has been a kind of epidemic concurrence. The Lakers and their school, and every body else with their school, and even Moore without a school, and dilettanti lecturers at institutions, and elderly gentlemen who translate and imitate, and young ladies who listen and repeat, and baronets who draw indifferent frontis-pieces for bad poets, and noblemen who let them dine with them in the country, the small body of the wits and the great body of the blues, have latterly united in a depreciation, of which their forefathers would have been as much ashamed as their children will be. In the mean time, what have we got instead? The Lake School, which began with an epic poem 'written in six weeks,' (so 'Joan of Arc' proclaimed herself), and finished with a ballad composed in twenty years, as 'Peter Bell's' creator takes care to inform the few who will inquire. What have we got instead? A deluge of flimsy and unintelligible romances, imitated from Scott and myself, who have both made the best of our bad materials and erroneous system. What have we got instead? Madoc, which is neither an epic nor any thing else, Thalaba, Kehama, Gebir, and such gibberish, written in all metres, and in no language." *Byron's Letters*, 1819. — See also the two pamphlets against Mr. Bowles, written at Ravenna in 1821, in which Lord Byron's enthusiastic reverence for Pope is the principal feature.]

[1] ["*Bayes*. Pray, Sir, how do you do when you write?
Smith. Faith, Sir, for the most part I 'm in pretty good health.
Bayes. I mean, what do you do when you write?
Smith. I take pen, ink, and paper, and sit down.

If this precaution soften'd not my bile,
I know no scribbler with a madder style;
But since (perhaps my feelings are too nice)
I cannot purchase fame at such a price,
I'll labour gratis as a grinder's wheel,
And, blunt myself, give edge to others' steel,
Nor write at all, unless to teach the art
To those rehearsing for the poet's part;
From Horace show the pleasing paths of song,
And from my own example — what is wrong.

Though modern practice sometimes differs quite,
'T is just as well to think before you write;
Let every book that suits your theme be read,
So shall you trace it to the fountain-head.

He who has learn'd the duty which he owes
To friends and country, and to pardon foes;

Nil tanti est: ergo fungar vice cotis, acutum
Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exsors ipsa secandi:
Munus et officium, nil scribens ipse, docebo;
Unde parentur opes; quid alat formetque poetam;
Quid deceat, quid non; quo virtus, quo ferat error.
Scribendi recte, sapere est et principium et fons.
Rem tibi Socraticæ poterunt ostendere chartæ:
Verbaque provisam rem non invita sequentur.
Qui didicit patriæ quid debeat, et quid amicis;
Quo sit amore parens, quo frater amandus, et hospes;

Bayes. Now I write standing — that 's one thing; and then another thing is, with what do you prepare yourself?

Smith. Prepare myself! what the devil does the fool mean?

Bayes. Why, I 'll tell you what I do. If I am to write familiar things, as sonnets to Armida, and the like, I make use of stewed prunes only; but when I have a grand design in hand, I ever take physic and let blood: for when you would have pure swiftness of thought, and fiery flights of fancy, you must have a care of the pensive part. In fine, you must purge." — *Rehearsal.*

Who models his deportment as may best
Accord with brother, sire, or stranger guest;
Who takes our laws and worship as they are,
Nor roars reform for senate, church, and bar;
In practice, rather than loud precept, wise,
Bids not his tongue, but heart, philosophise:
Such is the man the poet should rehearse,
As joint exemplar of his life and verse.

Sometimes a sprightly wit, and tale well told,
Without much grace, or weight, or art, will hold
A longer empire o'er the public mind
Than sounding trifles, empty, though refined.

Unhappy Greece! thy sons of ancient days
The muse may celebrate with perfect praise,
Whose generous children narrow'd not their hearts
With commerce, given alone to arms and arts.
Our boys (save those whom public schools compel
To "long and short" before they're taught to spell)
From frugal fathers soon imbibe by rote,
"A penny saved, my lad, 's a penny got."
Babe of a city birth! from sixpence take
The third, how much will the remainder make? —

Quod sit conscripti, quod judicis officium; quæ
Partes in bellum missi ducis; ille profecto
Reddere personæ scit convenientia cuique.
Respicere exemplar vitæ, morumque jubebo
Doctum imitatorem, et vivas hinc ducere voces.
Interdum speciosa locis, morataque recte
Fabula, nullius veneris, sine pondere et arte,
Valdius oblectat populum, meliusque moratur,
Quam versus inopes rerum nugæque canoræ.
Graiis ingenium, Graiis dedit ore rotundo
Musa loqui, præter laudem nullius avaris.
Romani pueri longis rationibus assem
Discunt in partes centum diducere: dicat
Filius Albini, Si de quincunce remota est
Uncia, quid superat? poterat dixisse — Triens. Eu!

"A groat."—"Ah, bravo! Dick hath done the sum!
He'll swell my fifty thousand to a plum."

They whose young souls receive this rust betimes,
'T is clear, are fit for any thing but rhymes;
And Locke will tell you, that the father 's right
Who hides all verses from his children's sight;
For poets (says this sage,[1] and many more,)
Make sad mechanics with their lyric lore;
And Delphi now, however rich of old,
Discovers little silver, and less gold,
Because Parnassus, though a mount divine,
Is poor as Irus,[2] or an Irish mine.[3]

Two objects always should the poet move,
Or one or both, — to please or to improve.

Rem poteris servare tuam. Redit uncia: quid fit?
Semis. An hæc animos ærugo et cura peculi
Cum semel imbuerit, speramus carmina fingi
Posse linenda cedro, et levi servanda cupresso?
Aut prodesse volunt, aut delectare poetæ;
Aut simul et jucunda et idonea dicere vitæ,

[1] I have not the original by me, but the Italian translation runs as follows: — "E una cosa a mio credere molto stravagante, che un padre desideri, o permetta, che suo figliuolo coltivi e perfezioni questo talento." A little further on: "Si trovano di rado nel Parnaso le miniere d' oro e d' argento." — *Educazione dei Fanciulli del Signor Locke.* ["If the child have a poetic vein, it is to me the strangest thing in the world, that the father should desire or suffer it to be cherished or improved." — "It is very seldom seen, that any one discovers mines of gold or silver on Parnassus."]

[2] "Iro pauperior:" this is the same beggar who boxed with Ulysses for a pound of kid's fry, which he lost, and half a dozen teeth besides. — See Odyssey, b. 18.

[3] The Irish gold mine of Wicklow, which yields just ore enough to swear by, or gild a bad guinea.

Whate'er you teach, be brief, if you design
For our remembrance your didactic line;
Redundance places memory on the rack,
For brains may be o'erloaded, like the back.

Fiction does best when taught to look like truth,
And fairy fables bubble none but youth:
Expect no credit for too wondrous tales,
Since Jonas only springs alive from whales!

Young men with aught but elegance dispense;
Maturer years require a little sense.
To end at once: — that bard for all is fit,
Who mingles well instruction with his wit;
For him reviews shall smile, for him o'erflow
The patronage of Paternoster-row;
His book, with Longman's liberal aid, shall pass
(Who ne'er despises books that bring him brass);
Through three long weeks the taste of London lead,
And cross St. George's Channel and the Tweed.

But every thing has faults, nor is 't unknown
That harps and fiddles often lose their tone,

Quidquid præcipies, esto brevis: ut cito dicta
Percipiant animi dociles, teneantque fideles.
Omne supervacuum pleno de pectore manat.
Ficta voluptatis causa, sint proxima veris:
Nec, quodcunque volet, poscat sibi fabula credi:
Neu pransæ Lamiæ vivum puerum extrahat alvo.
Centuriæ seniorum agitant expertia frugis:
Celsi prætereunt austera poemata Rhamnes.
Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci,
Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo.
Hic meret æra liber Sosiis; hic et mare transit,
Et longum noto scriptori prorogat ævum.
Sunt delicta tamen, quibus ignovisse velimus;
Nam neque chorda sonum reddit quem vult manus et men

And wayward voices, at their owner's call,
With all his best endeavours, only squall;
Dogs blink their covey, flints withhold the spark,[1]
And double-barrels (damn them!) miss their mark.[2]

Where frequent beauties strike the reader's view,
We must now quarrel for a blot or two;
But pardon equally to books or men,
The slips of human nature, and the pen.

Yet if an author, spite of foe or friend,
Despises all advice too much to mend,
But ever twangs the same discordant string,
Give him no quarter, howsoe'er he sing.
Let Havard's[3] fate o'ertake him, who, for once,
Produced a play too dashing for a dunce:

> Poscentique gravem persæpe remittit acutum;
> Nec semper feriet quodcunque minabitur arcus.
> Verum ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
> Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
> Aut humana parum cavit natura. Quid ergo?
> Ut scriptor si peccat idem librarius usque,
> Quamvis est monitus, venia caret; ut citharœdus
> Ridetur, chorda qui semper oberrat eadem:
> Sic mihi, qui multum cessat, fit Chœrilus ille,

[1] [This couplet is amusingly characteristic of that mixture of fun and bitterness with which their author sometimes spoke in conversation; so much so, that those who knew him might almost fancy they hear him utter the words. — Moore.]

[2] As Mr. Pope took the liberty of damning Homer, to whom he was under great obligations — "*And Homer (damn him!) calls*" — it may be presumed that any body or any thing may be damned in verse by poetical license; and, in case of accident, I beg leave to plead so illustrious a precedent.

[3] For the story of Billy Havard's tragedy, see "Davies's Life of Garrick." I believe it is "Regulus," or "Charles the First."— The moment it was known to be his the theatre thinned, and the

At first none deem'd it his; but when his name
Announced the fact — what then? — it lost its fame.
Though all deplore when Milton deigns to doze,
In a long work 't is fair to steal repose.

As pictures, so shall poems be; some stand
The critic eye, and please when near at hand;
But others at a distance strike the sight;
This seeks the shade, but that demands the light,
Nor dreads the connoisseur's fastidious view,
But, ten times scrutinised, is ten times new.

Quem bis terve bonum cum risu miror; et idem
Indignor, quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus.
Verum operi longo fas est obrepere somnum.
Ut pictura, poesis: erit quæ, si propius stes,
Te capiet magis; et quædam, si longius abstes:
Hæc amat obscurum; volet hæc sub luce videri,
Judicis argutum quæ non formidat acumen:
Hæc placuit semel; hæc decies repetita placebit.

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bookseller refused to give the customary sum for the copyright.—["Havard," says Davies, "was reduced to great straits, and in order to retrieve his affairs, the story of Charles the First was proposed to him as a proper subject to engage the public attention. Havard's desire of ease was known to be superior to his thirst for fame or money; and Giffard, the manager, insisted upon the power of locking him up till the work was finished. To this he consented; and Giffard actually turned the key upon him, and let him out at his pleasure. till the play was completed. It was acted with great emolument to the manager, and some degree of reputation, as well as gain, to the author. It drew large crowds to the theatre; curiosity was excited with respect to the author: that was a secret to be kept from the people; but Havard's love of fame would not suffer it to be concealed longer than the tenth or twelfth night of acting the play. The moment Havard put on the sword and tie-wig, the genteel dress of the times, and professed *himself* to be the writer of 'Charles the First,' the audiences were *thinned*, and the bookseller refused to give the usual sum of a *hundred* pounds for the copyright."]

Parnassian pilgrims! ye whom chance, or choice,
Hath led to listen to the Muse's voice,
Receive this counsel, and be timely wise;
Few reach the summit which before you lies.
Our church and state, our courts and camps, concede
Reward to very moderate heads indeed!
In these plain common sense will travel far;
All are not Erskines who mislead the bar:
But poesy between the best and worst
No medium knows; you must be last or first;
For middling poets' miserable volumes
Are damn'd alike by gods, and men, and columns. [1]

O major juvenum, quamvis et voce paterna
Fingeris ad rectum, et per te sapis; hoc tibi dictum
Tolle memor: certis medium et tolerabile rebus
Recte concedi: consultus juris, et actor
Causarum mediocris abest virtute diserti
Messalæ, nec scit quantum Cassellius Aulus:
Sed tamen in pretio est: mediocribus esse poetis
Non homines, non di, non concessere columnæ.

[1] [Here, in the original MS., we find the following couplet as note:—

"Though what 'Gods, men, and columns' interdict,
The Devil and Jeffrey pardon—in a Pict.

"The Devil and Jeffrey are here placed antithetically to go and men, such being their usual position, and their due one—a cording to the facetious saying, 'If God won't take you, the Dev must;' and I am sure no one durst object to his taking the poet which, rejected by Horace, is accepted by Jeffrey. That the gentlemen are in some cases kinder,—the one to countrymen, a the other from his odd propensity to prefer evil to good,—th the 'gods, men, and columns' of Horace, may be seen by a refe ence to the review of Campbell's 'Gertrude of Wyoming;' a in No. 31. of the Edinburgh Review (given to me the other day l the captain of an English frigate off Salamis), there is a small concession to the mediocrity of Jamie Graham's 'British Georgic It is fortunate for Campbell, that his fame neither depends on t last poem, nor the puff of the Edinburgh Review. The catalogu of our English are also less fastidious than the pillars of the R man librarians.—A word more with the author of 'Gertrude

Again, my Jeffrey!—as that sound inspires,
How wakes my bosom to its wonted fires!
Fires, such as gentle Caledonians feel
When Southrons writhe upon their critic wheel,
Or mild Eclectics,[1] when some, worse than Turks,
Would rob poor Faith to decorate "good works."

Wyoming.' At the end of a poem, and even of a couplet, we have generally 'that unmeaning thing we call a thought;' so Mr. Campbell concludes with a thought in such a manner as to fulfil the whole of Pope's prescription, and be as 'unmeaning' as the best of his brethren:—

'Because I may not *stain* with grief
The death-song of an Indian chief.'

When I was in the fifth form, I carried to my master the translation of a chorus in Prometheus, wherein was a pestilent expression about 'staining a voice,' which met with no quarter. Little did I think that Mr. Campbell would have adopted my fifth form 'sublime'—at least in so conspicuous a situation. 'Sorrow' has been 'dry' (in proverbs), and 'wet' (in sonnets), this many a day; and now it '*stains*,' and stains a sound, of all feasible things! To be sure, death-songs might have been stained with that same grief to very good purpose, if Outalissi had clapped down his stanzas on wholesome paper for the Edinburgh Evening Post, or any other given hyperborean gazette; or if the said Outalissi had been troubled with the slightest second sight of his own notes embodied on the last proof of an overcharged quarto: but as he is supposed to have been an improvisatore on this occasion, and probably to the last tune he ever chanted in this world, it would have done him no discredit to have made his exit with a mouthful of common sense. Talking of '*staining*' (as Caleb Quotem says) 'puts me in mind' of a certain couplet, which Mr. Campbell will find in a writer for whom he, and his school, have no small contempt:—

'E'en copious Dryden wanted, or forgot,
The last and greatest art—the art to *blot!*'"]

[1] To the Eclectic or Christian Reviewers I have to return thanks for the fervour of that charity which, in 1809, induced them to express a hope that a thing then published by me might lead to certain consequences, which, although natural enough, surely came but rashly from reverend lips. I refer them to their own pages, where they congratulated themselves on the prospect of a tilt between Mr. Jeffrey and myself, from which some great good was to accrue, provided one or both were knocked on the head. Har-

Such are the genial feelings thou canst claim —
My falcon flies not at ignoble game.
Mightiest of all Dunedin's beasts of chase!
For thee my Pegasus would mend his pace.
Arise, my Jeffrey! or my inkless pen
Shall never blunt its edge on meaner men;
Till thee or thine mine evil eye discerns,
Alas! I cannot "strike at wretched kernes."[1]
Inhuman Saxon! wilt thou then resign
A muse and heart by choice so wholly thine?

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ing survived two years and a half those "Elegies" which they were kindly preparing to review, I have no peculiar gusto to give them "so joyful a trouble," except, indeed, "upon compulsion, Hal;" but if, as David says in the "Rivals," it should come to "bloody sword and gun fighting," we "won't run, will we, Sir Lucius?" I do not know what I had done to these Eclectic gentlemen: my works are their lawful perquisite, to be hewn in pieces like Agag, if it seem meet unto them: but why they should be in such a hurry to kill off their author, I am ignorant. "The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong:" and now, as these Christians have "smote me on one cheek," I hold them up the other; and, in return for their good wishes, give them an opportunity of repeating them. Had any other set of men expressed such sentiments, I should have smiled, and left them to the "recording angel;" but from the pharisees of Christianity decency might be expected. I can assure these brethren, that, publican and sinner as I am, I would not have treated "mine enemy's dog thus." To show them the superiority of my brotherly love, if ever the Reverend Messrs. Simeon or Ramsden should be engaged in such a conflict as that in which they requested me to fall, I hope they may escape with being "winged" only, and that Heaviside may be at hand to extract the ball. — [The following is the charitable passage in the Eclectic Review of which Lord Byron speaks: — "If the noble lord and the learned advocate have the courage requisite to sustain their mutual insults, we shall probably soon hear the explosions of another kind of *paper*-war, after the fashion of the ever memorable duel which the latter is said to have fought, or seemed to fight, with 'Little Moore.' We confess there is sufficient provocation, if not in the critique, at least in the satire, to urge a 'man of honour' to defy his assailant to mortal combat. Of this we shall no doubt hear more in due time."]

[1] ["Alas! I cannot strike at wretched kernes." *Macbeth*.]

Dear d—d contemner of my schoolboy songs,
Hast thou no vengeance for my manhood's wrongs?
If unprovoked thou once could bid me bleed,
Hast thou no weapon for my daring deed?
What! not a word!—and am I then so low?
Wilt thou forbear, who never spared a foe?
Hast thou no wrath, or wish to give it vent?
No wit for nobles, dunces by descent?
No jest on "minors," quibbles on a name,[1]
Nor one facetious paragraph of blame?
Is it for this on Ilion I have stood,
And thought of Homer less than Holyrood?
On shore of Euxine or Ægean sea,
My hate, untravell'd, fondly turned to thee.
Ah! let me cease; in vain my bosom burns,
From Corydon unkind Alexis turns:[2]
Thy rhymes are vain; thy Jeffrey then forego,
Nor woo that anger which he will not show.
What then?—Edina starves some lanker son,
To write an article thou canst not shun;
Some less fastidious Scotchman shall be found,
As bold in Billingsgate, though less renown'd.

As if at table some discordant dish
Should shock our optics, such as frogs for fish;
As oil in lieu of butter men decry,
And poppies please not in a modern pie;

Ut gratas inter mensas symphonia discors,
Et crassum unguentum, et Sardo cum melle papav
Offendunt, poterat duci quia cœna sine lætis;

[1] [See the memorable critique of the Edinburgh R
Hours of Idleness," *ante*, p. 178.]

[2] Invenies alium, si te hic fastidit, Alexin.

If all such mixtures then be half a crime,
We must have excellence to relish rhyme.
Mere roast and boil'd no epicure invites;
Thus poetry disgusts, or else delights.

Who shoot not flying rarely touch a gun:
Will he who swims not to the river run?
And men unpractised in exchanging knocks
Must go to Jackson [1] ere they dare to box.
Whate'er the weapon, cudgel, fist, or foil,
None reach expertness without years of toil;
But fifty dunces can, with perfect ease,
Tag twenty thousand couplets, when they please.
Why not? — shall I, thus qualified to sit
For rotten boroughs, never show my wit?
Shall I, whose fathers with the quorum sate,
And lived in freedom on a fair estate;
Who left me heir, with stables, kennels, packs,
To *all* their income, and to — *twice* its tax;
Whose form and pedigree have scarce a fault,
Shall I, I say, suppress my attic salt?

Sic animis natum inventumque poema juvandis,
Si paulum a summo decessit, vergit ad imum.
Ludere qui nescit, campestribus abstinet armis,
Indoctusque pilæ, discive, trochive, quiescit,
Ne spissæ risum tollant impune coronæ:
Qui nescit, versus tamen audet fingere! — Quid ni?
Liber et ingenuus præsertim census equestrem
Summam nummorum, vitioque remotus ab omni.

[1] [Lord Byron's taste for boxing brought him acquainted, at an early period, with this distinguished, and, it is not too much to say, *respected*, professor of the art; for whom, throughout life, he, and also the late Mr. Windham, entertained a sincere regard. In a note to the eleventh canto of Don Juan, he calls him "his old friend, and corporeal pastor and master."]

Thus think "the mob of gentlemen;" but you,
Besides all this, must have some genius too.
Be this your sober judgment, and a rule,
And print not piping hot from Southey's school,
Who (ere another Thalaba appears),
I trust, will spare us for at least nine years.
And hark 'ye, Southey![1] pray — but do n't be vex'd—
Burn all your last three works — and half the next.

Tu nihil invita dices faciesve Minerva:
Id tibi judicium est, ea mens; si quid tamen olim
Scripseris, in Metti descendat judicis aures,
Et patris, et nostras, nonumque prematur in annum.

[1] Mr. Southey has lately tied another canister to his tail in the "Curse of Kehama," maugre the neglect of Madoc, &c., and has in one instance had a wonderful effect. A literary friend of mine, walking out one lovely evening last summer, on the eleventh bridge of the Paddington canal, was alarmed by the cry of "one in jeopardy:" he rushed along, collected a body of Irish hay-makers (supping on butter-milk in an adjacent paddock), procured three rakes, one eel-spear, and a landing-net, and at last (horresco referens) pulled out—his own publisher. The unfortunate man was gone for ever, and so was a large quarto wherewith he had taken the leap, which proved, on inquiry, to have been Mr. Southey's last work. Its "alacrity of sinking" was so great, that it has never since been heard of; though some maintain that it is at this moment concealed at Alderman Birch's pastry premises, Cornhill. Be this as it may, the coroner's inquest brought in a verdict of "Felo de bibliopolâ" against a "quarto unknown;" and circumstantial evidence being since strong against the "Curse of Kehama" (of which the above words are an exact description), it will be tried by its peers next session, in Grub-street — Arthur, Alfred, Davideis, Richard Cœur de Lion, Exodus Exodia, Epigoniad, Calvary, Fall of Cambria, Siege of Acre, Don Roderick, and Tom Thumb the Great, are the names of the twelve jurors. The judges, are Pye, Bowles, and the bellman of St. Sepulchre's. The same advocates, pro and con, will be employed as are now engaged in Sir F. Burdett's celebrated cause in the Scotch courts. The public anxiously await the result, and all *live* publishers will be subpœnaed as witnesses. — But Mr. Southey has published the "Curse of Kehama," — an *inviting* title to quibblers. By the bye, it is a good deal beneath *Scott* and Campbell, and not much above Southey, to allow the *booby* Ballantyne to entitle them, in the Edinburgh Annual Re-

But why this vain advice? once published, books
Can never be recall'd — from pastry-cooks!
Though "Madoc," with "Pucelle,"[1] instead of punk,
May travel back to Quito — on a trunk![2]

Membranis intus positis, delere licebit
Quod non ediderîs; nescit vox missa revertî.

---

gister (of which, by the bye, Southey is editor) "the grand poetical triumvirate of the day." But, on second thoughts, it can be no great degree of praise to be the one-eyed leaders of the blind, though they might as well keep to themselves "Scott's thirty thousand copies sold," which must sadly discomfit poor Southey's unsaleables. Poor Southey, it should seem, is the "Lepidus" of this poetical triumvirate. I am only surprised to see him in such good company.

"Such things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil *he* came there."

The trio are well defined in the sixth proposition of Euclid: — "Because, in the triangles D B C, A C B, D B is equal to A C, and B C common to both; the two sides D B, B C, are equal to the two A C, C B, each to each, and the angle D B C is equal to the angle A C B: therefore, the base D C is equal to the base A B, and the triangle D B C (Mr. Southey) is equal to the triangle A C B, the *less* to the *greater*, which is *absurd*," &c. — The editor of the Edinburgh Register will find the rest of the theorem hard by his stabling; he has only to cross the river; 'tis the first turnpike t'other side "Pons Asinorum." *

[1] Voltaire's "Pucelle" is not quite so immaculate as Mr. Southey's "Joan of Arc," and yet I am afraid the Frenchman has both more truth and poetry too on his side — (they rarely go together) — than our patriotic minstrel, whose first essay was in praise of a fanatical French strumpet, whose title of witch would be correct with the change of the first letter.

[2] Like Sir Bland Burgess's "Richard;" the tenth book of which I read at Malta, on a trunk of Eyres, 19. Cockspur-street. If this be doubted, I shall buy a portmanteau to quote from.

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* This Latin has sorely puzzled the University of Edinburgh. Ballantyne said it meant the "Bridge of Berwick," but Southey claimed it as half English; Scott swore it was the "Brig o' Stirling:" he had just passed two King James's and a dozen Douglasses over it. At last it was decided by Jeffrey, that it meant nothing more nor less than the "counter of Archy Constable's shop."

Orpheus, we learn from Ovid and
Led all wild beasts but women by t
And had he fiddled at the present h
We 'd seen the lions waltzing in the
And old Amphion, such were minst
Had built St. Paul's without the aid
Verse too was justice, and the bards
Did more than constables to keep t
Abolish'd cuckoldom with much ap
Call'd county meetings, and enforce
Cut down crown influence with refo
And served the church — without d
And hence, throughout all Hellas a
Each poet was a prophet and a pries
Whose old-establish'd board of joint
Included kingdoms in the cure of so

Next rose the martial Homer, E
And fighting 's been in fashion ever
And old Tyrtæus, when the Spartan
(A limping leader, but a lofty bard,)

Sylvestres homines sacer interpres
Cædibus et victu fœdo deterruit Orp
Dictus ob hoc lenire tigres, rabidosq
Dictus et Amphion, Thebanæ condit
Saxa movere sono testudinis, et prec
Ducere quo vellet: fuit hæc sapienti
Publica privatis secernere; sacra pro
Concubitu prohibere vago; dare jura
Oppida moliri; leges incidere ligno.
Sic honor et nomen divinis vatibus a
Carminibus venit. Post hos insignis
Tyrtæusque mares animos in Martia

[1] [Lord Byron had originally written —
" As lame as I am, but a bette
The reader of Mr. Moore's Notices will
which, no doubt, influenced Lord Byron's
script line.]

Though wall'd Ithome had resisted long,
Reduced the fortress by the force of song.

When oracles prevail'd, in times of old,
In song alone Apollo's will was told.
Then if your verse is what all verse should be,
And gods were not ashamed on't, why should we?

The Muse, like mortal females, may be woo'd;
In turns she 'll seem a Paphian, or a prude;
Fierce as a bride when first she feels affright,
Mild as the same upon the second night;
Wild as the wife of alderman or peer,
Now for his grace, and now a grenadier!
Her eyes beseem, her heart belies, her zone,
Ice in a crowd, and lava when alone.

If verse be studied with some show of art,
Kind Nature always will perform her part;
Though without genius, and a native vein
Of wit, we loathe an artificial strain —
Yet art and nature join'd will win the prize,
Unless they act like us and our allies.

The youth who trains to ride, or run a race,
Must bear privations with unruffled face,

Versibus exacuit; dictæ per carmina sortes:
Et vitæ monstrata via est: et gratia regum
Pieriis tentata modis: ludusque repertus,
Et longorum operum finis: ne forte pudori
Sit tibi Musa lyræ solers, et cantor Apollo.
Natura fieret laudabile carmen, an arte,
Quæsitum est: ego nec studium sine divite vena,
Nec rude quid prosit video ingenium: alterius sic
Altera poscit opem res, et conjurat amice.
Qui studet optatam cursu contingere metam,

Be call'd to labour when he thinks to dine,
And, harder still, leave wenching and his wine.
Ladies who sing, at least who sing at sight,
Have followed music through her farthest flight,
But rhymers tell you neither more or less,
"I've got a pretty poem for the press;"
And that's enough; then write and print so fast;—
If Satan take the hindmost, who'd be last?
They storm the types, they publish, one and all,
They leap the counter, and they leave the stall.
Provincial maidens, men of high command,
Yea, baronets have ink'd the bloody hand![1]
Cash cannot quell them; Pollio[2] play'd this prank,
(Then Phœbus first found credit in a bank!)
Not all the living only, but the dead,
Fool on, as fluent as an Orpheus' head;[3]
Damn'd all their days, they posthumously thrive—
Dug up from dust, though buried when alive!
Reviews record this epidemic crime,
Those Books of Martyrs to the rage for rhyme.
Alas! woe worth the scribbler! often seen
In Morning Post, or Monthly Magazine.

Multa tulit fecitque puer; sudavit, et alsit;
Abstinuit Venere et vino: qui Pythia cantat
Tibicen, didicit prius, extimuitque magistrum.
Nunc satis est dixisse; ego mira poemata pango:

[1] [The Red Hand of Ulster, introduced generally in a coat, marks the shield of a baronet of the United Kingdom.]

[2] ["*Pollio.*" — In the original MS. "*Rogers.*"]

[3] "Tum quoque marmorea caput a cervice revulsum,
Gurgite cum medio portans Œagrius Hebrus,
Volveret Eurydicen vox ipsa, et frigida lingua;
Ah, miseram Eurydicen! anima fugiente vocabat;
Eurydicen toto referebant flumine ripæ."—*Geor*

There lurk his earlier lays; but soon, hot-press'd,
Behold a quarto! — Tarts must tell the rest.
Then leave, ye wise, the lyre's precarious chords
To muse-mad baronets, or madder lords,
Or country Crispins, now grown somewhat stale,
Twin Doric minstrels, drunk with Doric ale!
Hark to those notes, narcotically soft!
The cobbler-laureats [1] sing to Capel Lofft! [2]

Occupet extremum scabies; mihi turpe relinqui est,
Et, quod non didici, sane nescire fateri.
* * * * * * *

[1] I beg Nathaniel's pardon: he is not a cobbler; *it* is a *tailor*, but begged Capel Lofft to sink the profession in his preface to two pair of panta —— psha! — of cantos, which he wished the public to try on; but the sieve of a patron let it out, and so far saved the expense of an advertisement to his country customers. — Merry's "Moorfields whine" was nothing to all this. The "Della Cruscans" were people of some education, and no profession; but these Arcadians ("Arcades ambo" — bumpkins both) send out their native nonsense without the smallest alloy, and leave all the shoes and smallclothes in the parish unrepaired, to patch up Elegies on Enclosures and Pæans to Gunpowder. Sitting on a shopboard, they describe the fields of battle, when the only blood they ever saw was shed from the finger; and an "Essay on War" is produced by the ninth part of a "poet"

"And own that *nine* such poets made a Tate."

Did Nathan ever read that line of Pope? and if he did, why not take it as his motto?

[2] This well-meaning gentleman has spoiled some excellent shoemakers, and been accessary to the poetical undoing of many of the industrious poor. Nathaniel Bloomfield and his brother Bobby have set all Somersetshire singing; nor has the malady confined itself to one county. Pratt too (who once was wiser) has caught the contagion of patronage, and decoyed a poor fellow named Blackett into poetry; but he died during the operation, leaving one child and two volumes of "Remains" utterly destitute. The girl, if she don't take a poetical twist, and come forth as a shoe-making Sappho, may do well; but the "tragedies" are as rickety as if they had been the offspring of an Earl or a Scotonian prize poet. The patrons of this poor lad are certainly answerable for his end; and it ought to be an indictable offence. But this is the least they have done: for, by a refinement of bar-

Till, lo! that modern Midas, as he hears,
Adds an ell growth to his egregious ears!

There lives one druid, who prepares in time
'Gainst future feuds his poor revenge of rhyme;
Racks his dull memory, and his duller muse,
To publish faults which friendship should excuse.
If friendship's nothing, self-regard might teach
More polish'd usage of his parts of speech.
But what is shame, or what is aught to him?
He vents his spleen, or gratifies his whim.
Some fancied slight has roused his lurking hate,
Some folly cross'd, some jest, or some debate;
Up to his den Sir Scribbler hies, and soon
The gather'd gall is voided in lampoon.

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barity, they have made the (late) man posthumously ridiculous, by printing what he would have had sense enough never to print himself. Certes these rakers of "Remains" come under the statute against "resurrection men." What does it signify whether a poor dear dead dunce is to be stuck up in Surgeons' or in Stationers' Hall? Is it so bad to unearth his bones as his blunders? Is it not better to gibbet his body on a heath, than his soul in an octavo? "We know what we are, but we know not what we may be;" and it is to be hoped we never shall know, if a man who has passed through life with a sort of éclat, is to find himself a mountebank on the other side of Styx, and made, like poor Joe Blackett, the laughing-stock of purgatory. The plea of publication is to provide for the child; now, might not some of this "Sutor ultra Crepidum's" friends and seducers have done a decent action without inveigling Pratt into biography? And then his inscription split into so many modicums!—"To the Duchess of Somuch, the Right Hon. So-and-So, and Mrs. and Miss Somebody, these volumes are, &c. &c."—why, this is doling out the "soft milk of dedication" in gills,—there is but a quart, and he divides it among a dozen. Why, Pratt, hadst thou not a puff left? Dost thou think six families of distinction can share this *in quiet*? There is a child, a book, and a dedication; send the *girl to* her grace, the volumes to the grocer, and the dedication to *the devil*.

Perhaps at some pert speech you 've dared to frown,
Perhaps your poem may have pleased the town:
If so, alas! 't is nature in the man —
May Heaven forgive you, for he never can!
Then be it so; and may his withering bays
Bloom fresh in satire, though they fade in praise!
While his lost songs no more shall steep and stink,
The dullest, fattest weeds on Lethe's brink
But springing upwards from the sluggish mould,
Be (what they never were before) be — sold!
Should some rich bard (but such a monster now,
In modern physics, we can scarce allow),
Should some pretending scribbler of the court,
Some rhyming peer [1] — there 's plenty of the sort [2] —

[1] [In the original MS. —

" Some rhyming peer — Carlisle or Carysfort."

To which is subjoined this note: — " Of ' John Joshua, Earl of Carysfort ' I know nothing at present, but from an advertisement in an old newspaper of certain Poems and Tragedies by his Lordship, which I saw by accident in the Morea. Being a rhymer himself, he will forgive the liberty I take with his name, seeing, as he must, how very commodious it is at the close of that couplet; and as for what follows and goes before, let him place it to the account of the other Thane; since I cannot, under these circumstances, augur pro or con the contents of his ' foolscap crown octavos.' " — John Joshua Proby, first Earl of Carysfort, was joint postmaster-general in 1805, envoy to Berlin in 1806, and ambassador to Petersburgh in 1807. Besides his poems, he published two pamphlets, to show the necessity of universal suffrage and short parliaments. He died in 1828.]

[2] Here will Mr. Gifford allow me to introduce once more to his notice the sole survivor, the " ultimus Romanorum," the last of the Cruscanti — " Edwin " the " profound " by our Lady of Punishment! here he is, as lively as in the days of " well said Baviad the Correct." I thought Fitzgerald had been the tail of poesy; but, alas! he is only the penultimate.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

" What reams of paper, floods of ink,"

All but one poor dependant priest withdrawn,
(Ah! too regardless of his chaplain's yawn!)
Condemn the unlucky curate to recite
Their last dramatic work by candle-light,
How would the preacher turn each rueful leaf,
Dull as his sermons, but not half so brief!
Yet, since 't is promised at the rector's death,
He 'll risk no living for a little breath.
Then spouts and foams, and cries at every line,
(The Lord forgive him!) "Bravo! grand! divine!"
Hoarse with those praises (which, by flatt'ry fed,
Dependence barters for her bitter bread),
He strides and stamps along with creaking boot,
Till the floor echoes his emphatic foot,
Then sits again, then rolls his pious eye,
As when the dying vicar will not die!
Nor feels, forsooth, emotion at his heart; —
But all dissemblers overact their part.

And so perhaps you 'll say of me,
In which your readers may agree.
Still I write on, and tell you why;
Nothing 's so bad, you can't deny,
But may instruct or entertain
Without the risk of giving pain, &c. &c.

ON SOME MODERN QUACKS AND REFORMISTS.

In tracing of the human mind
Through all its various courses,
Though strange, 't is true, we often find
It knows not its resources:

And men through life assume a part
For which no talents they possess,
Yet wonder that, with all their art,
They meet no better with success, &c. &c.

Ye who aspire to "build the lofty rhyme," [1]
Believe not all who laud your false "sublime;"
But if some friend shall hear your work, and say,
"Expunge that stanza, lop that line away,"
And, after fruitless efforts, you return
Without amendment, and he answers, "Burn!"
That instant throw your paper in the fire,
Ask not his thoughts, or follow his desire;
But (if true bard!) you scorn to condescend,
And will not alter what you can't defend,
If you will breed this bastard of your brains, [2]
We'll have no words — I've only lost my pains.

Yet, if you only prize your favourite thought,
As critics kindly do, and authors ought;
If your cool friend annoy you now and then,
And cross whole pages with his plaguy pen;
No matter, throw your ornaments aside,—
Better let him than all the world deride.
Give light to passages too much in shade,
Nor let a doubt obscure one verse you've made;

——·—— Si carmina condes,
Nunquam te fallant animæ sub vulpe latentes.
Quintilio si quid recitares, Corrige, sodes,
Hoc (aiebat) et hoc: melius te posse negares,
Bis terque expertum frustra, delere jubebat,
Et male tornatos incudi reddere versus.
Si defendere delictum quam vertere malles,
Nullum ultra verbum, aut operam insumebat inanem,
Quin sine rivali teque et tua solus amares.
Vir bonus et prudens versus reprehendet inertes:
Culpabit duros; incomptis allinet atrum
Transverso calamo signum; ambitiosa recidet
Ornamenta; parum claris lucem dare coget;

[1] [See Milton's Lycidas.]

[2] "*Bastard of your brains.*"— Minerva being the first by Jupiter's head-piece, and a variety of equally unaccountable parturitions upon earth, such as Madoc, &c. &c. &c.

Your friend's "a Johnson," not to leave one word,
However trifling, which may seem absurd;
Such erring trifles lead to serious ills,
And furnish food for critics,[1] or their quills.

As the Scotch fiddle, with its touching tune,
Or the sad influence of the angry moon,
All men avoid bad writers' ready tongues,
As yawning waiters fly[2] Fitzscribble's[3] lungs;
Yet on he mouths — ten minutes — tedious each
As prelate's homily, or placeman's speech;
Long as the last years of a lingering lease,
When riot pauses until rents increase.
While such a minstrel, muttering fustian, strays
O'er hedge and ditch, through unfrequented ways,
If by some chance he walks into a well,
And shouts for succour with stentorian yell,
"A rope! help, Christians, as ye hope for grace!"
Nor woman, man, nor child will stir a pace;

Arguet ambigue dictum; mutanda notabit;
Fiet Aristarchus: nec dicet, Cur ego amicum
Offendam in nugis? hæ nugæ seria ducent
In mala derisum semel exceptumque sinistre.
Ut mala quem scabies aut morbus regius urguet,
Aut fanaticus error et iracunda Diana,
Vesanum tetigisse timent fugiuntque poetam,
Qui sapiunt; agitant pueri, incautique sequuntur.
Hic dum sublimes versus ructatur, et errat
Si veluti merulis intentus decidit auceps
In puteum, foveamve; licet, Succurrite, longum
Clamet, Io cives! non sit qui tollere curet.

[1] "A crust for the critics."—*Boyes, in the "Rehearsal*

[2] And the "waiters" are the only fortunate people "fly" from them; all the rest, viz. the sad subscriber "Literary Fund," being compelled, by courtesy, to sit ou citation without a hope of exclaiming. 'Sic' (that is, by . with bad wine, or worse poetry) "me servavit Apo

[3] "Fitzscribble," originally "Fitzgerald." See *ant*

For there his carcass he might freely
From frenzy, or the humour of the tl
Though this has happen'd to more b
I 'll tell you Budgell's story,— and h

Budgell, a rogue and rhymester, fc
(Unless his case be much misunderst
When teased with creditors' continua
"To die like Cato," [1] leapt into the
And therefore be it lawful through tl
For any bard to poison, hang, or dro

> Si quis curet opem ferre, et demittere
> Qui scis an prudens huc se dejecerit, a
> Servari nolit? Dicam: Siculique poe
> Narrabo interitum. Deus immortalis
> Dum cupit Empedocles, ardentem frig
> Insiluit: sit jus liceatque perire poetis

[1] On his table were found these words: 'Addison approved, cannot be wrong.' But prove;" and if he had, it would not have He had invited his daughter on the same w Budgell, by some accident, escaped this la Thus fell the sycophant of "Atticus," and t [Eustace Budgell, a friend and relative of A the Thames" to escape a prosecution, on a will of Dr. Tindal; in which Eustace had pr legacy of two thousand pounds. To this Po

> "Let Budgell charge low Grub-street
> And write whate'er he please—exce

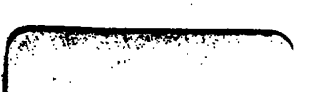
[2] ["We talked (says Boswell) of a man's JOHNSON. 'I should never think it time to self.' I put the case of Eustace Budgell, forging a will, and sunk himself in the Than its authenticity came on. 'Suppose, Sir,' s absolutely sure that, if he lives a few day detected in a fraud, the consequence of wh grace, and expulsion from society.' JOHNS him go abroad to a distant country; let h where he is *not* known. Don't let him go t *is* known.'"—See Boswell, vol. iv. p. 50. ed

Who saves the intended suicide receives
Small thanks from him who loathes the life he leaves;
And, sooth to say, mad poets must not loose
The glory of that death they freely choose.

Nor is it certain that some sorts of verse
Prick not the poet's conscience as a curse;
Dosed [1] with vile drams on Sunday he was found,
Or got a child on consecrated ground!
And hence is haunted with a rhyming rage —
Fear'd like a bear just bursting from his cage.
If free, all fly his versifying fit,
Fatal at once to simpleton or wit.
But *him*, unhappy! whom he seizes, — *him*
He flays with recitation limb by limb;
Probes to the quick where'er he makes his breach,
And gorges like a lawyer — or a leech.

Invitum qui servat, idem facit occidenti.
Nec semel hoc fecit; nec, si retractus erit, jam
Fiet homo, et ponet famosæ mortis amorem.
Nec satis apparet cur versus factitet: utrum
Minxerit in patrios cineres, an triste bidental
Moverit incestus: certe furit, ac velut ursus,
Objectos caveæ valuit si frangere clathros,
Indoctum doctumque fugat recitator acerbus.
Quem vero arripuit, tenet, occiditque legendo,
Non missura cutem, nisi plena cruoris, hirudo.

[1] If "dosed with," &c. be censured as low, I beg leave to refer to the original for something still lower; and if any reader will translate "Minxerit in patrios cineres," &c. into a decent couplet, I will insert said couplet in lieu of the present.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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